The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL 2—NO 7 PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, [illegible] 1883 PRICE—TEN CENTS

As Judge Barr said quietly

"Wel Mose the district attorney will be instructed to enter a *nolle prosequi*."

"Dat don't go judge I'se an hon'able man and I der as an hon'able acquittal."

"Precisely so, Mose. The court holds you not guilty" said Judge Barr

"Bye golly, dat's just what I'se been try'n to tell de court for de las' half-hour" said the aged African, as he hobbled out of court.

He used to charge two bits a pair for blacking boots and at that time it was no big money. I used to delight in talking to the quaint old fellow. He said he was born in Africa—his [illegible] had told him so when he was [illegible]. And she had died about the time of the battle of New Orleans when he was a man grown. He had been a slave, the property of a Mississippi gentleman who brought him to California in 1849.

In the diggings on the north fork of the American river Being very successful in the mines his master desired to return to the land of the magnolia and had given 'Mose' his freedom So 'Mose' went to work blacking boots [illegible] Carr, now an aged colored person [illegible], tells the following laughable story at Mose's expense. A saloon kept by a colored man named Jilson Fuller was the favorite resort of the barbers, bootblacks and steamboat waiters of that period, and there was occasionally a good deal of high play. One night Mose came in and a game of poker was proposed. As they had no ivory chips it was [illegible] to shell off a lot of corn [illegible]. They made old Mose the banker and he said

A STILL OF PLASTER

Over the old man's [illegible] at this juncture I asked Mose what's the matter with your eye?

[illegible] replied the centenarian

Just think of it! A hundred years of want, privation and feebleness, had not been able to efface the pugnacity of the African race. It was a good bet that Mose was forty five years older than the man who had struck him.

"Well Mose," said I "here's a cigar for you and a vial of corn juice that I brought out."

"How's your general health" said I the old man as he gurgled a thimbleful down his neck "Well, young gemman, I spec I'd better go an' fed my haug. I done hear him a squealin' for his brackfus. A long time and he'll down dat ar pen ef I don't swill him up pretty soon. So long now" and the oldest man I ever saw, shut the gate and disappeared.

HIS EXACT AGE.

No one could tell for he really did not know himself! But he once told me that when he was a little boy they did nothing but talk about the war with England and that was just over. He remarked that he "spec'ed" he was "risin' of 140." He always attributed his longevity rather to his good [illegible] than to a strong constitution. His master whom he accompanied to California has long since died and to hunt up records on a plantation would be a good deal like hunting for a needle in a haystack.

For a few weeks past the old fellow had been too feeble to go down town for his daily blacking tours. An old [illegible] named [illegible] Smith kindly furnishing him with many little necessaries and on the morning of the 24th he wondered why the old man had not been [illegible]. [illegible] just made up a little basket for old Mose and [illegible]

KISSING THE COOK.

A Fashionable Amusement for Nice Young Men in Washington City

Mrs Disney and her daughter had rented the farm for $600 a year and Freddy has gone to Virginia City where he hoped to find work in some of the great mines at that place. But he was doomed to disappointment. All the work in those mines was controlled by the self styled Labor Unions which are filling up the jails with hoodlums by refusing to allow boys to be taken as apprentices. After walking the streets for a week and becoming heartsick and footsore he secured a position in a livery stable at forty dollars per month and his board. The stable keeper was a retired stage driver who had persuaded a bonanza millionaire to put up for him and was doing a good business. He could not stand prosperity however and was already gambling very heavily at poker and faro games with which the town fairly swarmed.

FOUR MONTHS ROLLED BY

During which Mr. Tinkesley raised Fred's salary to fifty dollars per month for he was now a very useful man about the stable. One morning the great heavy stages came rolling into town [illegible] and in their mails was a letter to Fred Disney. [illegible] his mother informed him that the final note of the mortgage was due the following week and she had kept up the interest all along but [illegible] the note was not paid within two weeks from the date of this [illegible] a foreclosure suit would be brought and that would leave them out [illegible]. Just then [illegible] a friend of the proprietor's and asked Fred to change a twenty dollar piece.

He also bought out the shooting gallery and put Fred in charge of it dividing the profits with him. At last the "bottom fell out" of the Comstock and Joe Stanley went to Salt Lake, where he still follows his risky avocation. Fred went to San Francisco to reside and opened a store.

THE LATE ANN CARROLL.

Death of a Granddaughter of a Signer of the Declaration of Independence

PACIFIC COAST FORTUNES.

Counting the Wealth of Men and Women of the Pacific Slope.

The prettiest young and unmarried woman on the Pacific coast is Miss Jennie Flood only daughter of the bonanza king. When her father's income from the big silver bonanza was at its highest, he bought $2,500,000 of United States four per cents and gave them to his daughter outright, having them registered in her name. He also gave his son $1,000,000 in the same securities, but the latter does not promise well and the bonds have gone back to the father's bank vault for safe keeping. Miss Jennie is a charming young woman [illegible]. She is deeply pious, and there has been some talk of her taking the veil. There was also some talk at one time of her marrying Buck Grant. Miss Flood only laughed at the idea as indeed did young Grant himself. The only one anxious about that match was Papa Flood but the young folks couldn't see it.

In California Miss Hattie Crocker the only daughter of Charles Crocker another California millionaire. She also is a charming girl and like Miss Flood is rather plain in appearance. She is noted for her charities and [illegible]. She was sought in marriage by Lord Beaumont, an English nobleman but [illegible] she prefers to remain single. Mr Crocker has two other children, sons, and his immense wealth will give them all a princely fortune.

The luckiest young man in California in point of wealth is Mr James V. Coleman. A few years ago he was clerk [illegible] $100 a month [illegible] William F. O'Brien, one of the Bonanza kings, was his uncle. Mr O'Brien was a bachelor. [illegible] Mr O'Brien got sick and sent for Jim [illegible] he was obliged to be with and care for him. In the last days of his illness the nurses said "Uncle Billy" and Jimmy were closeted together a great deal and one evening Jimmy [illegible] "Uncle Billy's" room with a tin box which "Uncle Billy" had given him. It contained $500,000 in 4 per cents. A week later Uncle Billy died, and by his will all the nephews and nieces were left $400,000 each including Jimmy who got that in addition to the ante-mortem gift of half a million. But not content with that Uncle "Billy" made Jimmy an executor without bonds, and his fees as such amounted to $484,000. The whole value of Uncle "Billy's" estate was a little over $9,000,000. After the legacies were paid the residue was turned over to Mr O'Brien's two sisters, Mrs. Coleman (Jimmy's mother) and Mrs Joseph McDonough. The two ladies inherited $3,500,000 each. The only young man referred to is about thirty-two, a graduate of Georgetown college D C and has just been elected to the assembly of California. "Jimmie" has just gone into training for congress, and will get there in 1884.

THE WEALTHIEST MAN

On the Pacific slope, in point of wealth, is Senator Jones, of Nevada. There has perhaps never been so vast a fortune so quickly scattered as that of Jones. In spite of popular belief Senator Jones to-day is poor, comparatively speaking. When he was elected to the senate in 1873 he was worth at least $10,000,000. To-day he is not worth $50,000 above his debts and his congressional salary is no longer despised as a source of income. It would be hard to tell where Jones' fortune has gone or more correctly speaking hard to tell where it hasn't gone. [illegible] as easy a prey to financial sharks as Jones. He sunk $2,000,000 hard money in mines in Panamint, California which never yielded a dollar. He sunk another million in the [illegible] mine in southern California. He built a railroad in southern California twelve miles long, and it cost enough to [illegible]. The Central Pacific afterward bought it [illegible] a mile. He bought every ranch ever offered to him. [illegible] which has never been located to this day. [illegible] He started an ice factory in New Orleans. [illegible] He opened the St. James hotel in New York [illegible]. The Bank of Nevada [illegible] carrying Jones' stock [illegible]. At the time senator Jones was talked of so strongly for secretary of the treasury Californians [illegible] remembered [illegible] that he should be competent to take care of the people.

TRESPASSES.

One who Lives by Keeping up Other Men's Fences.

AN OLD GRUMBLER IN HIS GLORY.

It is Better to be a Diogenes and Growl in your Tub than to be a Pericles and Win a Great Battle.

In the last issue of this paper I referred to the foreign vote at large as a mercenary vote, which it [illegible] has given some offense. It was [illegible] calculated to please everybody, nor was it written for any such purpose. I said then [illegible] that a class vote never is cast from [illegible] and that the party which panders to it [illegible] deserves defeat and contempt after death. If Wilhelm Strauss is a good citizen, elect him [illegible] because he is a good citizen and not because he is a German. If Patrick O'[illegible] is a just and equitable man in all his dealings elect him governor because he is just and equitable and not because he is an Irishman.

Less than a year ago some German democrats of this city, besieged their party convention asking for the nomination as sheriff of a well known steamboat captain whose sterling manhood and exemplary citizenship had stood the severe test of a thirty two years residence in our midst. I rejoiced at his nomination for I knew him to be both brave and honest. On the same ticket with him was nominated for senator, a veteran practitioner of the law upon whose name, in a twenty five years residence in this state not a breath of slander had ever fallen. I rejoiced at his nomination too for I believed that if defeated he would be defeated with honor. Opposed to him was a merchant of German birth, a gentleman for whom I have the highest respect.

I was down at the polls on the afternoon of election day and there I saw sufficient to justify me in what I have said as to the [illegible] character of a class vote. [illegible] men who had besieged the convention and clamored for the nomination of the honest old captain were doing their level best among their German acquaintances to have the honest old lawyer's name erased from the ticket and that of the German merchant substituted in his stead. [illegible] the parties perpetrating this infamy [illegible] are politically [illegible] to ask or expect the support of any American voter.

Now then why did the old lawyer deserve such treatment as this? He took the nomination with a certain knowledge of a permanent majority of six hundred votes to overcome. The captain did the same thing. To gain an election each man required his full party vote. The honest old lawyer had just as good a right on that ticket as the honest old captain. Both were there as representative men in a great political party and not as representatives of opposing nationalities. One was an American by birth and his right to hold office was indisputable. The other was an American by adoption and had left the faderland behind him. In the eyes of all just men these two men ranked equal. There was no reason why one should be sacrificed in the hope of electing the other.

This is my answer to an editoral paragraph in a city paper of Tuesday last, charging me with bigotry, intolerance, and proscription against our most thrifty and well behaved citizens. I have never yet spoken or written of any man in a belittling way, because of his birth, race or color. The most heroic act I ever saw performed was at Gold Hill, Nevada by an Irishman, who descended into a burning mine to bring out the bodies of two of his fellow workmen. This act of devotion cost him the loss of six months work, and two years later he gave up his life after a long spell of sickness—the result of his unselfishness. I remember also reading of a case where a ship was wrecked some years ago in the South Pacific ocean. The ill-fated crew were compelled to take to boats. About two weeks afterward a starving man and woman signalled a passing ship, she squared away to rescue them and found the only inmates of the boat to be the captain's wife and an old Dutch sailor. It was noon when they were rescued and the poor old Dutch sailor had not drank but one sup of water that day. In the boat beside them were the bodies of three men one of whom was the captain. They had not strength enough to throw them over the boat's side.

So I say to you that if we admire heroism at all we must admire it in all sorts and conditions of men. This is all I have to say upon a subject in which I answer the editor of the journal and not the man who spins off a long-winded screed in the same issue. I have no time to answer everybody that sees fit to disagree with me. Life is too short.

The New Year's anecdotes crop out slowly and may seem a trifle stale at this juncture but I give a couple on the "better late than never" principle. A gentleman was calling on a lady of this city—he was a Frenchman of course—and was complaining of the muddy streets. The lady said "you should not complain of the mud under foot when it is so bright and fair overhead."

"Ah madame, I have to walk ze earth and the sky is ze beautiful orbit of ze angels like [illegible]. It is not wonderful that you find no [illegible]"

[illegible] punch in a deep bowl with Arthur Berge and Anton [illegible] in lemon [illegible] around in it. (They say that Bill Barnhart was the man who built the apple.) There was not enough green tea in it to conceal the strength of the liquor and woe betide the unlucky [illegible] whose [illegible] second attack. He was not paralyzed exactly but he was so badly handled [illegible] as to be neither of use nor ornament. One of her old bachelor acquaintances called in and partook of a hearty [illegible] washed down with this [illegible]. The lady said "won't you have something more?"

"Well I don't mind if I take another glass of punch, it's superb."

He got it and that was [illegible] made that day. [illegible] day he [illegible] for not having [illegible]. It was [illegible] o'clock at night before [illegible] the bottom of [illegible] list.

"Well," said the lady "you called at my house at [illegible] M and I enjoyed your visit. You said [illegible] you had [illegible] extended [illegible]"

PIONEER CANDY FACTORY.

BERNHEIM & ALTSCHUL,

64 First St., between Stark and Oak streets. Portland, Oregon.

Orders received by mail have our special attention.

PENSIONS for Soldiers Widows Parents, children. Any disease wound injury or death entitles. Increase of pensions. Back pay. Discharges procured. Deserters relieved. New laws. Fees $10. Send stamp for instructions. [illegible] & Co., Pension Att'ys, Box 725 Washington, D. C.

Yours truly B. J. VAN VOORHEES

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... through the open door
... into the Queen.
... crowned Queen
... before the Queen
... the songs are stilled
... of Bacchic mirth
... the reawakening
... their braid of gold!
... the empty throne
T. M., in Blackwood's Magazine

SILENCE, NOT DEATH

... for a moment
... here by her chair—
... was it that touched me
... what heaven sent me
... you say. But I tremble
... I knew she was near—
... felt her cheek on my forehead—
... she was here!
... a dream? Strike that harp string
... still it cries
... still strike it—
... it dies—
... died. Go listen—
... the spirit
... but are silent
... in the heart.
... our dull senses
... of the road,
... bondage as sea-birds,
... death
—John Boyle O'Reilly

... UNRAVELED

... the mystery darling
... the mystical way—
... bound starting
... enfolded the day
... my cheek and arms clasped
... without thee
... and the leaden days go
... from the throne,
... and whisper'd of heaven
... the look of their own
... comes over,
... for thee
... discover
... hidden sun
... the mystery darling
... the mystical way
... bound starting
... enfold the day
—Anna M. Carpenter

... OF THE LEAVES

... are sighing!
... in our chilly bed!
... days were long
... and thrilled with song
... to the wind
... we are left behind
... of gold,
... but change
... new and strange,
... on to its goal
... moveth a soul
... but lives
... that which was dead
... where the leaves were shed
—Chambers Journal

SONG OF A BOAT

... once a boat on a billow
... to the port ...
... wake the ...
... when the breeze would blow
... a wand of willow
... one day when a boat
... over the billow
... a dancing mote
... foam
... in the dear loved home
... all day were about the boat
... upon the pillow
... my song of a boat
... and some fairer afloat
... or in port
... for the lad she bore
... desolate sea
... to the heavenly shore
... came not back to me—
—Jean Ingelow

AT PARTING

... thinking of the dead
... face but not the name
... when the soul has fled
... as it came—
... the face that you recall
... the name that you forget,
... story of them all
... but never uttered yet
—August ...

"OLD MOSE."

Sketch of a Centenarian Negro Who Has Died at Sacramento.

HIS QUIRKS AND ODDITIES.

Recollections of the Oldest Man That I Ever Remember to Have Seen.—His Sayings and Oddities.

It lacks but a few weeks of being thirty years since I first landed in Sacramento which was then a miniature St Louis. A dozen light draft steamers with bows as broad for their length as a table spoon met at this point the sharp modelled low pressure boats that run daily to San Francisco, the Antelope Senator California New World Surprise and Wilson G Hunt two of which have since plied their busy errands on the Columbia and Willamette. There were great hay yards in the eastern portion of the city covering often an entire block of land and containing hundreds of hungry horses and mules, while the enormous prairie schooners that ran up into the mining towns along the American Cosumnes, and South Yuba rivers were ranged upon the outside like parks of artillery. Walking up J street in those days after 9 o clock in the morning you would have to wade through a perfect sea of humanity representing

EVERY NATION UNDER THE SUN,

As they jostled against one another in the hurry-scurry of that restless era. Between Second and Third streets was the popular Antelope restaurant in front of which was a boot black stand kept by an aged colored man with a projecting chin that went out on its vain errand to meet his nose, which though flat was quite small. Above it deeply set in his head two small eyes glanced as nervously and with as much of search in their look as those of a ferret. His hair was already gray, as was the straggling growth of beard on his narrow chin and the shaggy eyebrows that roofed his small and watchful eyes. But it was not his face alone that denoted age in the man. It was the bent frame the rickety walk and the gibberish speech the idiotic laugh and the silly chuckle that denoted his senility. He could not by any possibility have been less than seventy years of age. On his chair was hung a small tin sign inscribed

'MOSES AND THE PROFITS'

Which was painted to the order of J G Hyer, an eccentric lawyer of that city and by him presented to the aged African. One day while John C Barr was city recorder an office analogous to our police judge old Mose was brought up in court on the charge of assault and battery committed upon the person of a mulatto named Albert Waters, who was not to exceed twenty eight or thirty years of age. Officer Jerry Race who made the arrest, testified that about 4 o clock the previous afternoon he heard a cry as if for help and went over to the boot black stand where he found Waters lying on the sidewalk with a severe cut over his left eye and that the defendant Mose stood by with a blacking brush in his hand and was heard to remark

"I se a bad nigger. But I se I kinna across de plains. I ad all de way ober de plains—and I m bad now." Hence the arrest

"DO YOU WISH COUNSEL?"

Asked the court of the prisoner. Here Mr J G Hyer stepped up and offered to defend Mose free of charge, but the aged African wouldn't have it. He rose in his seat and said

"Jedge ef I tell you de truth about dis yer scrape will yer make me have a lawyer after all?"

"Not at all," said Judge Barr scarcely able to conceal his laughter

"Wall den jedge you see I was a contraversin wid anudder culled person when dis yer galvanized nigger came up and stuck in his ear. He can hyar a man whisper free blocks off and I told him to go way from dar. He peared to be interested in de talk and I tole him to walk off—I didn't want to hab no previous difficults wid him. He wouldn't go and I finally got mad and I tuck de blackin' brush and I hit him sich a paster in de snoot. Oh man! And den he come down here and sued me for self defense"

THE COURT RANG WITH LAUGHTER

As Judge Barr said quietly

"Well Mose the district attorney will be instructed to enter a *nolle prosequi*"

"But don't go, judge. I'se an hon'able man and I demand an hon'able acquittal."

"Precisely so, Mose. The court holds you not guilty" said Judge Barr

"Bye golly dat's just what I'se been try'n to tell de court for de last half-hour" said the aged African, as he hobbled out of court

He used to charge two bits a pair for blacking boots and at that time it was no big money. I used to delight in talking to the quaint old fellow. He said he was born in Africa—his mother had told him so when he was a picaninny. And she had died about the time of the battle of New Orleans when he was a man grown. He had been a slave, the property of a Mississippi gentleman who brought him to California in 1849

TO COOK FOR HIM

In the diggings on the north fork of the American river. Being very successful in the mines his master desired to return to the land of the magnolia and had given "Mose" his freedom. So "Mose" went to work blacking boots. Alfred Carr, now an aged colored person of sporting proclivities, tells the following laughable story at Mose's expense. A saloon kept by a colored man named Jitson Fuller was the favorite resort of the barbers, bootblacks and steamboat waiters of that period, and there was occasionally a good deal of high play. One night Mose came in and a game of poker was proposed. As they had no ivory chips, it was proposed to shell off a lot of corn and deal it out. They made old Mose "the banker" and he said

"Altho we all puffickly hon'able gemmen and only play keerds for amusement yet it d be well to remember dat

POKER AM A CASH GAME

And whoever has de bank am 'spected to redeem de corn"

About midnight the game had broken up and here was Mose with about seven dollars in his pocket and some ten or twelve dollars worth of corn out against him. M... redeemed all that he had money for when somebody said

"Mose didn't you say that whoever was de banker when de game closed would hab to redeem the corn?"

"Dats so" said Mose with a sickly ... [illegible]

From the last of the hour of ... he ... gambled ... but the other side of his race clung to him. He would drink when he could get it and as for fighting he liked it better than the roast possum of his boyhood days

WHEN THE CIVIL WAR BEGAN

Mose was very much committed for a long time and refused to take sides. He finally began to show a great admiration for Gen Grant. One day the late James W Coffroth and myself had been getting our boots blacked at his stand and Jim proposed we should have some fun with the old fellow. He began

"Well Mose what do you think of the battle they've been a fightin at Gettysburg"

"Well I dunno what to think. Dat ar Jinral M... don't make sich a job as Jinral Grant would do"

"Oh Grant's no account; he never was a big fighter" retorted Coffroth

"Who won de battle ob Vicksburg?"

"Oh Pemberton threw off that fight," says Coffroth

"Yas ... Gin'ral ..." retorted Mose "you jist keep on a follerin Mister Grant and he'll make yer all frow off!"

HIS SHREWD WIT

Was manifested one day when a young fellow who was clerk in the adjutant general's office went to pay him for a month's work. Greenbacks had just come in vogue and were worth about seventy cents in gold. This young man used to pay Mose five dollars per month for keeping his shoes in order and it was the end of the month. He handed Mose a five-dollar greenback and Mose handed it back to him with a glance that was 'childlike' and bland

"Say boss spose you lone give me a five dollar gold piece?"

"Why Mose that's five dollars fast enough" replied the clerk

"Dat's so but you see dat kind o money's good enough for eddicated gemmen like yerself. But it won't do for me bekase I can't read"

Mose got the gold piece

RETIRES FROM BUSINESS

About in 1869 Mose and his boot black stand had disappeared. For several weeks I missed the old fellow but was told he had located a ranch for himself in the northeast portion of the city near where the Central Pacific bridge spans the American river. He seldom came down town at first, being engaged in fitting up his shanty. At length he began his daily raids into the city. With his gunny sack upon his back gnarled cane and scrawny cur he had been a daily sight to the staff and the wonder and admiration of the youngsters who would congregate in groups as he passed gazing upon him in open eyed astonishment and whisper to each other that he was more'n a hundred years old. The saloon keepers and restaurant men all knew him and he would get a sup of beer at one place and a ragged ham bone at another which he would take out home with him and devour in the company of his dogs cats chickens and a solitary pig as black as himself

THE ABYSSINIAN [illegible]

Was changed in nothing save that he was a little older than ever. In 1879 I spent a week at Sacramento in the enjoyment of old scenes and old friends. One day it occurred to me that I had not seen Mose since my return from Oregon, so I got his address from the chief of police

"You had better take along a weapon," he added

A half hours walk, for it was cool and bracing October weather brought me to a demoralized looking shanty, on the roof of which some pigeons were walking around and a dozen or so of chickens scratching up the gravel. A thin veil of smoke issuing from the chimney told that the aged occupant was not far off. I did not try the gate but stood out in the street and called out loudly for Mose. At once a half dozen mangy curs began to yelp and bark as if Pandemonium had broken loose. Then I heard a thin voice admonishing the savage brutes to be quiet. At last

THE DOOR OPENED

And the bent form of the grizzled negro came dragging slowly to the daylight of which it had been ... He advanced slowly to me and asked

"Bossy whaffor you want hyar?"

"Well Mose I see you don't recollect me at all." Then I told him who I was and the old man's face lit up with a smile. "I couldn't go back to Oregon without coming to see you Uncle Moses" I added

"Oregon," mused the old man "did you ever run across a culled man up dar nam d Dixie. He's a barber and lives in a town called Lumps"

I replied that Dixie was unknown to me

"Well dye know anybody in Portland?"

I replied that I was somewhat acquainted there

"I done got two frens up dar" said Mose "and I hear from em cashunally. Alf Kvarr he done kep saloon for a long time dar and the other man's name is Henry Jones. Dey call him Hank for short and he carries a cane."

A STRIP OF PLASTER

Over the old man's right eye attracted my attention at this juncture. I asked "Mose what's the matter with your eye?"

"I'm I had a scrap last night down town" replied the centenarian"

Just think of it! A hundred years of want, privation and feebleness, had not been able to efface the pugnacity of the African race. It was a good bet that Mose was forty-five years older than the man who had struck him.

"Well Mose," said I "here a cigar for you and a vial of corn juice that I brought out"

"Hyar's your general health," said the old man as he gurgled a thimbleful down his neck. "Well, young gemman, I spec I d better go an feed my hawg. I done hear him a squealin' for his breakfast a long time and he'll down dat ar pen ef i don't swill him up pnity soon. So long boss" and the oldest man I ever saw, shut the gate and disappeared

HIS EXACT AGE

No one could tell for he really did not know himself. But he once told me that when he was a little boy they did nothing but talk about the war with England that was just over. He remarked that he "specled he was risin' on 140." He always attributed his longevity rather to his good works than to a strong constitution. His master whom he accompanied to California has long since died, and to hunt up records on a plantation would be a good deal like hunting for needles in a haystack. My only reason for thinking him over a hundred years of age was that he had lived thirty three years in California and that he was bent over and grizzled when he came there looking older than any other man white or black that walked those busy streets. In 1853 his jaws were entirely toothless. I shall never forget the solemnity with which he once told me, "My old mammy died when I was a little boy. She's dead more n a hundred year"

A LANDMARK OBLITERATED.

For a few weeks past, the old fellow had been too feeble to go down town for his daily begging tours. An old neighbor named J T Smith kindly furnished him with many little necessaries and on the morning of the 24th he wondered why the old man had not been over for his allowance. His wife said "I'll just make up a little basket for old Mose and you can take it over to him. We have plenty and can spare it." The kindhearted gentleman took the basket and trudged over the frozen ground to the cabin. No smoke came from the chimney and as he opened the gate the bark of a dog came but it sounded feeble and hungry. He opened the door and there lay old Mose on his dirty bed with his scrawny cur licking a cold hand. The old man had gone to spend his Christmas in another and a better world" M

KISSING THE COOK.

A Fashionable Amusement for Nice Young Men in Washington City

Washington Critic Jan 1

Something new always something new—and yet there is nothing new under the sun. People must be amused and there are fashions in amusements just as there are in anything else. What amused the inhabitants of the world one hundred years ago will only weary the denizens of the globe to day. What was new last year is wretchedly old this season. A new and novel parlor amusement for parties has recently been invented. The boys and girls are divided into separate rooms. The girls are seated in a row and each one has a chair in front of her. A young man is ushered out of the other room and chooses his seat. As soon as he is seated the young lady behind him proceeds to blindfold him with a silk handkerchief. This being accomplished the negro cook comes in from the kitchen ... and returns to her hiding place. The handkerchief is removed and the youth struts proudly to a seat on the opposite of the room where he licks his lips with great satisfaction and smiles at the girl who blindfolded him. Then young man No 2 is led in and served in a like manner to the great disgust of young man No 1 and the general enjoyment of the female assembly.

A CENTER SHOT.

How a Boy's Cool Hand Lifted a Mortgage on His Mother's Farm.

DRILLING THE CENTER.

It Takes Temptation to Bring out the Finer Points in a Boy's Nature. Fred Disney's Trials and Tribulations in Virginia City.

John Disney had been a powerful man in his day but the vicissitudes of pioneer life had begun to tell upon his once stalwart frame. He was now nearly fifty years of age, slightly stooped, ... and had a dry hacking cough. His wife had come out from Kentucky to him bringing with her the two children a boy and a girl. He gave up his claim on the north fork of Feather river and with about $8000 started for San Francisco where he met his family. He bought a small farm near San Jose for half ... started ... for the market with his little boy to help him. But as years wore along it became evident that John Disney was ... behind ... He paid his bills at the store but it was evident that the money all came from the little market garden. One day he walked home from the little ...

[illegible]

And said "Sarah there has got to be a new fence put around this place or we won't be able to raise a thing. The neighbors cattle break in and destroy everything we produce and to gain a suit in a court against a cattle man is one of the impossibilities. I have got to fence this place or it will go to ruin. And I must borrow the money to do it and put a mortgage on the place."

Sarah Disney looked solemnly into her husband's face and said "Oh John don't do it if it can be in any way avoided. Interest eats up everything it touches. There's the county paper see, there are seven notices of sheriff's sales. Each of these means money borrowed and just as many poor families turned out of house and home"

"Well I've got to fence this place or the next crop aint worth a dollar. I can borrow the money at two per cent and hire one carpenter to help me and one man to dig up the old posts. Freddie and I can do the rest"

THE FARM WAS FENCED ANEW

Just as spring began to open but John Disney had overworked and exposed himself in its construction until his malady had begun to show itself in unmistakable characters. His cheeks were alternately pallid or flushed with a hectic glow. His cough was very severe and at nights he perspired like a draft horse. It was evident that he was not long for this world. One morning his wife and daughter were preparing breakfast and Fred was out in the corral milking ... when Mrs Disney heard a cry for help from her husband. She rushed to his side but too late. John Disney had fallen on the floor and ... him was a pool of blood. He was dead ... hemorrhage of the lungs. Two days later he was buried. Fred and his mother tried to run the farm for a while but they seemed to make no headway at it. ... Fred came to his mother with a sorrowful ...

[illegible] THE FUTURE

"It was that his mother ... rent the farm to some Italians who wanted it and go into San Jose to live where she and her daughter Ellen could ... sewing while he was to go to the mines to ... his fortune

"My son" said Mrs Disney "you don't know what you are saying. The rent would scarcely more than pay the interest on the mortgage. Do you know what interest is. It is the only thing that is anything like perpetual motion. You may sleep and your body takes a rest but interest never sleeps."

"Now mother ..." Fred ... "you see it is impossible for me to make this farm pay with only you and Ellen. We can rent the place for sixty dollars per month and I will go to the mines"

"Yes and catch your death from exposure like your poor father did" said his mother

"Nothing of the kind" replied Fred. "I calculate to work under ground"

FOUR WEEKS AFTER THIS

Mrs. Disney and her daughter had rented the farm for $800 a year and Freddy has gone to Virginia City where he hoped to find work in some of the great mines at that place. But he was doomed to disappointment. All the work in those mines was controlled by the self styled "Labor Unions" which are filling up the jails with hoodlums by refusing to allow boys to be taken as apprentices. After walking the streets for a week and becoming heartsick and footsore, he secured a position in a livery stable at forty dollars per month and his board. The stable keeper was a retired stage driver who had persuaded a bonanza millionaire to put up for him and was doing a good business. He could not stand prosperity however and was already gambling very heavily at poker and faro games, with which the town fairly swarmed

EIGHT MONTHS ROLLED BY

During which Mr. Tankesley raised Fred's salary to fifty dollars per month, for he was now a very useful man about the stable. One morning the great heavy stages came rolling into town over the Geiger grade and in their mails was a letter for Fred Disney. In it his mother informed him that the first note of the mortgage was due the following week and she had kept up the interest all along, but if the note was not paid within two weeks from the date of the letter a foreclosure suit would be brought, and that would leave them nothing. The poor boy was nearly beside himself with grief as he looked at the dark prospect ahead of his mother and sister. Just then in came Bill Geary a friend of the proprietor's and asked Fred to change a twenty-dollar piece

"I cannot do it. I have no money" said Fred

"Look in the safe" replied Bill

"THAT I HAVE NEVER DONE"

Answered Fred. "You see Mr Tankesley generally keeps enough change in the desk drawer but he don't allow anybody to touch the safe"

"It don't make any difference" said Bill "It isn't as if I was wantin to borrow it, and Tank would give it to you sure if he was here. Now pull out that safe drawer and change this for me and I'll stand between you and any blame for it Tank"

Freddie pulled out the drawer and took a ten dollar piece and two fives which he handed to Geary who at once left the stable and after he had gone Fred stood abstractedly looking into the drawer. ... there were over $800 in gold in it for it was the first day of the month ... dropped into the old Delta for

A DRINK AND A [illegible]

And after that he strolled in to take a look at a game of faro that was running in the next room. He would risk just $20 and either lose that or win a hundred. Before he left ... ten minutes he had lost $80 and walked away cursing his bad luck. As he came into the stable he saw Fred Disney standing over the open drawer of the safe

"What are you doing there?" he demanded in a sharp tone of voice

"Nothing sir I just changed a twenty-dollar piece for Billy Geary sir" answered Fred

"That's an infernal lie. I met Bill Geary three blocks down the street," said Tankesley who was smarting over his losses. "Do you know I believe you're a derned little thief and have been rifling that drawer?"

The blood rushed to Fred's face ...

WITH A SINGLE BLOW

Planted well between the eyes he felled Tankesley to the floor as easily as if he had been a sick girl. Then putting on his hat he walked out into the cold and wintry street. He knew he was liable to arrest for striking anybody more especially his employer. He walked up towards the north end of town and with no design for the future, walked listlessly into a shooting gallery where a half-dozen sporting men were standing and chatting at one another

"I said it in a joke Dave, but I suppose I'll have to pay for my joke like anybody else. Youngster I said I'd match the first man that came in against Dave Bradner. So you'll have to shoot and if you beat him I'll pay you well for it. It'll beat currying off horses"

JOE STANLEY THE GAMBLER

Was a splendid specimen of physical manhood and put up $20 that the unknown boy could outshoot Dave Bradner. Joe was one of a fast decaying race a gambler who dealt for the legitimate percentage of the game. Among the business men of the great mining metropolis his word was as good as any ordinary man's note, never had his name been coupled with any crooked transaction. If the banks were closed in the evening all ... had to do was to draw ... check ... the money ... coming. His earnings were enormous and so were his little gifts of five dollars to this man and that. ... counted up a goodly sum before the day was ended. He laughed as he planked down the X X for the boy to shoot against the ... gambler

DAVE BRADNER

Raised the rifle and a loud clang from the bell announced that he had driven the center. He ... handed to Fred who banged away and also rung the bell. Here was a tie. They had to shoot off. "Come Joe double up old man" said Bradner "make it forty this trip." "All right" says Joe. "I suppose we let the tail go with the hide"

Bradner now shot and hit the next ring to the bell ... Fred picked up the rifle and Stanley looked into the lad's determined face and said

"One two or three hundred dollars he beats Brad"

"I take you" replied Bradner

Crack, went the sharp report of the gun and a loud "cling" denoted that Fred had again rang the bell and won the money

SHOOTING WAS KEPT UP

Nearly all the afternoon and sometimes old Brad would beat the boy. But at the close of the shooting, Joe Stanley was about $1200 ahead and said

"Brad, I'll give you a chance to get even. I'll bet you $5000 this boy can beat you 51 shots out of a hundred, string measure, tomorrow at noon"

That night Joe Stanley sat behind his faro table and was pulling the cards out noiselessly when Tankesley entered and walking up to the table asked

"Joe what's your limit?"

"Your conscience sir—bet what you like"

Tankesley pulled a sack of gold from his pocket out of which he took $800 and laid it on the deuce. The treacherous card lost on the next turn. Tankesley put down $1000 on the nine and it

SHARED A LIKE FATE.

After a few ... other bets were lost he got up and borrowed $40 from Joe. The next day the story was afloat that Mr Tankesley had gone to the springs leaving behind a host of ... creditors. The big shooting match was to come off that same day and Joe Stanley was confident of the boy's aim. He went round in a buggy stopping at every saloon he could find and betting from $500 to $1000 before he got out of the house. The shoot was to take place on a hillside near the Sierra Nevada hoisting works and a big crowd had gathered ... Dave Bradner met Freddy and said

"Sonny I'll give you a big chance to line your vest in this shoot. You let me beat you and I'll give you five thousand dollars for it"

"I never work for but one man at a time" ...

"Well I'm giving you a dead sure thing, you have my offer"

"Yes sir and you have my answer" replied Fred

[illegible]

Was furious ... men walked up to an improvised ... stand on the ground and poured down the whisky like oil on the blazing coals. For some cause or other the betting was in Fred's favor but at the end of twenty five shots old Brad was two inches ahead of him. Fifty shots were fired and Fred led by half an inch. At seventy five shots he was three and a half inches ahead and finally won the match by five inches and a quarter. Joe Stanley was wild with delight and expressed two thousand dollars to Mrs Disney the next day with which the mortgage was lifted. He also bought out the shooting gallery and put Fred in charge of it, dividing the profits with him. At last the "bottom fell out" of the Comstock and Joe Stanley went to Salt Lake where he still follows his risky avocation. Fred went to San Francisco to reside and opened a store, where you can buy a gun all the way from $20 to $800. He is married and lives across the bay. His mother and sister (for Ellen is married to a young farmer) reside on the farm near San Jose and

HER HUSBAND'S INDUSTRY

Has added several other acres to it for it is now a thriving vineyard. Old Dave Bradner still follows the risky life of his former days but goes off every year for a hunt in Mendocino county. He buys all his outfit at Fred's store and thinks there is no such man as Fred Disney

"You and Joe Stanley might as well have got it as the ... have let the stock sharpers get it" said he to Fred one day. "They ... down forty thousand ... sixteen thousand on Overman. It's done you some good youngster and I'm glad of it. And as for Joe Stanley I'm good enough poker player to get to his necktie for a few thousand whenever I can get a stake. Have you ever shot any matches since you beat me?"

"Never have and never will again" replied Fred. "The strain was a heavy one, for I was shooting for my mother's homestead. I have ... enough without it and can't afford prosperity. Don't ask me to try it again" M

THE LATE ANN CARROLL.

Death of a Granddaughter of a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence died in Washington City on Wednesday—Miss Ann C Carroll a daughter of Daniel Carroll of Duddington who died in Washington City over thirty years ago. Miss Carroll was in the sixty ... year of her age. She was one of a family of four daughters two of whom Mrs Gen Nicholson and Mrs Henry Brent—died some years ago. After the death of her father Ann C Carroll being a woman of fine business qualifications actively engaged in the management of the estate left by him and when it is remembered that with Griffith Coombs and James Coombs he owned the entire eastern section of the city the magnitude of her work is apparent. Mr Carroll's property comprising the largest portion of it. During the war Miss Carroll took great interest in the conflict, and prepared a plan for the western campaign which in the main was adopted. Like her illustrious grandfather she was a devout Catholic

One of Life's Saddest Reverses.

A sorrowful story comes from Louisville. The wife of the late Chief Justice Hardin, of Kentucky has been found living on the fourth floor of a tumble down rookery in absolute want. Her only companion is her seven year old daughter, the rest of her family of five children having scattered through the world. The whereabouts of two of the children being unknown to the mother. Mrs. Hardin lives in one room ... when found the other day by the reporter was without fire or bed. The poor woman has been struggling for years to keep herself and little child from starving to death and has barely succeeded. Now that her condition is known to the public relief will ... speedily.

PACIFIC COAST FORTUNES.

Concerning the Wealthiest Men and Women of the Pacific Slope.

HOW THEY ACQUIRED WEALTH

James V Coleman, the Luckiest Young Man in California—The Ill Luck Which Senator Jones has Encountered.

The largest fortunes on the Pacific coast are those of the Central Pacific railroad magnates and ex governor Stanford is the richest of the group. His wealth is estimated at $75 000 000 that is his yearly income is equal to the interest on such a capital and his property is constantly increasing in value. He owns more than $5 000 000 alone in San Francisco in real estate to say nothing of his farms vineyards breeding ranches etc. The ex governor has but one child Leland Jr a lad of about 15

THE RICHEST WIDOW

On the Pacific coast or in the country for that matter with the possible exception of Mrs Cornelia Stewart is Mrs Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to $48 000 000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bonds as an executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker two of her husband's business associates. They were required to justify in just twice the amount of the estate and each swore that he was worth $48 000 000. Mrs Hopkins is an elderly woman. They had no children but had adopted a son, whom Mrs Hopkins has just married to a Miss Crittenden, a *protegee* of hers providing her with the *dot* of a princess. There are other heirs of the estate but the adopted son "Tim" will get the bulk of it

The richest young and unmarried woman on the Pacific coast is Miss Jennie Flood, only daughter of the bonanza king. When her father's income from the big silver bonanza was at its highest, he bought $2,500,000 of United States four per cents and gave them to his daughter outright, having them registered in her name. He also gave his son $1,000,000 in the same securities, but the latter does not promise well and the bonds have gone back to the father's bank vault for safe keeping. Miss Jennie is a charming young woman rather plain it is true, and away out of her teens but she is a good sensible girl wholly free from display or affectation. She is deeply pious and there has been some talk of her taking the veil. There was also some talk at one time of her marrying Buck Grant. Miss Flood only laughed at the idea, as, indeed did young Grant himself. The only one anxious to bring about that match was Papa Flood but the young folks couldn't see it

THE RICHEST PROSPECTIVE HEIRESS

In California is Miss Hattie Crocker the only daughter of Charles Crocker another of the railroad syndicate. She, also is a charming girl and like Miss Flood is rather plain in appearance. She is noted for her charities and ... virtues. She was sought in marriage by Earl Beaumont an English nobleman but she gave him no encouragement and it is believed she prefers to remain single. Mr Crocker has two other children sons, but his immense wealth will give them all a princely fortune

The luckiest young man in California in point of wealth it is Mr. James V Coleman, of Menlo park. A few years ago he was clerk ... at $100 a month. But he didn't expect to be always. For William T O'Brien one of the Bonanza kings was his uncle and Mr O'Brien was a bachelor. One day Mr O'Brien got sick and sent for Jimmy as he was called to be with and care for him. In the last days of his illness the nurses said Uncle Billy and Jimmy were closeted together a great deal and one evening Jimmy came out of Uncle Billy's room with a big tin box which his Uncle Billy had given him. It contained $500 000 in 4 per cents. A ... Uncle Billy died and by his will all the nephews and nieces were left $300 000 each including Jimmy who got that in addition to the ante-mortem gift of half a million. But not content with that Uncle Billy made Jimmy an executor without bonds, and his fees as such amounted to $464 000. The whole value of Uncle Billy's estate was a little over $9,000 000. After the legacies were paid, the residue was turned over to Mr O'Brien's two sisters, Mrs Coleman ("Jimmy's" mother) and Mrs Joseph McDonough. The two ladies inherited $3 500,000 each. The lucky young man referred to is about thirty-two a graduate of Georgetown college, D C and has just been elected to the assembly of California. "Jimmie" has just gone into training for congress and will get there in 1884

THE UNLUCKIEST MAN

On the Pacific slope in point of wealth is senator Jones, of Nevada. There has perhaps never been so vast a fortune so quickly scattered as that of Jones. In spite of popular belief Senator Jones to-day is poor comparatively speaking. When he was elected to the senate in 1873 he was worth at least $10 000 000. To-day he is not worth $30 000 above his debts and his congressional salary is no longer depended on as a source of income. It would be hard to tell where Jones fortune has gone or more correctly speaking, hard to tell where it hasn't gone. No man ever sunk so much money in chimerical schemes invested so much in bogus friendships or became so easy a prey to financial sharks as Jones. He sunk $2 000 000 hard money in mines in Panamint California which never yielded a dollar. He sunk another million in the Sumner mine in southern California he built a railroad in southern California, twelve miles long, and it cost enough to have had every tie of mahogany and every rail of silver. The Central Pacific afterward bought it for about $1000 a mile. He bought every ranch ever offered to him—in ... he bought one in Nevada which has never been located to this day. Jones agents could never find it. He started an ice factory in New Orleans. He never saw the factory and never but once the man who got him into it. He opened the St James hotel in New York and of course it never paid. The last ... that fate had in store for Jones was the Sierra Nevada deal as Californians all ... it four years ago. On a mere prospect the stock was jumped from $3 a share to $275. Jones got in at about $200 on the drop. The stock is selling now for about $5 a share. The Bank of Nevada is believed to be carrying Jones stock for him yet. At the time senator Jones was talked of so strongly for secretary of the treasury Californians who remembered how well Jones had taken care of his own money could not repress a smile that he should be thought competent to take care of the people's. But fortunes made in mining are not only likely to be scattered if their owners stick to the business but they are also usually ... The fortunes of the bonanza men of Nevada—Mackay Flood and Fair—were not only greatly exaggerated in the first place but within five years they have sadly dwindled. Their great source of wealth was in the working of the ore of the big bonanza

[illegible]

And managing the mines and that has wholly stopped. Their mining stocks have sunk in value to almost zero and it is hard to tell now wherein their great fortune consists. Of course all are rich men but nothing like as rich as they were five years ago. It is doubtful if any of them with the possible exception of Mackay who always had twice as much as the others would now cut up $5,000 000. Mr Flood owns but little real estate. Mr. Mackay none at all. Senator Fair owns about $2,000, 000 worth. Their mining operations have for about two years been a burden. Their bank does not pay and never has paid, for it never got the confidence of, or became popular with the business community. The only property any of them has that yields an income except Fair's business blocks, is their government bonds. It was but four years ago that Fair got caught for the tune of a million by Robert Sherwood another mining capitalist, who used to sell watches and finger rings. At the time of the Sierra Nevada deal Sherwood owned five thousand shares of Union Consolidated then rated in the market at $300 a share. Fair was blustering around one day in Nevada block about what was going to be shown in the mine, and how much higher the stock was going. Sherwood, who is a very quiet and cautious man, hoped it was all true, but had his doubts. "I suppose you'd like to peddle out your stock then?" said Fair, with a sneer. "No I don't care to peddle it out, but I'll sell it," was the reply. "What'll you take?" "Market price," was the answer. There was a small crowd around and all were eying Fair to see how he'd stand the bluff. He saw he was in for it, and there was nothing to do but go ahead. "I'll give you $175." "No, nothing but market price. I can peddle it out at that" said Mr Sherwood, with a laugh. "What is it now?" and both walked to the ticker. "Union $201, $203," said some one. "I'll give you $200" said Fair. "I'll take it," said Sherwood. "Give me your check." Come into the bank and in ten minutes the burly senator had Mr Sherwood's 5000 shares of stock and $1 000 000 ... Sherwood's bank account. There was considerable excitement on the street over the sale, but it did not brace up the market. The stock steadily dropped and to day it is not worth $5 a share

TRESPASSES.

By one who Lived by Keeping up Other Men's Fences.

AN OLD GRUMBLER IN HIS GLORY.

It is Better to be a [illegible] and Growl in your Tub, than to be a [illegible] and Win a Great Battle.

In the last issue of this paper I referred to the foreign vote at large as a mercenary vote which it seems has given some offense. It was not calculated to please everybody, nor was it written for any such purpose. I said then as I say now that a class vote never meant from principle and that the party which panders to it deserves defeat, and contempt after death. If Wilhelm Strauss is a good citizen, elect him treasurer because he is a good citizen and not because he is a German. If Patrick O Donovan is a just and equitable man in all his dealings elect him governor because he is just and equitable and not because he is an Irishman

Less than a year ago some German democrats of this city, besieged their party convention asking for the nomination as sheriff of a well known steamboat captain whose sterling manhood and exemplary citizenship had stood the severe test of a thirty two years residence in our midst. I rejoiced at his nomination for I knew him to be both brave and honest. On the same ticket with him was nominated for senator, a veteran practitioner of the law upon whose name, in a twenty five years residence in this state, not a breath of slander had ever fallen. I rejoiced at his nomination too for I believed that if defeated he would be defeated with honor. Opposed to him was a merchant of German birth, a gentleman for whom I have the highest respect

I was down at the polls on the afternoon of election day and there I saw sufficient to justify me in what I have said as to the mercenary character of a class vote. The very men who had besieged the convention and clamored for the nomination of the honest old captain were doing their level best among their German acquaintances to have the honest old lawyer's name erased from the ticket and that of the German merchant substituted in his stead. It is not necessary for me to ... the names of the parties perpetrating this infamy as they are politically dead and their friends ... to ask or expect the support of any American voter

Now then why did the old lawyer deserve such treatment as this? He took the nomination with a certain knowledge of a permanent majority of six hundred votes to overcome. The captain did the same thing. To gain an election each man required his full party vote. The honest old lawyer had just as good a right on that ticket as the honest old captain. Both were there as representative men in a great political party and not as representatives of opposing nationalities. One was an American by birth and his right to hold office was indisputable. The other was an American by adoption and had left the faderland behind him. In the eyes of all just men these two men ranked equal. There was no reason why one should be sacrificed in the hope of electing the other

This is my answer to an editoral paragraph in a city paper of Tuesday last, charging me with bigotry, intolerance, and proscription against our most thrifty and well behaved citizens. I have never yet spoken or writen of any man in a belittling way, because of his birth race or color. The most heroic act I ever saw performed was at Gold Hill, Nevada, by an Irishman, who descended into a burning mine to bring out the bodies of two of his fellow workmen. This act of devotion cost him the loss of six months work, and two years later he gave up his life after a long spell of sickness—the result of his unselfishness. I remember also reading of a case where a ship was wrecked some years ago in the South Pacific ocean. The ill-fated crew were compelled to take to boats. About two weeks afterward a starving man and woman signalled a passing ship, she squared away to rescue them and found the only inmates of the boat to be the captain's wife and an old Dutch sailor. It was noon when they were rescued and the poor old Dutch sailor had not drank but one cup of water that day. In the boat beside them were the bodies of three men one of whom was the captain. They had not strength enough to throw them over the boat's side.

So I say to you that if we admire heroism at all we must admire it in all sorts and conditions of men. This is all I have to say upon a subject in which I answer the editor of the journal and not the man who spins off a long-winded screed in the same issue. I have no time to answer everybody that sees fit to disagree with me. Life is too short

The New Year's anecdotes crop out slowly and may seem a trifle stale at this juncture, but I give a couple on the "better late than never" principle. A gentleman was calling on a lady of this city—he was a Frenchman of course—and was complaining of the muddy streets. The lady said "you should not complain of the mud under foot when it is so bright and fair overhead."

"Ah madame I have to walk ze earth and the sky is ze beautiful orbit of ze angels like yourself. It is not wonderful that you find no fault wiz ze mud"

One lady had some royal punch in a deep bowl with Arctic icebergs and Andalusian lemons floating around in it. (They say that Bill Barnhart was the man who built the tipple.) There was just enough green tea in it to conceal the strength of the liquor and woe betide the unlucky wight who took a second drink of it. He was not paralyzed exactly but he was so badly knocked out of time as to be neither of use nor ornament. One of her old bachelor acquaintances called in and partook of a hearty lunch of boned turkey washed down with this delectable fluid. The lady said "won't you have something more?"

"Well I don't mind if I take another glass of punch—it is superb"

He got it, and that was the last call he made that day. Next day he met the lady and apologized for not having called on her. It was 9 o clock at night before he got to the bottom of the list

"Well" said the lady "you called at my house at 3 P M and I enjoyed your visit. You said I had the finest table of refreshments you had seen that day and especially commended my regent punch"

"Good Lord" said the unhappy bachelor "what a load I must have had"

"I don't know that you had any more than you could carry" said the lady with a wicked ... "but I don't think it would have hurt ... take two trips ... your freight"

GRIZZLY

... Work of Bad Boys.

... Jan 14.—J F Bush wagon maker ... of his shop ... the rear of the building ... pushed a ... with a hole in the wall and gouged ... eyes

... Works Burned.

... Jan 14—The carriage works of ... yesterday afternoon. Loss $15...

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In Seasickness.
Prof ADOLPH OTT New York says: "I ... for a sickness ... the passage ... Atlantic ... the ... and give way to a healthful action of the functions impaired"

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness restlessness worms constipation. Tasteless. 25c

... he would be confirmed. His name appears in the new directory as one of the district commissioners

"My tormented back" is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney Wort.

... search. The third is that a sudden glaring up of the foot lights produced smoke

Albani in Demand.

NEW YORK Jan 14—Madam Albani has received an offer to sing with the Handel and Hayden society of Boston, and Chas F Locke of San Francisco has offered her $30 000 to sing in a series of festival concerts to be conducted by Theodore Thomas in Baltimore, Louisville, Chicago, St Paul and San Francisco

... to fight but the fact that ... San Francisco easily got away with ... New Zealand giant in a boxing match may ... him to try conclusions with the new comer

In vain the ... are filled with light
In vain the cheek with beauty glows
Unless the teeth are pure and white
Unless the breath is like the rose
And SOZODONT alone supplies
These beauties that we all so prize.

... in the market for the cure of ... COUGHS and THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. I know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it and I do not hesitate to recommend it to all in need of a remedy of this kind.
Yours truly. R. J. VAN VOORHEES.

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883.

THE MORNING KISS

Up at the window a frost of lace
  Held away by a wee, white hand,
Up at the window a little face,
  Sweet as thought of fairy land
Down below in the sleet and snow,
  Waiting a moment, a manly form,
Heedless of winds that to and fro
  Sullenly drive the winter storm

Quick! the car is coming in sight!
  One swift glance at the face above,
Dimpled now with a smile so bright,
  Answering back that look of love,
"Good-bye, papa!" the darling cries,
  Wafting a kiss from her finger tips,
Pure as the light in her soft pure eyes
  Sweet as the blossom of her dewy lips

He to the cob-webbed office dim,
  And to the cares of a busy day,
She to her lessons and morning hymn
  Braided together bits of play
He of many a step afraid,
  In the slippery paths of town,
She with never a darker shade
  Than the fear of a mother's frown

He in the restless race for gold,
  Down where the money-changers meet,
Feels the breath of the tempter bold
  Sees the pitfalls near his feet
Well for him that the clouded skies
  Clear when he lifts the latch of home
Well that into this paradise
  Never the tempter dares to come

Every night in her robe of white
  Down she kneels by her little bed
Every night the angels bright
  Hover unseen above her head
There is his anchor! God who hears
  That dear baby will hear him, too
Out of the dust of forgetful years
  Struggles his prayers to the Father true

Down in the street, in the snow and sleet
  Waits the man in his middle age,
Up at the window, sheltered, sweet
  [illegible]
  [illegible]
  Winning bread in the eager town
She to her lessons and her play,
  After she throws her kisses down
—*Mrs M E Sangster*

HISTRIONIC SUCCESS.

Ex-Cathedra Opinions Upon the Matter from Some Old Professionals.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS.

The Stage Being a Learned Profession, No One Can Hope to Excel Except by Devotion to Long and Severe Study.

Six representative actors and actresses contribute to the *North American Review*, short papers on success on the stage. What is perhaps most remarkable about these papers is their substantial agreement concerning the qualities most essential to success. Patient and hard work, for instance, they all insist upon, as well as natural adaptableness. Mr. McCullough's paper, so well is it written and so marked by clear intelligence and thoughtfulness, comes to us almost as a revelation, so unused is one to discourse of him as a practiced or graceful writer "Health and fair personal appearance," he names first, then "flexibility of feature and grace of movement" "strong intelligence—the capacity to feel lofty emotions, and to make others feel them, and, finally, "untiring industry On the latter point he says

"The young man who expects to find 'a royal road' to eminence in the dramatic profession who expects to get on without unremitting labor, patient study, and, so far as the frivolities and dissipations of life and society go unrelenting self-denial, will inevitably be bitterly disappointed There are no exceptions to this iron rule. There is not an eminent actor on the stage who cannot look back to years when the hours which, to many of his companions, were hours of leisure and jollity, were to him hours of hard, patient, often apparently fruitless study Probably every one of them also can recall companions who started in the race with every advantage of health strength voice, manly beauty intelligence, and dramatic instinct, who have long been distanced, solely from a lack of this capacity for patient industry The stage is full to-day of men of fair intelligence who cannot, or at least do not, suc [illegible] bend all the energy of an earnest purpose to understanding the meaning of the lines they speak It is a grievous mistake to think the actor's life an easy one, eminence aside, and it is a far more grievous mistake to fancy that the grace and beauty of Apollo and the genius of Roscius—all the divine gifts that could be concentrated in one man—can win histrionic greatness without hard close painful work. And yet to him who is imbued with a genuine love of the art that art is in itself ample compensation for all the labor and the pain"

Mr Barrett, Miss Mitchell, and Mr Warren all point out that the young actor should if possible, get into a good stock company, though all admit the difficulty nowadays of so doing, since very few theatres are managed with stock companies Mr. Barrett says the beginner must begin at the bottom, and that no qualification can overcome this necessity. "The greatest actors have been the hardest workers" The faults of all beginners gifted though they may be, are, he says, "the faults of over-doing, extreme anxiety, awkwardness arising from timidity, over-sensitiveness and inexperience," all of which to be overcome require industry, patience experience, and good taste Of this fault Mr Warren speaks in very much the same words Young actors, he says, over act over-dress, and over grimace until acting ceases to be comedy and becomes burlesque Mr Jefferson remarks that a successful actor "must be gifted with sensibility imagination, and personal magnetism.' He must begin his art at the foundation, or the superstructure can scarcely stand ' Mme Modjeska has 'never seen genius succeed without labor" Actors must be born she says "with a certain amount of native talent" although she believes a person deprived of these natural gifts, if possessed of 'an average amount of intelligence," may, by careful and judicious training acquire a sufficient amount of technical knowledge to enable him or her to fill respectably the minor parts in a good ensemble In Miss Mitchell's paper there are a few lines that possess a personal interest

'It would be bold for me to pretend to decry the chances of success for the actress of the future It is a lottery, this profession of ours, in which even the prizes are, after all not very considerable My own days spent most of them far from my children and the comforts and delights of my home, are full of exhausting labor Rehearsals and other business occupy me from early morning to the hour of performance, with brief intervals for rest and food and a little sleep In the best hotels my time is so invaded that I can scarcely live comfortably, much less luxuriously At the worst existence becomes a torment and a burden I am the eager, yet weary slave of my profession and the best it can do for me—who am fortunate enough to be included among its successful members—is to barely palliate the suffering of a 40 weeks' exile from my own house and my family For those of our calling who have to make this weary round, year after year with disappointed ambitions and defeated hopes as their inseparable company I can feel from the bottom of my heart Each season makes the life harder and drearier each year robs it of one more prospect, one more chance one more opportunity to try and catch the fleeting bubble in another field.'

An Alleged Raphael Picture.

An Englishman who owns an alleged Raphael the "Madonna of the Candelabra," has brought it over to New York and is trying to sell it to the Metropolitan museum for $200 000 It is gratifying to notice a general protest from artists and amateurs against any such foolish extravagance Whether the picture was painted in Raphael's second or third period, whether he painted all or only a part of it and the other questions which the experts are discussing, would be of no consequence if the picture were one of intrinsic importance, but this it confessedly is not There are Raphaels and Raphaels—some great pictures that all the world admires and that are absolutely priceless, and a great many minor works that have more or less of beauty and value but are by no means the most important things for a museum to possess The former class, to be sure are not often in the market, but the latter are, and when they are hawked about the world it is generally a sign that they are not as valuable as their owner believes It would be a nice thing to have the "Madonna of the Candelabra" in this country, if it could be "picked up" advantageously, but the idea of spending a fortune upon it is preposterous and could never have been suggested but for the many evidences heretofore given of the ignorant extravagance of American amateurs

NOTABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

What Some Famous Men and Women Write to a Young Lawyer.

A VERY SKILLFUL COLLECTOR.

A Collection of 1200 Notes and Letters from Many of the Most Prominent People in the Great World.

New York World, Dec 28

Of collectors of autographs, as of stamps and coins, there is no end But between collecting autographs in general and autographs in particular there is a broad distinction. One collector may boast a thousand autographs in his collection, and yet another, with only a hundred that have been selected with discrimination and to which personal interest attaches, will have the better collection of the two because these are distinctly representative and therefore the more interesting Mr Edward W Bok, a young man whose residence is in Brooklyn, and who is employed in the law department of the Western Union Telegraph Co, seems to have appreciated this difference, and as a result is the possessor of one of the most valuable autograph collections in the country His methods have been original from the outset and he has endeavored to add an additional interest to the mere signatures of eminent men and women by having them attached to some sentiment or remarks that can be recognized as characteristic of the writer Beginning with his father's signature on August 27, 1880, he has since accumulated nearly 1200 names and letters, some of which have been secured by personal interviews, others in response to written requests, and a few through [illegible] The autography of many of the distinguished persons whose names add a great value to Mr Bok's collection would be the despair of a village schoolmaster, and from the incomprehensible signature of Reverdy Johnson to the bold handwriting of Edison, the inventor, every grade of penmanship can be seen, and in itself would be a study worthy of much time.

Upon a license to plead, which was obtained with great difficulty, is the signature of Queen Victoria, in a bold, masculine hand, which has since been authenticated by Mr Edward Pierrepont, the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Newcastle The name 'Fredrick Pr. der Nederlanders" can be seen on a paper appointing Dr. Bok, the father of the collector, a grand master of the grand lodge. Another document appointing Dr. Bok minister of justice bears the signature of King William III of the Netherlands On another document appointing Dr. Bok vice-consul of Holland, appears the signature of Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, and what is especially interesting in this, as an indication of the etiquette of the Prussian court, is the space of six inches between the wavy lines of the "Wilhelm" and the crabbed, stiff "von Bismarck." In commenting editorially upon this some time ago, the London *News* remarked that it was interesting to discover that the man who made William the emperor of Prussia, could not sign his name within half a foot of his Next in the list of royal signatures is that of Kalakaua the king of the Sandwich islands, written in plain and bold characters, which was obtained at the hotel Brunswick, through the courtesy of one of the guests "W E Gladstone" is written on a envelope as a frank which was the only way in which his name could be obtained You ask for a sentiment,' writes the Duke of Argyll "I can only say in reply that autograph hunters are bad enough, but sentiment hunters are much worse" An order of admission to the house of commons bears John Bright' in legible characters "*Aperire terram gentibus. Suez et Panama*" is De Lesseps's contribution Among the other distinguished foreigners in public life who add value to this collection are Lord Palmerston, Lord Gordon Lord Mandeville, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Wellington

Mr Bok's collection of Americans autographs is remarkably complete The names of nearly all the presidents have been secured, together with a very full list of cabinets from Lincoln's day till now By a fortunate coincidence Mr Seward's and Mr Blaine's signatures are written on the mourning memorial paper that was [illegible] There are several autographs of U S Grant and one of his wife Julia Hayes' name can be seen written in his weak effeminate hand After much persuasion President Garfield sent a brief note and Mrs. Garfield wrote "I have never objected to having my name placed beside General Garfield's It is pleasant therefore to grant your request With kind regards very truly yours, Lucretia Randolph Garfield" After her husband's death she wrote again on mourning paper, inclosing the autograph of the late president's aged mother

Hamilton Fish, W W Belknap, B B Bristow and George M Robeson all appear in the Grant cabinet, and what is singularly characteristic of the latter is that he has written from Camden, N J, and yet upon the Brevoort House note paper Together with these appear Evarts Wheeler, Sherman, Schurz Thompson Key, Ramsey The letters from the members of Garfield's cabinet were all written in July and dwell exclusively upon the president's illness. All of Arthur's cabinet have furnished their signatures to Mr Bok Secretary Howe writes in prophetic vein

Fondly believing as I do, that the administration of President Arthur will restore unity to the republican party, will promote peace in all sections and add prosperity to all interests in our widespread country I am quite willing that you inscribe me on the roll of his cabinet' The collection is enriched by the autographs of Jefferson Davis and all the members of the confederate cabinet In reply to a letter from Mr. Bok, asking for some information regarding certain confederate bonds he had in his collection, Mr Davis writes The theory of the confederate government was to separate the sword from the purse, therefore the treasury was not under the control of the executive The government cannot have preserved funds for the redemption of their bonds other than the cotton subscribed for that purpose At the termination of the war the United States claiming to be the successor of the confederate government seized all of its property I have not heard of any purpose to apply these assets to the payment of the liabilities of the confederacy and therefore have been at a loss to account for the demand which has lately been made for them A letter from General Sherman complains that nothing is more difficult that to write about nothing Sheridan McClellan, Hancock Burnside, Rosecrans Kilpatrick, Hooker and Porter are among the other union generals while among the confederates are to be seen the names of Lee Beauregard Early and Johnston Fitz John Porter's note ought to be of especial interest at this time Says he You will find upon examination that the charges made against me in 1862 were signed by Brigadier General Roberts, and General Pope denied under oath having made them or knowing who made them, although his report of September 1862 and January 1862, contained most of them, and in his report of 1865 he boasts of having brought me to justice I leave you at liberty to believe whichever of his assertions you select He ought not to be authority Mr Bok sent the substance of this letter to General Pope and asked him to make some reply, but he declined on the ground that an autograph album was not the proper place to discuss the subject Probably the most interesting part of Mr Bok's collection is that which contains the names and writing of literary men and women "No language without reason, no reason without language," writes Max Muller, the great philologist Another sheet bears the following "Women can resist a man's love a man's fame a man's personal appearance and a man's money but they cannot resist a man's tongue when he knows how to talk to them —*Wilkie Collins*' Anthony Trollope kindly writes "This will reach you on your birthday I can only say I wish I could send you something of more value As you are a boy and I am an old man you may keep this many years after I am dead and remember that I have told you that in the many books I have written though there is much may be that is vain I take pride to myself in saying there is no thing which is deleterious!"

Having found it impossible to secure Tennyson's autograph, Mr Bok finally secured the aid of a young friend in Brooklyn who happened to be named after the Poet Laureate and in reply to a letter written by this young boy came the following

'DEAR YOUNG NAMESAKE I am not sending you any lines of my own because I am weary of writing my own poetry but I have to make a request of you, very easy to follow Don't say 'awful sleepy" Awful is slang for very and I hate slang TENNYSON"

'Not to this age nor for this people sing writes Matthew Arnold, with an eye to immortality. Robert Browning makes a transcription from "Cleon," beginning with the line 'We of these latter days with greater minds' In a long letter written from London by Henry James, Jr, is found the following "As my father is even more good-natured than I, he will, perhaps, send you his autograph, though the infinite multiplication of the signature of men of distinction must seem to him, as to me destined to deprive it of the value of rarity Together with several of his friends, Mr Bok wrote several times to Charles Reade but with no success Finally, however, they elicited the following outburst You little pests, what on earth is the use of my signature except at the foot of checks? I should like to knock your heads together Bother autographs!" After which his name is signed eight times so as completely to cover the note-paper. To Charles Darwin's note a tender interest ought to attach, for it was written but two days before his death, and in all probability was one of the last things he ever wrote Says he 'When a lad I made collections of all sorts of things, and my collections led me to turn to science, and I hope it may have the same effect upon you" There is a letter from Voltaire to Frederick the Great and a letter from Victor Hugo to his friend Professor Reqnier Alexandre Dumas writes in French "I weary myself, this is how it begins, he wearies me, this is how it ends Such is in two words the first fault of women" There are also brief notes from Jules Verne and A C Swinburne Longfellow wrote a transcription from Hiawatha beginning with the line, 'and the Black Robe Chief made answer, and also sent a note in which he expressed his regret that he had no autograph of Tennyson "The Chambered Nautilus" is written out in full and signed by Holmes, who writes that Emerson's memory was giving him a great deal of trouble and it would be very difficult to secure his autograph Undaunted Mr Bok went to Concord and bearded the lion in his den The sage of Concord received him very courteously and at once granted his request. An illustration of the loss of memory from which he suffered is found in the repetition of the second "c" in Concord

Rather an interesting contribution to the history of American literature is the following letter sent by A. Bronson Alcott to Mrs Oakes Smith "My daughter Louise has some stories which she would like to see printed in some of the magazines but feeling diffident of offering them herself she asks me to propose them for your reading and acceptance. I think them excellent We are now settled in Concord, with Emerson and Hawthorne Whittier contributes a transcription of 'Barbara Fritchie" and a short note in which he alludes to his declining years

Three days before his death Holland made the following transcription from 'Bitter Sweet" and sent it to Mr Bok

Strong grows the oak in sweeping storm
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow

Paul Hayne writes from Georgia "Nothing can touch a writer (especially a poet) more keenly than any evidence of the fact that he has not 'travailled with thought' in vain, but here and there are generous spirits en raport with his own"

"She who neglects to comb her hair," writes Marion Harland, "and draw up her children's stockings, while painting for festivity or accepts an invitation to address a woman's suffrage convention that calls her 100 miles away from home, where the baby lies ill with the croup, would be as selfish in her devotion to her specialty if her choice had fallen on Kensington embroidery or on preserves"

James Parton, in lieu of an autograph sent to Mr Bok three scraps of paper which Horace Greeley used to carry around in his hat as memoranda for editorials yet to be written

Josh Billings' contribution is the following bit of philosophy 'The best medicine I know of for rumatizm is to thank the Lord that it aint the gout'

Another fascinating part of Mr Bok's collection is that which is devoted to the autograph letters of actors and actresses and he says that this is the part that always attracts the greatest attention and interest Lawrence Barrett heads the list with these noble words To stand upright among the noble and distinguished in my art and to claim their fellowship on the score of kindred aims and aspirations is as high an eminence as I would ever aspire to' I find much pleasure, sir in obeying your commands,' is signed by Lillie Langtry'

Adelina Patti writes The one and only form of music is melody No music is [illegible] both are absolutely inseparable While another sheet of paper bears several bars of Sullivan's 'Let me dream again' written and signed by Christine Nilsson Among the other names from the profession are Florence Jefferson Booth Modjeska Siddons Salvini and Maggie Mitchell

A FEMALE FIEND.

A Hungarian Woman that was Hanged for Many Murders.

On the 29th of November, at 10 A M a dreadful woman one Kate Nagy was hanged in Stein an Anger the frontier town between Styria and Hungary In the annals of crime she will occupy one of the first places for although she confessed to six murders only she was convicted of twenty six, and we may suppose that she committed many more She found means of obtaining poison from chemists in small provincial towns by pretending to have a house full of rats The small cakes which she sold in a tiny shop were so universally liked by old and young that she could sell poisoned cakes to the persons who wished to rid themselves of a superfluous relative without arousing suspicion Her first murder was probably that of her husband and when this remained undiscovered she committed a succession of other murders for which she was paid by the parties concerned Her victims were men, although her neighbors had long suspected her still no one dared for some time to accuse her of the dreadful crime She was believed to be very pious and it was chiefly by her aid that the Dominican friars of Stein an Anger were able to found a religious society which gained great influence in the course of years Although she confessed to six murders the court of justice condemned her only to hard labor for life but the imperial council appealing to the high court obtained a death sentence which was signed by the emperor about the middle of last month Ever since the sentence was communicated to Kate Nagy she spent her days and nights in praying and fasting with her father confessor ever by her side On Thursday the hangman arrived from Buda Pesth, and Kate Nagy was taken to the place of execution, at the other end of the town. When she appeared in the street every one was surprised to see a meek little woman of about fifty years of age with a kind motherly expression in her small face She was escorted by a detachment of imperial dragoons and followed by thousands who had come from all parts of the country to see her As she entered the wooden fence which conceals the gibbet from the eyes of the public she started, for her daughter came up to her and begged leave to enter with her mother When she was refused she fainted in the arms of some women who had come with her The hangman fulfilled his terrible task in a few seconds In the meantime the crowd outside behaved in a most shameful manner They surrounded the murderess' daughter and declared she must be executed also because such a dreadful woman's entire race should be extirpated once for all The ruffians would have lynched the girl had not a brave woman stood up in her defense, and by her undaunted courage intimidated those near her until some dragoons came to her rescue Kate Nagy refused to name the persons for whom she prepared her poison so that they cannot be prosecuted *Vienna Corr London Daily News*

The Khedive's Runaway Wife.

The harem of Ismail Pasha ex khedive of Egypt, is making no end of a stir at Naples The deposed khedive took only seventy three of his women to Naples in the first place about one-fifth of his Cairo harem and subsequently sent forty seven of these back to Egypt as a measure of retrenchment When the Princess Patty one of his favorites, eloped with the brother of her Italian music teacher her master bore his loss philosophically but now another Elma Giulu or the "Apple Blossom," has run away She had been flirting with a Neapolitan jeweler for some time Her intrigue was [illegible] jeweler [illegible] rendezvous [illegible] persuaded the damsel to marry him [illegible] the jeweler The latter was fined 50 lire, or $39 for assaulting the eunuch

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Basket of Chips Hewn from Other Blockheads.

THE PRODUCT OF THE SCISSORS.

The Humor of the Period Collected from Contemporaries all Over this Comedy-Loving Continent.

A PIECE OF DIPLOMACY

"I suppose you will sit all around the house bothering me as usual on New Year's Day" said Mrs. Breezy

"Of course you know I never make calls, dear." said Mr Breezy.

"Yes, I do know it only too well," said Mrs. Breezy 'I am really ashamed of you on that day

'But I'm not a society man, love as you must have found out—'

'Of course I've found it out,' said Mrs Breezy, 'and I've about given up ever making anything out of you but a money making machine."

Most wives are satisfied with that style of husband ' said Mr. Breezy, drawing on his slippers and unfolding the evening paper

'Yes, and most husbands are satisfied with doll baby wives who care for nothing above the latest style of dress and plenty of shopping money" said Mrs Breezy "It's a great pity you didn't get that kind of a wife Mr Breezy You would have been much happier with a brainless woman no doubt A woman without the slightest ambition in life would have suited you to the ground I'll be bound But Providence, as usual threw away its best treasures, and you got me The same old story of Pegasus and the ox One nature craving to fly away into the realms of the ideal and the other prodding and heavy, holding it down to the humdrum commonplaceism of existence—'

'What have you been reading now?' asked Mr Breezy

'There you go, doubting my originality,' said Mrs Breezy But that is because you haven't any originality yourself. Who ever heard of a lawyer with an imagination any way? If you were only original and ambitious you would go into society with me and become something But you might as well make the attempt as it is You can't have any better time to begin than New Years "

'But, my dear, you know I hate calling

"Oh of course you hate anything I propose to you said Mrs Breezy 'But it is high time you let people in society know that I have got a real live husband Why, it was only the other evening that I was taken for a widow—

"A what,' cried Mr Breezy

'Yes a real, genuine gay widow" said Mrs Breezy, smiling to see the puzzled expression on her good husband's face 'Young J Arthur Fitz James of the 23d regiment made a bet that I was a widow, and came to me to decide it'

"And what did you say?' asked Mr. Breezy

'Why I got him on a string—I mean I deceived him at the start Oh it was lots of fun"

'You don't say so," muttered Mr. Breezy, getting very red in the face

Yes, I really believe the poor little fellow would have proposed by this time if I hadn't told him the truth at last, said Mrs Breezy, laughing

'Then you did take the trouble to undeceive him?" said Mr Breezy, growing very excited

Oh, yes, I told him I had a husband, but he wasn't a society man"

'And what did he say, the little upstart?

Oh, he said such husbands didn't count, and then he insisted upon calling me the little widow for the balance of the—

Such husbands don't count'' cried Mr Breezy jumping to his feet Well, we'll see about that. Where does this—this Fritz—this miserable little popinjay amateur warrior hold out? I'll teach him to call my wife a widow the miserable little military jumping jack Husbands don't count' Well, perhaps some husbands don't, but I'm one of the kind that—"

Now my dear, for heaven's sake don't make a fool of yourself said Mrs Breezy also jumping to her feet How can you expect people to avoid taking me for a widow? You always let me go into society alone You never take the trouble to let them know that I have a husband

That's a fact' said Mr Breezy falling back into his chair But I'm with you every time hereafter and don't you forget it No more of your widow masquerading my dear

Then you will start in—commence on New Year's day

I suppose so' said Mr Breezy But Remember the widow

Floored as usual said Mr Breezy settling back in his easy chair and diving into an editorial on The Happiness of Married Life —*Brooklyn Eagle*

ENCOURAGE THIS MAN

We had better understand each other' he said deprecatingly as he shambled into the editorial room before we begin I'm a book agent

Unmindful of the groan that met this statement he went on

I am not a white-haired philanthropist from New Haven who has come south through sympathy for your stricken people I'm a fair, square, bald headed book agent"

Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal he took a seat and dropping his feet in a waste basket said:

I'm not a retired clergyman who seeks to scatter religious instructions while he builds up his worn out frame in your balmy clime. I'm not an apostle of art who has consented to seek your benighted region and educate your people by parting with a few picture books in parts I'm not a temperance lecturer from Bangor who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum sucker. I am not all of these—nor either I'm an unmodified book agent, with none of the corners rounded, running on cheek in pursuit of tin.

'Here's candor at last, remarked the young man who writes the puffs for hardware stores

Yes, candor at last I'm not a gilded sham You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise or art or morality going incog I do not fly the skull and crossbones hid behind a holiday flag till I've grappled and boarded you I've got the regular old death's head nailed to the mast and I'm a pirate from keel to center board and if you don't want that sort of company blow me out of the water'

He had the force on deck at this point

I've got no off hand preamble to my bloody work I do not lead you through flowery paths of ease to where I've got the trap sprung I do not beguile with an anecdote inspire with eloquence soothe with persuasion or type with local gossip. I was not directed to you as a leader of culture or as a person who would be likely to buy I won't show you a bit of high toned decoys who have put their names down to get rid of me and draw you in I don't show the work I'm selling, and I've never been able to learn the idiot's soliloquy that explains the pictures,'

Here he paused while the manager called for the cash boy

That's about the size of me and my business The book's right here—Fifty parts fifty cents a part plenty of pictures and big type for the reading, written by somebody or other and money $10 down to me every time I work them off Do you take or do I go?'

By this time eleven copies of the first part were ordered and the eleven able resumed their work while the office boy indites this tribute to the man who ain't ashamed of his little racket —*Atlanta Constitution*

BUYING A GIRL

Yesterday though the weather was bitterly cold there was a lull in the storm and word was brought over to the saloon that there was to be a horse race between the Indians and half breeds on the other side of the Elbow There was a general stampede for the foot bridge, and I made my way over in company with a cow boy whom I know only as Shorty' As we were crossing the stream he handed me a handful of nuts and remarked that he was taking a handful over to his girl

Where did you get a girl?' I asked

I bought her over here at the Blackfoot camp last night

What did you give for her?"

Thirty five dollars Oh, here she is" he added as a little six year-old Blackfoot girl came capering down the bank to meet him and take possession of the nuts The little one had [illegible] and give her to the old woman (his mother), and then," he added very seriously, "she's a nice, innocent little girl now, but if she stays here she'll starve till she grows up and then go to the bad I'll take her home and mother will make a woman of her

I could not help thinking, as I went back to the saloon, that Shorty and his mother were likely to accomplish more between them than many a pretentious society of wealthy philanthropists might do during a prosperous career of several years —*Toronto Globe*

NILSSON'S OPINION OF POKER

'It was so funny that you should find us playing poker But there is no harm in it, is there?' she queried, smilingly, to a Denver *Tribune* reporter.

I know all you men play it—remain out nights and all that and then go home and tell your parents and lonely wives you were at the club or sitting up with some friend I think husbands should teach their wives the game, and keep the profits and loss at home It's delightful pastime, I find, preferable to either whist or cribbage, Whist will do for quiet, slow and cautious thinking people who like to mope along and keep mind records, cribbage is good enough for those who find interest in mathematical problems and studies, but poker —well poker contains all those opportunities and pleasures, and besides has a vein of excitement that always makes one think of being in the hands of highwaymen or falling into or out of a fortune It is wildly fascinating, especially when you are playing for a little money and some one steals—what is it?—oh, yes steals the pot' I am only a novice as yet, and have not learned all the terms but Mr Abbey says I am making good progress and will soon be an adept'

As Madame Nilsson thus delivered herself on the subject of 'bluff' her eyes wandered from the faces of the ladies and gentlemen present to the magnificent piano in one end of the drawing room and finally settled upon the table where were scattered cards and ivory chips in confusion.

Mr Abbey nodded his head and laughed significantly when she alluded to him, and when she closed, remarked

Yes indeed the madame has become quite expert, she has beaten us all day and as you came in she was about to get away with Miss Glenn again for I know she had the best hand

SHE DIDN'T DARE DO IT

The other evening a man and a woman came to a sudden halt on Grand River street and the woman dropped the basket she was carrying and called out

'I will! I will! I will not live with you another day!"

'You'll leave me, will you?' he calmly asked

Yes, I will

'When?"

Now—right off this minute

'You'll go away?

Yes, sir!"

'I wouldn't, if I were you'

'But I will, and I defy you to prevent me! I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with it!'

Oh, I shan't try to stop you. he quietly replied "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared They will want your description, and shall I give it? You wear No 7 shoes, you have an extra large mouth, you walk stiff in your knees, your nose turns up at the end, hair the color of brick terra cotta, the newest in fashion, eyes rather on the squint voice partakes of——"

"Wretch! you wouldn't dare do that' she screamed

"I certainly will and the description will go into all the papers'

They glared at each other for a minute like cats Then he walked on She looked up and down the street, gritted her teeth together and then picked up her basket and followed on after He had what they call the dead wood on her —*Free Press*

WILLING TO SELL

A Detroit commercial traveler finished his supper at a hotel in the western part of the state the other night and drew up to the stove alongside of a stranger and said

Are you acquainted in this town?"

'Yes somewhat"

'Is this the best hotel'

They say so"

Then I wish I had bought some crackers and cheese and crawled into a haystack Did you see how dirty the tablecloth was?"

I didn't notice in particular'

And such biscuit and slop and such napkins! I can imagine what the beds are."

Yes'

The paper on the room will be moldy, the washstand on three legs, the pitcher without a handle and the bed full of bugs It is a shame and a disgrace to call such a hog pen a hotel'

There was a moment of silence for the traveler to light his pipe and then he continued

Yes it is a shame I'd like to run a hotel like this for a year'

'Well, I'll sell out to you

You? What have you got to do with it?"

Oh, I'm the owner and landlord," was the calm reply

The traveler didn't try to smooth it over or laugh it off He knew that anything he could say would be adding insult to injury.—*Detroit Free Press*

DISAPPOINTED IN THE GOVERNOR

Soon after the entrance of the train containing the great commoner, says the Atlanta, Ga., *Post Appeal*, a countryman was sighted perched on the rear end of the back car, prominently perched on top of the bumper, gazing with a look of mingled admiration and awe into the face of Henry Grady, who was making his exit through the doorway After a minute and gratifying survey of the noble physique of the Apollo of the local press he lost all consciousness of his humble station and gave way to the heroic promptings of a patriotic spirit He ventured 'Governor can I have the honor of shakin hands with you seein as I've come a good ways to do it and might not never have the chance of approachin you again?

Certainly sir, but I am not the governor —here he comes, now"

Is that him'

That is Governor Stephens

'Well, I'll be darned'

What did you remark?

'I'd heard he was a prodigy but if that's the biggist man they could trump up for governor of Georgy, I think we'd better leave the state for the country's degeneratin''

We don't estimate a statesman by his physical development, its the brain The governor has the greatest brain in Georgia'

I don't care nothin about brain, But the idea of a man bein governor that's got to be carried aroun' like a bundle o' clothes!'

TIME IS PRECIOUS

A young blood who is about to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, goes to seek the advice of an old friend his family doctor

The girl, you see says the young man with energetic frankness hasn't got any tin now but she has a rich uncle with heart disease that—"

I don't know about that" says the doctor reflectively a man with heart disease is apt to live much longer than—'

But it is a serious case Only this morning they called in your eminent colleague Dr X—

Then if they have marry her, sir, you haven't a minute to lose!

THE MAN FOR HIS MONEY

The Abbe Prevost the famous author of Manon Lescaut was not rich and like the author of his time resolved to be on the lookout for a rich patron He accordingly addressed himself to the Prince of Conti of whom he asked an appointment as chaplain

As my chaplain! exclaimed the prince in astonishment 'But good heavens sir, I never hear mass!

That is precisely why I ask for the appointment said the Abbe, I never say it!'

The prince did not give him the chaplaincy, but he gave him an allowance of 1200 livres

SMITH—A COMMON NOUN

An honest tradesman died leaving a number of debts which his widow is in no hurry to pay

A surviving friend of the deceased remonstrated with her upon her negligence [illegible] hesitate about [illegible] sighed the widow my poor husband's name was Smith—and there are so many Smiths that perhaps nobody would ever know!

OUR SUPERIOR FRACTIONS.

All About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins, and Our Aunts."

THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

A Chapter Devoted to the [illegible] Our Little Sisters.

A contemporary says "Scandal hugs Mrs. Langtry." Scandal is to be envied.

In the hands of girls entirely green, a can of oil is mightier than a flash of powder.

Every woman has three characters—that which she really has, and that which she thinks she has

The widow of Thomas A. Cahill, of Philadelphia, who was left $500,000, has been sued by George Hildreth for breach of promise.

The ring would not fit the bride of a Shaker wedding the other day, and the minister was finally obliged to leave it just above her knuckles

The meanest fling at woman is that she was of small account in the creation, for, being made from Adam's rib, she was only a "side issue

Do not present your husband or lover with embroidered suspenders. They can't show themselves unless they promenade in shirt sleeves

A man who holds his opera-glass in both hands with his elbows sticking out on both sides, is preferable to a lady with a big hat at the theater You can kick the man.

A burglar was recently caught by a Brooklyn girl and nearly choked to death. As the young lady weighs 217 pounds, it was fortunate for the midnight marauder that she didn't sit on him

Maria Appley, one of the thirteen girls who represented the states in Washington's funeral procession in New York, died yesterday at Morristown, New Jersey, aged 104 years, in full possession of her faculties

The wife of the Chinese minister at Washington has lately adopted the dress usual among fashionable American ladies. The application of the Chinese minister for an increase of salary is awaited with interest.

A Boston belle's idea of botany. "Oh! George," a Boston girl intensely exclaimed while gazing at the comet, 'How transcendently beautiful and rapturously precious it is; I should so love to study botany"

A lady proprietor of a boarding house not 100 miles from Boston, says the *Advertiser*, is afflicted with a nature too delicately strung for this world She invariably speaks of her boarders as her "remunerative guests."

She admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her. 'Yes," remarked the old lady, "I can see where the impression mashed the lace as flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again"

Schoolgirl "You say the youth you dote on is almost sixteen years old and you want to give him a Christmas present which will please him more than all the rest he can possibly receive from others. Very well; give him a shaving case.

A colored preacher at Barnesville, Ga., reproved a sister of the church for wearing a silk dress when her husband could not pay his debts, and she stood up and told the minister that he borrowed all his tea, sugar and butter, and never paid anything back.

Slang is a dangerous language. Recently when a handsome young wife went to a hardware store to get one of those wooden contrivances to mash potatoes, and said "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office boy, started to wait on her.

Phoebe Couzins says that she and Miss Anthony both expect to marry, but that they will wait until the time comes when their husbands will not marry slaves It is evident that Phoebe and Susan are expecting nothing short of a sealskin sacque apiece on the date of surrender.

The widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson and her daughter, a young lady of nineteen years, are now living in Columbus, O. Mrs. Jackson left the south because she was there compelled to mingle with society, and could not find the retirement and rest that her health demanded.

Mme Patti, who is nervous when crossing the ocean before starting for America made her will, in which she desires to be buried at Craig y nos and leaves a sum of money to be expended in instructing a number of poor Welsh boys with good voices who may show a taste for music

A bevy of girls were on their way home from a foliage" excursion when one of them exclaimed "Oh dear! I wish I were an autumn leaf" 'Why, what a silly idea!" said her companion Well, then I would know what it is to be pressed, blushingly replied the beauless beauty

The death is announced of the chief wife of Sidi Muley Hassan Sultan of Morocco She was the daughter of an Italian blacksmith, and firmly clung to the Christian faith all her life, notwithstanding which she was honored by the Mohammedan prince with the rank of legitimate sultana.

An English gipsy imposed upon the credulity of two servant girls by representing herself as the seventh daughter of the seventh virgin Jupiter and having a special faculty for seeing into futurity, thus succeeding in extorting money from them, but she was subsequently sent to jail for three months for it.

An eastern exchange says: A California woman, who confessed to her husband on her dying bed that she loved another, was forgiven. Then she got well and he is now suing for a divorce. She pleads that he condoned the offense, and he answers that it was only on condition of her dying, and she broke the contract.

The rumor that the Princess Louise and her husband are to visit New York on their return from the Pacific coast, has thrown the New York society into a pleasing commotion. It is said that some ladies have resumed dancing lessons, in order to learn the principles and drill of presentation at court according to English ceremonial.

Belva Lockwood, of Washington, is a woman, a lawyer and a tricycle rider and is in trouble. She is to be called upon in court to explain how she came to swear she had $13,000 worth of property unincumbered, when District Attorney Corkhill says that, since she qualified in that amount, he has found out that her property is assessed only at $13,000 and is mortgaged for $16,000.

You still keep your family in the country, I hear,' remarked a merchant to his neighbor, casually "I should think you would miss them very much" 'Sh! They don't get back to the city until the fall openings are over I haven't been studying economy for twenty years for nothing" High-priced country board for a week is much cheaper than a day at the openings —*Bos Globe.*

'My wife," says Wigglesworth, abstractedly lifting a handful of prunes from the box, "is one of the most economical women I ever saw. Whenever I smoke a cigar in the house she makes me blow the smoke on her plants to kill the bugs, and stands ready to catch the ashes for tooth powder, while the stump that is left she soaks in water and treats the flower-pots to a Turkish bath with it."

Fashionable wedding card ceremonies have gone the length of inclosing the cards of the bride, the groom the bride's father, the bride's mother, the young married couple at home and the clergyman performing the ceremony These are all included in one large envelope Why not include the "hired man" and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the happy pair?—*New York Telegram*

He was a real estate agent and complained that he had three adjoining houses to let since last fall, and couldn't get rid of them on any terms What's the cause?" asked a friend, malaria No" Rum mill on the corner? No Neighborhood infested with cats? No" 'What then?' "Well, there's a man who lives across the way with his daughter, and he's trying to make an American prima donna of her"

One of the prettiest women I saw at the West End table d'hote, Long Branch, last month cleaned her nails with a hairpin after she had seated herself at a table at which were five other persons Curiosity prompted me to inquire who she was, and I learned that her father was a railroad president and her mother one of the leaders of society in Chicago What should be done with such women? [illegible]

[illegible] the correspondent adds One thing is certain—namely, that she is in exceedingly poor circumstances and is too proud to let any of her friends know it

[illegible] out with only about a 225 barrel power.

The men at work laying the Oregon Short Line track are obliged to come back to the construction train from five to ten miles for their meals Often before the train stops they [illegible] jumping off and making a break for the [illegible] On Wednesday of last week, one man made an attempt to jump but slipped, fell on the track the train running over him and cutting him in two.

NEW YORK CARPENTER.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY [illegible] 188[illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

Mrs. M. A. S[illegible]

HISTRIONIC SUCCESS.

Ex-Cathedra Opinions Upon the Matter from Some Old Professionals.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS

The Stage Being a Learned Profession No One Can Hope to Excel Except by Devotion to Long and Severe Study

Six representative actors and actresses contribute to the *North American Review* short papers on success on the stage. What is perhaps most remarkable about these papers is their substantial agreement concerning the qualities most essential to success. Patient and hard work, for instance, they all insist upon, as well as natural adaptableness. Mr. McCullough's paper, so well is it written and so marked by clear intelligence and thoughtfulness, comes to us almost as a revelation, so unused is one to discourse of him as a practised or graceful writer. "Health and fair personal appearance," he names first, then "flexibility of features and grace of movement," "strong intelligence—the capacity to feel lofty emotions, and to make others feel them," and finally "untiring industry." On the latter point he says:

"The young man who expects to find a royal road to eminence in the dramatic profession, who expects to get on without unremitting labor, patient study, and so far as the frivolities and dissipations of life are concerned, unrelenting self-denial, will inevitably be bitterly disappointed. There are no exceptions to this iron rule. There is not an eminent actor on the stage who cannot look back to years when the hours which, to many of his companions, were hours of leisure and jollity, were to him hours of hard, patient, often apparently fruitless study. Probably every one of them also can recall companions who started in the race with every advantage of health, strength, manly beauty, intelligence, and dramatic instinct, who have long been distanced, solely from a lack of this capacity for patient industry. The stage is full to-day of men of fair intelligence who cannot or at least did not [illegible] bend all the energy of an earnest purpose to understanding the meaning of the lines they speak. It is a grievous mistake to think the actor's life an easy one. Eminence [illegible] and it is a far more grievous mistake to fancy that the grace and beauty of Apollo and the genius of Roscius—all the divine gifts [illegible] could be concentrated in one man—can win histrionic greatness without hard, close, painful work. And yet to him who is imbued with a genuine love of the art, that art is in [illegible] ample compensation for all the labor and the pain."

Mr. Barrett, Miss Mitchell, and Mr. Warren all point out that the young actor should, if possible, get into a good stock company, though all admit the difficulty nowadays of so doing, since very few theatres are managed with stock companies. Mr. Barrett says the beginner must begin at the bottom and that no qualification can overcome this necessity. "The greatest actors have been the hardest workers." The faults of all beginners, gifted though they may be, are, he says, "the faults of over-doing, extreme anxiety, awkwardness arising from timidity, over sensitiveness and inexperience." All of which to be overcome require industry, patience, experience and good taste. Of this fault Mr. Warren speaks in very much the same words. Young actors, he says, over act, over dress, and over grimace until acting ceases to be comedy and becomes burlesque. Mr. Jefferson remarks that a successful actor "must be gifted with sensibility, imagination, and personal magnetism." He must begin his art at the foundation, or the superstructure can scarcely stand. Mme. Modjeska has "never seen genius succeed without labor." Actors must be born, she says, "with a certain amount of native talent," although she believes a person deprived of [illegible] natural gifts, if possessed of an average amount of intelligence, may by careful and judicious training acquire a sufficient amount of technical knowledge to enable him or her to fill respectably the minor parts in a good ensemble. In Miss Mitchell's paper there are a few lines that possess a peculiar interest:

"It would be idle for me to pretend to depict the chances of success for the actress of the future. It is a lottery, this profession of ours, in which even the prizes are, after all, not very considerable. My own days, spent most of them far from my children and the comforts and delights of my home, are full of exhausting labor. Rehearsals and other business occupy me from early morning to the hour of performance, with brief intervals for rest and food and a little sleep. In the best hotels my time is so invaded that I can scarcely live comfortably, much less luxuriously. At the worst existence becomes a torment and a burden. I am the eager yet weary slave of my profession, and the best it can do for me—who am fortunate enough to be included among its successful members—is to barely palliate the suffering of a 40 weeks' exile from my [illegible] and my family. For these of our calling who have to make this weary round year after year with disappointed ambitions and defeated hopes is their inseparable company, I can feel from the bottom of my heart. Each season makes the life harder and dreaier, [illegible] robs it of one more prospect, one more [illegible] one more opportunity to try and catch the fleeting bubble in another field."

An Alleged Raphael Picture

An Englishman who owns an alleged Raphael of the Madonna of the Candelabra has brought it over to New York and is trying to sell it to the Metropolitan museum for $200,000. It is gratifying to notice a general protest from artists and amateurs against any such foolish extravagance. Whether the picture was painted in Raphael's second or third period, whether he painted all or only a part of it, and the other questions which the experts are discussing would be of no consequence if the picture were one of intrinsic importance. But this it confessedly is not. There are Raphaels and Raphaels—some great pictures that all the world admires and that are absolutely priceless, and a great many minor works that have more or less of beauty and value, but are by no means the most important the [illegible] to possess. The former [illegible] are not often in the market, but the latter [illegible] and when they are [illegible] it is generally a sign that they are not [illegible] as their owner believes. It would be [illegible] to have the "Madonna of the Candelabra" in this country if it could be [illegible] advantage [illegible] but the [illegible] upon it is preposterous and [illegible] have been suggested but [illegible] evidence [illegible] of the ignorant extravagance of American amateurs.

NOTABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

What Some Famous Men and Women Write to a Young Lawyer.

A VERY [illegible] COLLECTION

A Collection of 1,500 Notes and Letters from Some of the Most Prominent People in the Great World

[illegible]

... [illegible] of the distinguished persons whose autographs [illegible] value to Mr. Bok [illegible] to the despair of a village [illegible] incomprehensible [illegible] to the [illegible] has written [illegible] the inventor [illegible] himself [illegible] and in itself would be a [illegible] of much interest.

Upon a license to blend which was obtained without difficulty is the signature of Queen Victoria in a bold masculine hand which has since been authenticated by Mr. [illegible] the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Newcastle. The name "Fredrick Prince der Nederlanden" can be seen on a paper appointing Dr. Bok, the father of the collector, a grand master of the grand lodge. Another document appointing Dr. Bok minister of justice bears the signature of King William II., of the Netherlands. On another document appointing Dr. Bok vice consul of Holland appears the signature of Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, and what is especially interesting in this, as an indication of the etiquette of the Prussian court, is the space of six inches between the wavy lines of the "Wilhelm" and the cramped stiff "von Bismarck." In commenting editorially upon this some time ago the London News remarked that it was interesting to discover that the man who made William the emperor of Prussia could not sign his name within half a foot of his. Next in the list of royal signatures is that of Kalakaua, the king of the Sandwich islands, written in plain and bold characters, which was obtained at the Hotel Brunswick through the courtesy of one of the guests. W. E. Gladstone's is written on a envelope as a frank, which was the only way in which his name could be obtained. "You ask for mine," writes the Duke of Argyll. "I am only sorry to reply that autograph hunters are bad enough, but still more bad [illegible] worse." An order of admission to the House of Commons [illegible] John Bright [illegible] *[illegible] of the Palace* [illegible] distinguished foreigners in public life, which all value to this collection are Lord Palmerston, Lord Gordon, Lord Mandeville, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of [illegible]

Mr. Bok's collection of Americans [illegible] is remarkably complete. The names of nearly all the presidents have been secured, [illegible] with a very full list of cabinets from Lincoln's day till now. By unfortunate [illegible] Mr. Seward's and Mr. Blaine's signatures are written on the mourning [illegible] paper that was [illegible] of the dead [illegible] There are several autographs of [illegible] and one of his wife, Julia [illegible] Hayes [illegible] written [illegible] Mrs. Garfield sent a brief note: "Mrs. Garfield would [illegible] I have never objected to having my name placed beside General Garfield's. It is pleasant therefore to grant your request. With kind regards, very truly yours, Lucretia Rudolph Garfield." After her husband's death she wrote again on mourning paper, enclosing the autograph of the late president [illegible]

Hamilton Fish, W. W. Belknap, B. H. Bristow and George M. Robeson all appear in the Grant cabinet, and what is singularly characteristic of the latter is that he has written from Camden, N. J., and yet upon the Brevoort House note paper. Together with these appear Evarts, Wheeler, Sherman, Schurz, Thompson, Hayes [illegible] The letters from the members of Garfield's cabinet were all written in July and dwell exclusively upon the president's illness. All of Arthur's cabinet have furnished their signatures to Mr. Bok. Secretary Howe writes in prophetic vein: "Fondly believing as I do that the administration of President Arthur will restore unity to the republican party, will promote peace in all sections and add prosperity to all interests [illegible] I am quite willing [illegible] the roll of his cabinet." The collection is enriched by the autographs of Jefferson Davis and all the members of the confederate cabinet. In reply to a letter from Mr. Bok asking for some information regarding certain confederate bonds he had in his collection, Mr. Davis writes: "The theory of the confederate government was [illegible] the sword from the purse, therefore the treasury was not under the control of the executive. The government cannot have [illegible] funds for the [illegible] other than the [illegible] purpose [illegible] United States claiming [illegible] the federal government [illegible] property [illegible] to apply these assets to [illegible] of the confederacy [illegible] at a loss to account for the demand which has lately been made for them." [illegible] General Sherman complains that "nothing is more difficult than to write about [illegible] Sheridan, McClellan, Hancock, Burnside, Rosecrans, Kilpatrick, Hooker and Porter are among the other union generals, while among the confederates are to be seen the names of Lee, Beauregard, Early and Johnston. Fitz John Porter's [illegible] of special interest at this time. [illegible] upon examination [illegible] the charges against me in 1862 were signed by Major General Roberts and General Pope [illegible] 1862 and January 1863 [illegible]

[illegible] Max Muller, the great philologist [illegible] *Walt Whitman* [illegible] Trollope [illegible]

Having found [illegible] Mr. Bok finally [illegible]

Dear Young Sir [illegible]

"Not to [illegible]" writes Matthew Arnold, with an eye to [illegible]

Adelina Patti writes [illegible] No musician [illegible] both are absolutely inseparable. [illegible] a few bars of Sullivan's "Lost Chord," [illegible] written and signed by Christine Nilsson. Among the other names from the profession are Florence, Jefferson, Booth, [illegible] Salvini and Maggie Mitchell.

A FEMALE FIEND.

A Hungarian Woman that was Hanged for Many Murders.

On the 10th of November, at 10 A. M., a head[illegible] woman named Kate Nagy was hanged in [illegible] the frontier town between Servia and Hungary. In the annals of crime she will occupy one of the first places, for although she confessed to six murders only, she was convicted of twenty-six, and we may suppose that she committed many more. She found means of obtaining poison from the [illegible] in small provincial towns by pretending to have a house full of rats. The small cakes which she sold in a tiny shop were so universally liked by old and young that she could sell poisoned cakes to the persons who wished to rid themselves of a superfluous relative without arousing suspicion. Her first murder was probably that of her husband, and when this remained undiscovered she committed a succession of other murders, for which she was paid by the parties concerned. Her victims were men, although her neighbors [illegible] suspected her [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Khedive's [illegible] Wife

The harem of Ismail Pasha [illegible] of Egypt [illegible] at Naples [illegible] Prince [illegible] Khedive [illegible]

[illegible] $30 for assaulting a [illegible]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Basket of Chips Hewn from Other Blockheads.

THE PRODUCT OF THE SCHOOLS

The Humor of the Period Collated from Contemporaries for all Were this Comedy Loving Continent.

[illegible]

... at all live husband. Why, I was only the other evening that I was taken for a widow."

"A what?" roared Mr. Breezy.

"Yes, a real genuine grass widow," said Mrs. Breezy, smiling to see the puzzled expression on her good husband's face. "Young J. Arthur Fitz Jarrold [illegible] regiment made a bet that I was a widow, and came to me to decide it."

"And what did you say?" asked Mr. Breezy.

"Why, I got him on a string. I mean I deceived him at the start. Oh, it was lots of fun."

"You don't say so!" muttered Mr. Breezy, getting very red in the face.

"Yes, I really believe the poor little fellow would have proposed by this time if I hadn't told him the truth at last," said Mrs. Breezy, laughing.

"Then you did take the trouble to undeceive him?" said Mr. Breezy, growing more excited.

"Oh, yes, I told him I had a husband, but he wasn't of much account."

"And what did he say, the little upstart?"

"Oh, he said [illegible] husbands did not count, and he insisted upon calling me the little widow for the balance of the [illegible]"

"Such husbands don't count," echoed Mr. Breezy, jumping to his feet. "Well, we'll see about that. Where does this Fitz [illegible] miserable little sponge, amateur warrior hold out? I'll teach him to call my wife a widow, the miserable little military jumping-jack. Husbands don't count. Well, perhaps some husbands don't, but I'm one of the kind that [illegible]"

"Now, my dear, for heaven's sake don't make a fool of yourself," said Mrs. Breezy, also jumping to her feet. "How can you expect people to avoid taking me for a widow? You always [illegible] You never take me [illegible] I have a husband."

"[illegible]," said Mr. Breezy, falling back into his chair, "but I'm with you every time hereafter and [illegible] forget it. No more of your widow nonsense [illegible]"

[illegible]

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Breezy. "But [illegible]"

[illegible] Mr. Breezy, settling back into his [illegible] diving into an editorial on "The Happiness of Married Life." —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

[illegible]

"We had better understand each other," he said despondingly as he shambled into the [illegible] before we begin. I'm a book agent."

[illegible] statement now [illegible]

"I am [illegible] philanthropist from New Haven who has come south through sympathy for your stricken people. I'm a fair, square, bald headed book agent."

Encouraged by the reception of this frank avowal he took a seat, and dropping his feet in a waste-basket said:

"I'm not a retired clergyman who seeks to scatter religious instructions while he builds up his worn out frame in your balmy climate. I'm not an apostle of art who has consented to seek your benighted region and educate your people by patting with a few picture-books in parts. I'm not a temperance lecturer from Bangor who pays expenses by dispensing of literature on commission while he regenerates the rum soaken [illegible]. I'm not all of these—nor either. I'm an unmodified book agent, with none of the corners rounded, running on chuck in pursuit of tea."

"Here's a man at last," remarked the young man who writes the puff for hardware stores.

"Yes, you're right at last. I'm not a gilded sham. You don't pick me up for a prince in disguise or a morality going incog. I do not fix the [illegible] a holiday [illegible] grappled and boarded [illegible] death's head nailed to the [illegible] pirate from keel to [illegible] if you don't want that [illegible] out of the water."

He hit the [illegible] at his point.

[illegible] through flowery paths [illegible] I've got the trap sprung [illegible] an accident insurance with [illegible] was not directed to you as a leader of [illegible] a person who would be likely to buy [illegible] down [illegible] and I've never been able to [illegible] the pictures."

Here he paused while the manager called for the coal box.

"That's [illegible] of me and my business [illegible] fifty [illegible] pictures and big type [illegible] written by somebody or other [illegible] I got [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] weather was [illegible]

[illegible] "Where did you [illegible]?" I asked.

[illegible]

"[illegible] till I get back to Montana, and then I'll [illegible]"

HE DIDN'T DARE TO DO IT.

Professor [illegible] and a woman came to a sudden halt on [illegible] street, and the woman dropped the basket she was carrying and called out:

"I will! I will! I will not live with you another day!"

"You'll leave me, will you?" he blandly asked.

"Yes, I will!"

"When?"

"Now—right off—this minute!"

"You'll go away?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I wouldn't [illegible] if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to prevent me! I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with it!"

"Oh I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They will want your description, and shall I give it? You wear No. 7 shoes, you have an extra large mouth, you walk stiff in your knees, your nose turns up at the end, hair the color of [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] faces of [illegible]. Which would you rather [illegible]?"

"I certainly will, and the description will go in all the papers."

They glared at each other for a minute like cats [illegible] she looked up and down the street, gritted her teeth together, and then picked up her basket and followed on after. He hadn't [illegible] dead wood on her. —*Free Press.*

[illegible]

A Detroit commercial traveler finished his supper at a hotel in the western part of the state the other night and drew up to the stove alongside of a stranger and said:

"Are you acquainted in this town?"

"Yes, somewhat."

"Is this the [illegible] hotel?"

"They say so."

"Then I wish I had bought some crackers and cheese and crawled into a haystack. Did you see how dirty the tablecloth was?"

"I didn't notice in particular."

"And such butter and such soap, and such napkins! I can imagine what the beds are."

"Yes."

"The paper on the rooms will be moldy, the washbowl and pitcher broken, the pitcher without a handle and the bed full of bugs. It is a shame and a disgrace to call such a hog pen a hotel."

There was a moment of silence for the traveler to light his pipe, and then he continued:

"Yes [illegible] I'd like to run a hotel like this for a year."

"Well, I [illegible] to you."

"You! What have you got to do with it?"

"Oh, I'm the owner and landlord," was the calm reply.

The traveler didn't try to smooth it over or laugh it off. He knew that anything he could say would be adding insult to injury. —*Detroit Free Press.*

DISAPPOINTED IN THE GOVERNOR

Soon after the entrance of the train containing the great commoner, says the Atlanta, Ga., *Post Appeal*, a countryman was sighted perched on the rear end of the back car, prominently perched on top of the bumper, gazing with a look of mingled admiration and awe into the face of Henry Grady, who was making his exit through the doorway. After a minute and gratifying survey of the noble physique of the Apollo of the [illegible] press, he lost all consciousness of his [illegible] situation and gave way to the heroic promptings of a patriotic spirit. He ventured: "Governor, can I have the honor o' shakin' hands with you, seein' as I've come a good ways to do it, and might not never have the chance of app[illegible] you again?"

"Certainly, sir, but I am not the governor—here he comes now."

"Is that him?"

"That is Governor Stephens."

"Well, I'll be darned!"

"What did you remark?"

"I'd heard he was a prodigy, but if that's the biggest man they could [illegible] up for governor of Georgy I think we'd better leave the state for the country's degeneratin'."

[illegible] estimate a statesman by his physical development [illegible] The governor has the greatest brain in Georgia.

"I don't keer nothin' about brain. But the idea of a man for governor that's got to be carried around like a bundle o' clothes!"

[illegible]

A young [illegible] about to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, goes to seek the advice of an old [illegible]

"The girl you [illegible] the young man [illegible]"

[illegible]

"Then if they [illegible] haven't [illegible]"

[illegible]

The Abbé [illegible] author of "[illegible] Man in [illegible]" was [illegible] on the look out for a rich patron. He accordingly addressed himself to the Prince of Conti, of whom he asked an appointment as chaplain.

"[illegible]" exclaimed the prince in astonishment. "But good heavens, sir, I [illegible] hear mass."

"That is precisely why I ask for the appointment," said the Abbé. "I never say it."

The prince said [illegible] and gave him an allowance of 1,200 livres.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] SUPERIOR FRACTIONS

About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins, or Our Aunts."

[illegible] FAIR DAUGHTERS OF EVE

[illegible] Devoted to the Worshipers of [illegible] and the Adorers of [illegible] Our Little Darlings.

[illegible]

[illegible] opera glass [illegible] sticking out on both [illegible] a lady with a big hat at [illegible]

[illegible] caught by a Brooklyn [illegible] As the young [illegible] weighs 217 pounds it was fortunate for [illegible] that she didn't [illegible]

Maria Appleby, one of the thirteen girls who [illegible] at the state in Washington's funeral procession in New York, died yesterday at Morristown, New Jersey, aged 104 years, in full possession of her faculties.

The wife of the Chinese minister at Washington has lately adopted the dress usual among fashionable American ladies. The application of the Chinese minister for an increase of salary is awaited with interest.

A Boston belle's idea of botany: "Oh! George," a Boston girl intensely exclaimed while gazing at the comet, "How transcendently beautiful and rapturously precious it is. I should so love to study botany."

A lady proprietor of a boarding house not 100 miles from Boston, says the *Advertiser*, is afflicted with a nature too delicately strung for this world. She invariably speaks of her boarders as her "remunerative guests."

She admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her. "Yes," remarked the old lady, "I can see where the impression mashed the lace as flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again."

Schoolgirl: You say the youth you dote on is almost sixteen years old and you want to give him a Christmas present which will please him more than all the rest he can possibly receive from others. Very well, give him a shaving case.

A colored preacher at Barnesville, Ga., reproved a sister of the church for wearing a silk dress when her husband could not pay his debts, and she stood up and told the minister that he borrowed all his tea, sugar and butter, and never paid anything back.

Slang is a dangerous language. Recently when a handsome young wife went to a hardware store to get one of those wooden contrivances to mash potatoes and said "I want a masher," every man in the shop, from the boss to the office boy, started to wait on her.

Phœbe Couzins says that she and Miss Anthony both expect to marry, but that they will wait until the time comes when their husbands will not marry slaves. It is evident that Phœbe and Susan are expecting nothing short of a sealskin sacque apiece on the date of surrender.

The widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson and her daughter, a young lady of nineteen years, are now living in Columbus, O. Mrs. Jackson left the south because she was there compelled to mingle with society, and could not find the retirement and rest that her health demanded.

Mme. Patti, who is nervous when crossing the ocean, before starting for America made her will, in which she desires to be buried at Craig y nos, and leaves a sum of money to be expended in instructing a number of poor Welsh boys with good voices who may show a taste for music.

A bevy of girls were on their way home from a "foliage" excursion when one of them exclaimed: "Oh dear! I wish I were an autumn leaf." "Why, what a silly idea!" said her companion. "Well, then I would know what it is to be pressed," blushingly replied the loveless beauty.

The death is announced of the chief wife of Sidi Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco. She was the daughter of an Italian blacksmith and firmly clung to the Christian faith all her life, notwithstanding which she was honored by the Mohammedan prince with the rank of legitimate sultana.

An English gipsy imposed upon the credulity of two servant girls by representing herself as the seventh daughter of the seventh virgin Jupiter, and having a special faculty for seeing into futurity, thus succeeding in extorting money from them, but she was subsequently sent to jail for three months for it.

An eastern exchange says: A California woman, who confessed to her husband on her dying bed that she loved another, was forgiven. Then she got well and he is now suing for a divorce. She pleads that he condoned the offense, and he answers that it was only on condition of her dying, and she broke the contract.

The rumor that the Princess Louise and her husband are to visit New York on their return from the Pacific coast, has thrown the New York society into a pleasing commotion. It is said that some ladies have resumed dancing lessons, in order to learn the principles and drill of presentation at court according to English ceremonial.

Belva Lockwood, of Washington, is a woman, a lawyer and a tricycle rider, and is in trouble. She is to be called upon in court to explain how she came to swear she had $12,000 worth of property unencumbered, when District Attorney Corkhill says that, since she qualified in that amount, he has found out that her property is assessed only at $13,000 and is mortgaged for $16,000.

"You still keep your family in the country, I hear," remarked a merchant to his neighbor, casually. "I should think you would miss them very much." "Sh! They don't get back to the city until the fall openings are over. I haven't been studying economy for twenty years for nothing. High-priced country board for a week is much cheaper than a day at the openings." —*Bos. Globe.*

"My wife," says Wigglesworth, abstractedly lifting a handful of prunes from the box, "is one of the most economical women I ever saw. Whenever I smoke a cigar in the house she makes me blow the smoke on her plants to kill the bugs, and stands ready to catch the ashes for tooth powder, while the stump that is left she soaks in water and treats the flowerpots to a Turkish bath with it."

Fashionable wedding card ceremonies have [illegible] the cards of the bride, the groom, the bride's father, the bride's mother, the young married couple at home, and the clergyman performing the ceremony. These are all included in one large envelope. Why not include the "hired man" and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the happy pair? —*New York Telegram.*

He was a real estate agent and complained that he had three or four houses to let since [illegible] and couldn't get rid of them on any terms. "What's the cause?" asked a friend. [illegible] "No. Neighborhood infested with cats?" "No." "What then?" "Well, there's a man who lives across the way with his daughter and he's trying to make an American prima donna of her."

One of the prettiest women I saw at the West End [illegible] Long Branch last month cleaned her nails with a hairpin after she had seated herself at a table at which were five other persons. Curiosity prompted me to inquire who she was, and I learned that her father was a railroad president and her mother one of the leaders of society in Chicago. What should be done with such women? —*Hotel Mail.*

A Heavy [illegible] correspondent of the Philadelphia [illegible] writes that [illegible] Anna Dickinson has been living [illegible] Quaker [illegible] sister [illegible] Gotham [illegible] proud [illegible] of her [illegible] known it.

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Better Quality
Than can be made by any other Flour Mill [illegible]
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SALEM FLOURING MILLS CO., Salem
Do not allow [illegible] the above brands [illegible] that you get the Genuine Salem Flouring Mills Flour.
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[illegible] Oak St., bet. First and Second.

Sunday Oregonian.
SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY [illegible]

THE LOST L[illegible]

[illegible]
Of [illegible] rain, bright and [illegible]
[illegible] given to me [illegible]
Was given to me [illegible]
And another heart [illegible]
[illegible]
And every throb [illegible]
Was always and all for me.

Sailing over [illegible]
Watching the [illegible]
Dropped my [illegible]
Dropped it out of my hand.

[illegible]
Fathom and fathoms [illegible]
The golden heart that I [illegible]
[illegible] to prize it [illegible]

[illegible] at life's bright visions,
So false and fair [illegible]
Forgot then [illegible]
Forgot it—and lost it [illegible]

[illegible] seek that heart forever,
I might seek and seek in vain,
[illegible] for one short, careless hour,
[illegible] with a [illegible] pain.

LOST AND WON.

[illegible] of a Winter's Night in the Emerald Isle.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

[illegible]

Chicago Tribune.

It is a cold, frosty night in December, 18[illegible] [illegible] a merry crowd of skaters gathered [illegible] east bank of the river Shannon, at a point about half a mile south of the ancient [town of] Athlone, County Westmeath. It had [illegible] weeks previous the river had overflowed its banks, as it usually does at that season of [the year], and inundated the low lying meadows around; from a severe frost setting in [illegible] for the waters subsided, great sheets of ice upon the grass, stones and flats, and far out on the swiftly flowing river. [Of] the largest meadows, extending almost a mile from the river's edge, was covered with a smooth, unbroken sheet, glassy, and on this [illegible] Athlone and half the population of the environs had gathered for the night's diversion.

In the centre of the field, and in a line with the river, three immense bonfires [illegible] 500 yards apart, lighting up the "callows" and throwing weird swift-moving shadows across the icy slopes. [By] their lurid glare could be seen the outline of the grim and gray old castle, [the scene] of many a siege and battle, which [stands] on the opposite or Connaught side of the [river]. Between the fires a motley throng had [assembled], representing all ranks and classes of [society], from the ragged street scavenger to [the] mayor; from the peasant who shared [his cabin] with "the pig, the crathur," to the [illegible] whose carriage waited at the [illegible]

[A number] of soldiers from the garrison [across] the river—gay, rollicking fellows in scarlet uniform—came over and joined [the sport] with perfect bonhomie, while their [languid] British swells—mingling with [the] J. P.'s and other members of the [gentry]—screwed their eyeglasses on and [pronounced] the scene "vewy pictchewesque, [aw,] pon honah!"

[Lines] of skaters armed with torchlights flew in Indian file, and whirled around in circles [and] fantastic figures, and went through [all the] evolutions; unsteady learners [illegible] their elbows and heels and heads [on] the ice and made extraordinary positions [not] in the programme, to the immense [amusement] of their friends; whooping crowds [of hob]nailed boots went gliding along [the] "sheroon (slides)"; fair maidens and [their] suitors joined hand in hand and struck out to where the shadows were darkest; [the] publicans moved about selling [illegible] of "mountain dew" on the sly, a [illegible] which they kept hidden in the pockets [of their] frieze overcoats; and to the [illegible] many light-hearted Paddies [and their] sweethearts merrily tripped [illegible] in the form of a "rale ould [illegible]"

[Of] the fashionable higher class who [took] part in the skating none attracted [more attention] than the Marshalls, of Comber. [Every] [illegible] man, woman, gossoon [illegible] "does", know that the Marshalls, of [illegible] Lodge, are the highest representatives of genuine blue-blooded aristocracy [illegible] of Leicester must be very ignorant [illegible]

[John] Marshall, Esq., J. P., and M. P. for the borough of Athlone, is [the] owner of the finest estate in the [county], and Mrs. Marshall, his stately [illegible] niece of Lord Roscommons, and first [illegible] the Duke of Fennoy, and (ergo) the [illegible] leader of county society. Neither [illegible] Mrs. Marshall were present, however, [illegible] consisted of Mr. Reginald G. Marshall, son and heir of the aforesaid John [illegible], healthy, manly young fellow of [illegible] Mr. Reginald's intimate friend, Capt. [illegible], of the 98th light infantry, then [stationed] at Athlone—a somewhat dandified officer, with the inevitable drawl, [illegible] British soldier withal, who had [illegible] notoriety by using his [illegible] on a burly rioter during election [illegible] laying him out "as nate as nine-[pins]," to use the words of an eye-[witness]—Miss Harriet Marshall, only daughter of the house of Marshall; and Miss Lilian [illegible], her cousin, who was down from Dublin on a visit. Miss Marshall was a tall [illegible] lady of striking appearance, over whose [head] twenty summers and a corresponding number of winters had winged their flight. "[A] good looking brunette," is how her friends [describe] her; she had beautiful pearly teeth, [illegible] black eyes, a wealth of dark brown [illegible] with just the smallest token of a [illegible] inclination, and lips just like a large [illegible] cleft in twain. Not proud—not by [illegible]—was Miss Marshall. Her cheeks [might] have been less red, her eyes not quite [illegible] and fearless, her laugh not quite so [illegible] and careless, her features a little more regular, but only her female friends noticed this [illegible], and, noticing, whispered of them [among] themselves. A gay, sunshiny, good-natured girl; one of those girls whom fathers [illegible] and brothers swear by.

[Miss] Forbes was a dainty little maiden with a pale face, light golden hair, and eyes the [color] of forget-me-nots, gentle and shy, a direct contrast to her cousin Harriet in manner [and] personal appearance.

All four were expert skaters, and as the young ladies hand in hand darted across the field, and spun around the fires, and flew here and thither with airy, graceful motion, closely followed by their escorts, the eyes of a large portion of the crowd followed their movements and gazed after them with wondering admiration.

One of the most interested of these on-lookers was Mr. Adams, Mr. Chetterfield Adams, teller in the Athlone Branch of the Alliance Banking Company. Mr. Adams had the honor of Miss Marshall's acquaintance—a very slight acquaintance it was, yet one that gave him exceeding satisfaction. Mr. Adams was first tenor in the church choir, secretary of the Choral Society, the chief organizer of all charity concerts and other entertainments where [illegible] by local amateurs formed the principal attractions; indeed, Mr. Adams was quite a leading light among the flickering tapers which illuminated society in the sleepy little town. Miss Marshall was musical also, a patroness of the Glee Club, and a subscriber to the funds of the Choral Society, and occasionally sang at a charity concert with Mr. Adams, playing the piano accompaniment—it was thus that the acquaintance referred to was formed.

Mr. Adams was a romantic and ambitious young man, somewhat proud of his fine voice, his handsome figure, and his intellectual ability, somewhat given to building airy mansions, in most of which Miss Marshall was the reigning queen—in fact, Mr. Adams nourished and cherished a belief in his secret heart that he was madly in love with that young lady, and that he only required a suitable opportunity to make the object of his adoration fully [illegible] his passion.

[illegible]

[illegible] hears young Marshall say, "Hello, Adams, is it asleep ye are?"

"I must have been nearly so, Mr. Marshall," he responds as he takes that gentleman's outstretched hand. Mr. Reginald is an old acquaintance and schoolfellow, and greets Mr. Adams warmly, afterwards introducing him to his friend, the captain. After a few minutes' chat Mr. Marshall asks, "Have you seen my sister anywhere, Adams?"

"Yes, I saw her down by the river a short time since," is the answer, with perhaps a slight embarrassment.

"My cousin, Miss Forbes, is with her; we have been looking for them everywhere. Except they have eloped with a couple of soldiers, I cannot tell what has become of them," says Mr. Marshall laughing.

"Let us go down to the river and see if we can find them," says the captain.

But Mr. Adams excuses himself, and, bidding the gentlemen good-by, moves off in another direction.

"I don't want to see her hugger-muggering with that insipid swell," he soliloquizes, with a very indefinite idea of what he means by "hugger-muggering."

Around the fires the fun goes on as fun always does go on among a crowd of jovial, careless Irishmen. One party, tied together by a common bond—namely, a jar of porter, in which all have a financial interest, and led by a sturdy Hibernian, are singing a song with a rattling chorus:

Whilloo!
Och! Tim [illegible]
May the quiet [illegible]
Long [illegible] on yer beauty [illegible]
When the weather is hot—
But, me love, when it's not,
May it [illegible] ye up cosy and warm—
Whilloo!

In the center of another circle a well known oratorical firebrand has been hoisted on a barrel and commanded to make a speech. Doing his best to comply with the wishes of a very impartial audience, he begins:

"Fellow-counthrymen—"

"Ochone! isn't he the darlint spaker!" says an old woman behind. "Ordher! ordher for the loration!" shout many voices in front.

"Fellow-counthrymen, ye miscomprehind me—"

"Hear! hear!" half a dozen voices yell simultaneously, accompanied by a fire of comments: "That's the chat, me lad!" "Och! but it's himself knows how!" "He'll be afther givin' it to the dhirty whigs, ye'll see!" "He's a jaynus, be the mortyal!" "Ordher!" "Go on, Tim!"

"Fellow-counthrymen," he starts again, "ye miscomprehind me notives intoirely—"

"Faugh! ye said that before," says one—"Give us a lan' lague spache!" yells another—"Ay, an' leave out the jaw-breckers!" adds a third—and the orator's words are lost in a perfect Babel of voices shouting, "What about Gladstone an' the lan' bill?" "Who skinned the dead donkey?" "What about Sir John an' the rint?" "Give us the recite about Shamus O'Brien!" "Hooro, rule an' more porther!" and so on.

Suddenly the noisy throng is silenced by a piercing shriek, and a moment's stupefaction ensues, then, as the screams are repeated, every one dashes in the direction of the river.

Among the first to reach the bank is Mr. Adams, who takes in the situation at a glance as he sees the girl whose shrieks still ring through the air, standing out on the shelving ice which reaches over into the stream. Some one, ignorant of the serpentine curves of the river, must have unwittingly gone far out beyond the banks to where the ice is but a thin, frail coating resting on the water, and falling through before the danger was fully recognized. Hastily pulling off his skates he runs along the bank to the southern turn of the curve, where it bulges out into the river, like an irregular form of the letter S. His presence of mind does not desert him for a second, and he knows that the person in the water will inevitably be sucked in and carried along by the swift current to this place, where the rushing water dashes against the bank, from which the ice has long ago been washed away. Being a good swimmer he pulls off his coat and boots preparatory for a plunge, and stands waiting with his gaze intently fixed on the rolling waters. Frenzied people rush back and forth along the bank, then he is conscious of Capt. McPherson running past with a white, scared face. All this has occupied but an instant from the time he first heard the screams on the bank; out in the river he suddenly hears a faint cry and sees a dark object rising on the current, and immediately plunges into the black waters and strikes out with swift and steady stroke. But the form has vanished before he can reach it; husbanding his strength, he allows himself to be carried along by the stream while he keeps a sharp lookout for it to rise again. He suddenly remembers that it was Miss Forbes who was screaming on the bank, and for an instant he is paralyzed by the knowledge that it is Miss Marshall he is trying to save. But it is for an instant only. He has a stout heart and a clear head, this young man, the [illegible] notwithstanding, and his nerve is steady and his glance is keen and true as he gazes along the surface of the water. A crowd has gathered on the bank opposite where he is, and the people try to peer through the semi-darkness, for the only light here comes from the few stars twinkling in the sky.

Further down the river a boat has been unmoored, and Mr. Marshall and the captain ply the oars, while one of the fishermen stands in the bow with the rubber-cords in his hands guiding them up the middle of the river.

A sudden cry from the bank, "There she is!" "He has got her!" "She is saved!" as the daring swimmer darts with lightning speed towards the form which had once more risen to the surface, and clutches it firmly ere it again sinks from sight. Holding the unconscious girl steadily up with one hand and pushing her straight before him, he strikes out for the bank and reaches it just as the boat comes up. A hundred hands reach forward to drag him up, and as he and his burden are safely on the bank a ringing cheer rises from the crowd. Tears roll down the cheeks of many in reaction from the intense excitement—strangers shake hands with one another—in a voice filled with emotion some one sobs, "God bless him!" an[illegible]

[illegible]

"The [illegible] Mr. Adams is [illegible] and when there, [illegible] He cannot refuse the hearty invitation to spend the Christmas holidays there, and, notwithstanding the fact that the captain and Miss Marshall have a natural [illegible] for each other's society, he has never had a happier time in his life. Perhaps he is puzzled to account for his happiness, and wonders why he isn't jealous as of old, but, being a pretty sensible young man, he is content to let the matter go, and not bother about it. Mr. Marshall, Sr., discovers that he has known Mr. Adams' father, who was once a Dublin merchant, and the stately Mrs. Marshall finds out that the Adams family is quite an old one, and very well connected and respectable indeed. And Mr. Marshall's discoveries do not end here, for he discovers a banking house in Dublin in want of a [illegible] department [illegible], what a lucky thing it is [illegible] all concerned, that he knew Mr. Adams, who is just the man for the situation.

Two months afterwards [illegible] installed there, the captain calls on him [illegible] his private office, and says: "Adams, dear boy, I have just come to you with very good news; for besides being one of my dearest friends, you saved her life and are best entitled to hear it first, and I know she wished me to tell you, [illegible] the captain pauses [illegible] to tell the story, "and of course you can guess what it is, for you have not been sleeping. Miss Marshall has consented to be my wife and I'm the happiest dog alive!"

Strange, isn't it, that Mr. Adams can warmly grasp his friend's hand, and heartily congratulate him, and spin out a shower of good wishes on the happy pair, without the slightest envy or smallest feeling of disappointment, yet he does so.

But when Mr. Adams says, "Cap, we have the two weddings in one day, what old man?" and the captain responds: "Why, bless my soul! to be sure we can!" and they shake hands once more, the mystery is explained.

For Mr. Adams has found out that though Miss Marshall is charming still, and he has long ago flung that locket into the Shannon, and in the solitude of his chamber laughs loud and long at the fancy which filled his mind of old. His latest fancy is a journal which has only one reader; is about "eyes, blue as the skies radiant and shining above," and "golden hair that tangled his soul in a snare," and various other features not at all descriptive of the charming brunette, Miss Marshall, but far more like the pretty blonde, Miss Lilian Forbes.

The fashionable event of the season is the double wedding in Christ Church Cathedral, and among the guests are my Lord Foscommon and his grace of Fermoy—also a few gentlemen from Athlone and elsewhere, eyeglassed and weary, who with wonderful unanimity express the opinion that it is—"all—vewy womantic—and all that sort of thing, don't you know—all—vewy, in fact!"

HOW TO ROAST A TURKEY.

A California Editor Gives a Recipe for Cooking the Royal Fowl.

New Year's day is given over to good cheer and a renewal of the social pleasures which began with Christmas. It will be another occasion for bringing roast turkey to the table, and enjoying that royal bird, which Benjamin Franklin desired to put upon our flag instead of the eagle. The *Tidings* of Grass Valley offers these reflections upon that fowl to which we add certain directions useful to the housewife: Get a hen turkey if you can. A preference is always given by those who are most highly civilized to the gentler sex. If you cannot procure the hen turkey, get the best young male of the kind you can procure. When you get one of either sex it is better that your turkey be young. One that has never loved, and yet has just arrived at the full age when tender thoughts might be expected, is the proper bird. Affairs of the heart will worry a turkey of either gender so that the fattening process cannot achieve success. Even a human being in love cannot and will not increase in proper and healthy flesh. "The over sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," cannot eat food with that relish which insures good digestion and perfect assimilation. "An oyster may be crossed in love," and when so he is out of season and not fit for food. So, too, the turkey that has not known the master passion. After picking and drawing, do not soak your coming dinner in water. This removes the flavor. Wiping the bird externally with a damp towel—one that a Chinaman has not ironed—will be sufficient to clean the fowl. To prepare and roast it, rub the inside with an onion, cut off the neck, having drawn back the skin. If you want a novelty for dressing make a stuffing of chestnuts, by boiling, shelling and blanching them, then boil again until soft, mash them fine and mix with a bit of sweet cream, bread crumbs, pepper and salt, stuff full enough to preserve the form of the fowl, stuff the crop and breast through the neck, tie the skin, lay it under the skewer to the back. Then to the oven with it, and tie on your appetite with the delicious odors which will float through the house, until when the bell rings you have the hunger of a good chopper.

Special Car for Fish.

For the conveyance and distribution of live young fish from Washington to various parts of the country, the U. S. fish commission have built a special car. Methods have been devised due to the [illegible] of the wheels, which cause [illegible] of air to pass over [illegible] to take a uniform temperature. The parts are made comfortable not only for the fish but the experts who have the fish in charge. Mechanical processes for the aeration of the fish and to keep the water at the required temperature will very much facilitate the enterprise as far as regards transportation. Formerly, when certain kinds of fish had to be carried over long distances the labor was heavy, because it was incessant. Regular watches were kept and the water was [illegible] and by an act [illegible] absorb air, and the thermometer had to be constantly watched, so as to keep the water at a fixed temperature.

PITY POOR PUSS.

[illegible] Way in Which Poor [illegible] Slaughtered.

[illegible]

[illegible] very, very young, if you mean to have a good sport, wait [till] winter comes on. You wisely do not pull on, but the half-grown give you a good run for your powder and shot, and as they are then very tender eating, you may or will have [illegible] I always will [illegible] rabbit-shooting [illegible] a good motto, as [illegible] of rabbits than anywhere behind the [illegible] having the heart clear, unless the hind legs should be broken, they will go on and reach the hole, no matter how hard hit from both barrels. A rabbit with one hind leg gone will go almost fast enough to beat a speedy retriever, and with two trailing, will make the sportsman run as fast as he can to catch him before he gets to the ground.

Summer rabbit-shooting is not, by any means, rabbit-shooting proper, and is merely indulged in by those who are very fond of the gun and find the long summer's evening wearisome. In the winter time it is enjoyed to full advantage, as the rabbits are then heavy, full of grain and full of fur. The regular rabbit-catcher never cares to take them until after the first hard frost has been experienced, as the skins, till cold weather has been endured, will not stand preparation, and a penny or two per skin, though trifle to what was drawn in the days before silk hats were invented, has always to be considered. In the woodlands, as a rule, rabbits are softer than those grown in the open fields, hedgerows and common land; they bolt slower, and misses are less frequent. Still, intervening trees, bits of fern-wood, faggots laid down for pheasant shelter, all make difficulties in the way of taking the game, and not infrequently the little hops and skips he will bother the sportsman with a miss with the right barrel, which causes him to jump away at full speed, to be followed by the wildly delivered contents of the left. Of course this applies to ferreting in the woodlands only, as when crossing open rides in front of the beaters they are very easily taken if the sportsman is at all smart.

Perhaps, however, as enjoyable a system of rabbit shooting as we could have is amongst whin cover or gorse, with three or four good Scotch terriers hunting them out. As a rule you will have a great many shots, and, no matter how quick your trigger finger, a number of misses, as the rabbit will twist and wriggle about in the bushes like an eel, and you following after him after he leaves your eyesight may cause you the loss of a dog. Supposing it is the month of November, and there have been a few nights' frost, sufficiently keen to raise an inch of ice on the surface of the ponds, the traps of the rabbit catcher are of no use; snares are equally ineffective, so the ferrets must be tried. Some sportsmen say that rabbit netting is most enjoyable; if so, they are welcome to their opinion, but it is a poacher's game at the best, and no more to be compared to rabbit shooting than salmon netting is to salmon angling. The ground you have got to start work upon is the roughest in the whole estate, being a couple of miles of boulder-strewn hill-face overlooking the loch. It is a weary climb upward, but after a time you reach the point at which, "time immemorial," the keeper has started the winter campaign. He has killed rabbits from the top of every rock you see around, he can tell you, and he knows every hold-mouth as well as the rabbits seem to do themselves. Moreover, he understands their relationship, and the directions in which they will always run when bolted from particular localities.

But a truce to explanation. We are out for a day's rabbiting. "Well, Donald, I suppose we start with the old familiar burrow."

"Weel, sir, I suppose we could not do verra much better; it was always good for half a dozen, and there has not been a trap in it this year."

"Just so. Well, I can see the place where I missed my first shot two years ago, and if the beggar goes that way again I'll—"

"I am afeared, sir, the beggar will not go that way any more; we cleared the place with the traps several times since then."

"All right, be he grandfather or grandson, hanged if I am going to commence with the [illegible] to talk this time, like a billiard sharp with a piece of chalk in his pocket."

Never having seen a billiard table in his life, the old keeper paid no attention to my remarks, but throwing off the empty game bag, he laid down the ferret box, flung open the lid, when immediately four little yellow [illegible], mischievous-looking little vagabonds reared their heads from amongst the loose meadow hay, amongst which they had lain curled. Two of the young ones had never hunted, but the others were well up in the business. Seeing Blake, the big black retriever, standing looking seriously at them, and, no doubt, smelling rabbit somewhere, they nuzzled out as eager for the sport as setters on the morning of the twelfth. The keeper seizes one after the other in his left hand, and hands me a cobbler's wax end, which he draws from his waistcoat pocket with his right, remarking as he does so:

"I think you'll not have forgotten the way to put on a muzzle, and old [illegible] (the ferret) is very clever with his teeth; the rest will do better with their mouths open."

Laying down my gun, I take the usual half or weaver's knot up to the center of the "end"—this is not a conundrum—the center of a wax-end is the middle—and as the keeper keeps the little villain's jaws open with a stout bit of pencil, I slip it over the lower one, cross it over its nose, and with a reef knot close his mouth effectually. Then, carrying the two ends up his forehead directly between the eyes, make another half knot, as a sailor would say amidships, double round the neck, and make fast. This is the real way to muzzle a ferret, and is far more effectual than the [illegible] ones for keeping them from killing in the hole. The little gentleman wriggles along the ground and tries to rub it off, but finding all his efforts ineffectual, commences to hunt the moment Donald puts him to the hole's mouth. The open-mouthed old ferret is then carefully put in among the loose rocks to ensure a bolt for himself, and, as directed, I take up my position on the top of a large [illegible], from which I can command a grand view of the situation. The keeper with his old muzzle-loader across his breast, stands with the dogs along past his right leg on my left, a perfect picture for Landseer. The [illegible]

[illegible]

JOHN F. POTTER.

The Man who Chose Bowie Knives as Duelling Weapons.

The death of John F. Potter, formerly member of congress from Wisconsin, calls forth the following sketch, clipped from the Chicago *Times*:

Mr. Potter's [illegible] was an interesting one. A member of congress [illegible] 1860 [illegible] Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh sessions [illegible] In April, 1860, [illegible] Lovejoy [illegible] and so bitterly [illegible] everything [illegible] as strongly

[illegible] in the past. Southern [illegible] had a rope and [illegible] heads of the [illegible] this picture [illegible] held and [illegible] named the institution [illegible] instead of, before [illegible] The southerners [illegible] ever blows. Lovejoy [illegible] and up another [illegible] stalking his fist in [illegible] them in unmeasured [illegible] going on, Roger A. Pryor, lawyer in New York, [illegible] ter of the hall in a [illegible] ing: "The gentleman [illegible] approach his side of the [illegible] and talking in the way [illegible] enough to be compelled [illegible] him utter his treason [illegible] guage; but he shall [illegible] side of the house [illegible]"

It was then that Mr. [illegible] "We have listened to the [illegible] side for eight weeks, [illegible] members upon this side [illegible] sive language. We [illegible] heard them [illegible] shall be heard, [illegible] they may."

[illegible] after murder and wrath upon the North. It was at Lovejoy of Illinois, a [illegible] reply. He [illegible] slavery in a manner [illegible] halls of Congress [illegible] down one aisle [illegible] southern members [illegible] While this was [illegible] a Virginian, now a [illegible] advanced to the [illegible] passion, exclaim[ing] [illegible] house, shaking his fist [illegible] has talked." He had [illegible] to sit here and hear [illegible] and insulting language, [illegible] his fists in our faces." [illegible] arose and: "We [illegible] upon the other [illegible] they denounced the [illegible] with violent and offensive [illegible] to them gently and [illegible] now, sir, this side [illegible] consequences be what [illegible]

"This, of course, [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] Potter and Pryor was not slow to [illegible] ran down his abuse [illegible] man [illegible] 12th, one week after [illegible] Pryor, [illegible] of Arkansas delivering [illegible] It merely asked [illegible] Pryor [illegible] district to receive a written communication, Mr. Potter answered that as the note contemplated a duel, and this his disqualification was confirmed in the Constitution of Wisconsin, he would not leave the district. This was followed by a peremptory challenge, which Potter accepted [illegible] bowie knife as the weapon, the duelists to be locked in a room. [illegible] Pryor's second, protested against the use of so barbarous a weapon, but Lander, Potter's second, would consent to no other weapon, but offered to substitute himself for Mr. Potter with other weapons. This, of course, could not be agreed to, and no further demands were made upon Potter to fight. This made Potter a great favorite with the republican party, and at the convention which met at Chicago the June following, he was presented, by the Missouri delegation, with a bowie-knife seven feet long, including the handle, with a blade three inches in width, which may now be seen hanging on the wall of his farm-house. The handle is of ebony and the blade of beautiful polished steel. On one side of the blade is the inscription: "Presented to John F. Potter of Wisconsin, by the republicans of Missouri, 1860." On the opposite side is: "Will Always meet a 'Pryor' Engagement." The presentation took place in the Tremont House, Frank P. Blair making the speech.

When Potter's term expired he was appointed governor of Nevada by President Lincoln, but declined. He was subsequently appointed consul general of British America, a place which he filled for a short time and resigned. Since then he has not been in public life, but lives on his farm. He is 65 years of age. Mr. Potter was born in Maine in 1817, educated at Phillips academy, New Hampshire, and after studying law came to Wisconsin in 1840. He was elected judge of Walworth county in 1846, serving four years, from which position he went to the legislature and thence to congress, as above stated. Ever after the episode he was known as Bowie Knife Potter.

MAN-HUNTING.

The Lot of a Convict who Escapes from the Siberia Mines.

London Globe.

Sorry, indeed, even when death does not come to put an end to his existence, is the lot of the convict who has succeeded in escaping from the mines of Eastern Siberia. Without resources of any kind he must beg or rob his way back to Russia. The alternative of seeking employment is one which often has disastrous consequences. The convict of the lowest type regards the Siberian colonist as an inferior, and has a saying which describes him as "blind for three days after birth." But the colonist has his revenge. He works the supercilious convict like a beast of burden, and gives him as little rest and as [illegible] food as possible. When wages are due and the colonist has an original way of satisfying his laborer. The money is paid without demur, but before the convict can get clear, he is dead, killed by a bullet from the gun of his cruel employer. This method of payment is sometimes carried out on a large scale. It is adopted in the case of vagabond laborers who, having finished their autumn work in the fields, return to the neighboring village to be paid off. The wages are forthcoming, and the laborers allowed to depart with their hardly earned money. But they have no sooner gone than the peasant farmer assembles his neighbors, and having provided them with horses and fire-arms, the whole party sally forth in pursuit of the vagabonds. The retiring laborers are speedily overtaken, most are killed on the spot, all are robbed, the recovered money being divided between the farmer and his confederates. The only respect shown for authority is the prevalent habit, when robbery has been the motive of murder, of concealing the dead. The bodies of the victims are usually cut up and mutilated, and the remains buried in out-of-the-way places. This hunting of the "[illegible]," as the escaped convicts are often called in derision, has gone on for years, entering so deeply into the habits of the people that it has escaped the attention of few travelers through Eastern Siberia. "Where are [illegible]?" was asked of a woman left in charge of a small village adjoining the highway. "[illegible] gone after the [illegible]," was the reply. [illegible] is the prevailing demoralization in this respect that boys have been heard to ask their [illegible] to kill vagabonds in order that they may see how the fellow will roll on his [illegible]. In [illegible] the government's [illegible] certain death for a convict escaped or still under supervision to [illegible] caught [illegible] from the mines. Occasionally the [illegible] imitate the colonists in their exploitation of the vagabonds. The Cossack, as well as the ordinary colonist, [illegible] of regarding with [illegible] [illegible] During [illegible] the Tunka [illegible] whole villages are described as living [illegible] the robbery of vagabonds. The river [illegible] has been so filled with the bodies of murdered convicts as [illegible] The whole of the district is full of the memories and traditions of Siberian man-hunting. [illegible]

DOMESTIC [illegible]

The Confidence that Should Exist Between Husband and Wife.

[illegible] possible [illegible] married people should be those which are [illegible] to either [illegible] by other [illegible] While some people who will call themselves worldly wise will [illegible] confidence as the people [illegible] especially the newly married [illegible] who have [illegible] small worldly experience [illegible] I [illegible] suggest [illegible] of any [illegible] either wife or husband from the other, I am not prepared to say that those [illegible] are not the [illegible] Only in that case when any confidence is [illegible] to either husband or wife [illegible] understood.

Some wives and some husbands are large-minded enough [illegible] jealousy not to be troubled by the knowledge that a confidence has been bestowed in which they cannot share, and thus there can be no harm in such a confidence. But no personal secret can rightly belong to one only of the two people whom love and law have made one flesh. The very ideal of marriage had been realized by that old judge who had knelt for so many years to say a last prayer at night beside his wife, and when at last she had left him his lips were dumb, and without her could not even open his heart to God.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not think, so long as he can help it, of caring as to trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to [illegible] her girlish love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when at last a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning.

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a young husband ask his still young bride not long ago; and all the woman in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling proved no thing to be despised, though hitherto she had [illegible] upon the roses lain among the lilies of life. I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—when Venus married Vulcan because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together for love's sake to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first essentials for them to [illegible] trust each other [illegible] in our frivolous girl, [illegible] girls, if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help, and make her small sacrifices for general good. Try her and you will see.

But if you fail to tell her just how much you have, and just what portion of it can properly be spent, and what portion should be saved for the nest egg, in which her interest is not less than your own, then you cannot justly blame her if she is careless and self-indulgent, and wastes to-day to want to-morrow. There are thousands of little courtesies, also, that should not be lost sight of in the cruel candor of marriage. The secret of social success is to wound no one's self-love. The same secret will go far toward making marriage happy. Many a woman who would consider it an unpardonable rudeness not to listen with an air of interest to what a mere acquaintance is saying, will have not the least scruple in showing her husband that his talk wearies her. Of course, the best thing is when talk does not weary—when two people are so unified in taste that whatever interests the one is of equal importance to the other; but this cannot always be the case, even in a happy marriage; and is it not better worth while to take the small trouble of paying so gracious attention to the one who depends on you for his daily happiness than even to bestow this courtesy on the transient acquaintances whom it is transient pleasure to please?

BERNE CATHEDRAL.

Interesting Relics of the Days when Switzers were Great Warriors.

A discovery has been made in the cathedral of Berne which would awaken, if they ever slept, the old, yet not the oldest battle memories of Switzerland. A learned canon and archaeologist, turning over the relics of past days hidden away in the sacred edifice, has brought to light many of much value which, it is said, have not been disturbed during the last three centuries. In the catalogue, for it seems there was one, figured a carpet, described as the horse cloth once belonging to Charles, Duke of Burgundy, called euphemistically the Bold, but more correctly the Rash. The antiquary, inspecting this wreck of time, found that it was nothing less than the robe of state which Charles wore as Grand Master of the Order of the Golden Fleece, instituted by Philip, his [illegible] sire, who, somehow or other, has been handed down to us by history as the Good. Here was a real treasure. The knightly raiment in Berne cathedral was part of the immense spoil taken by the gallant Switzers when, with fiery and intrepid valor, their comparatively little host smote and shattered to ruin the Burgundian army on the famous field of Morat. A fiercer battle than that fought three months earlier at Grandson, which was a surprise and rout, yielding a superb store of plunder. Morat lives in European memory as the decisive combat which secured Swiss immunity from invasion for long years. Charles had no military ability, nothing but courage, or he would neither have lost the one battle nor the other. Morat stands on its own little sheet of water as Grandson does on the lake of Neufchatel, and it will be seen that the Switzers won their victories in the plains, not as in the fifteenth, but in the fourteenth century. The Berne canon has picked up this curious memento of Morat, and brought the archaeological world face to face with the [illegible], save one, worn by a grand master of a [illegible] coveted by sovereigns. What a theme for the moralist, and how great a treasure for the student of costume.—*London Telegraph.*

A Parisian Fete.

The old custom of marching a fat bullock, decked with garlands of flowers, through the streets of Paris on Shrove Tuesday, is likely to be revived with the new year. Delegates have been nominated by the "syndicate" of Paris butchers to wait upon the minister of the interior in order to obtain permission to this effect. Should the scheme be successful, it is proposed to have public rejoicings on the occasion, and afterwards to award the animal as a prize in a lottery.

A well known Portuguese, who has recently returned from Europe, was asked how he enjoyed his stay abroad, which he had divided about equally between Paris and London. "Oh, very well," he replied, a trifle indifferently, "but I did not have a good dish of beans while I was gone. I am glad to get home."

CHILI COLORADO.

[illegible] Taken as Spice by Readers—Boiled Down Wisdom of Others.

[illegible] GOOSE AND GANDER.

[illegible] Folks than we are Think of this [illegible] World and its Woeful Works and Ways.

In every [illegible] fault is a want.

The love that lasts—the love of money.

Maxims are the perspective of character.

Love [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] still holds its [illegible] the whirled.

[illegible] itself? When it [illegible] *Item.*

[illegible] "except cattle," is the head-line [illegible] the Portland *Ad-*[illegible]

[illegible] asked a gentleman. [illegible] "As soon as it has a cargo," [illegible] reply.

[illegible] may be per-[illegible] a great many [illegible]

Education [illegible] of ambition, yet many a college graduate has been drowned in the sea of journalism.

The man what keeps Monday in his heart and Sunday on his shirt front ain't got my idea of ligion.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The reason why some of the street lamps burn all night is because the light is so small it is afraid to go out alone in the dark.

The Boston *Post* says: "An open fire is cheerful." Yet on the field of battle, when the enemy open fire, it is anything but "cheerful."

Honolulu policemen play at marbles with small boys on the sidewalks, and the daily newspapers argue that it betrays a lack of dignity.

An Alabama editor winds up an editorial on the corn crop as follows: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."

"Jury," said an Arkansas judge, "you can go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used."

A leading chiropodist of this city felt insulted when he received the business card of a Connecticut corn canning establishment, and repudiated it *in toto.*

Proposed change of name: A correspondent suggests that the name of Washington be changed to Whitewashington, on account of its facilities in that line.

It was the New Orleans *Picayune* astronomer who discovered with the naked eye that Venus on the sun looked no bigger than a mean man's offering on a church contribution plate.

In making Christmas presents always choose a useful gift. If you have a friend who is a hard drinker give his family an order on an undertaker or else present him with a cemetery lot.

Queer about a child's memory. It will forget a lesson in no time and remember forever and be sure to repeat at some inopportune time something that ought to remain a dead secret.

From the recent alarming developments in the body-snatching line, it is not safe to place much confidence in the oft-repeated assertion that "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground."

It is said that the natural beauties of the Yellowstone Park are being defaced and destroyed by visitors. This comes of driving away the Indians, who were in the habit of scalping tourists.

Troy claims a man possessed of so much dignity that he can do the coal-hole tumbling act without seeming ridiculous to the beholders. But he can satisfy himself that he didn't appear absurd.—*Bos. Post.*

The fashion of carrying one's arms affected by our utterly utter young man is easily acquired. All that is necessary to reach perfection is to carry a good-sized parcel under each arm for a few months.

Perhaps, after all, there is too much freedom in the country. Our youths raise what they are pleased to call moustaches, upon the slightest provocation, and society is powerless to prevent the outrage.

[illegible] that the newspapers have a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.

Only works of necessity are now permitted in New York on Sunday. It is a question among some of the people whether all of the sermons delivered on that day come legitimately under that head.—*Bos. Trans.*

It is during the days of business that a clergyman, on selecting a chapter of the bible to read in church, first looks at the end of the last verse to see that no patent medicine advertisement is hitched on.—*Puck.*

"I hears smart men say dat time is different at different places," said Uncle Mose. "I believe dat's a fact, fur de time allers feels longer to the boy what holds de hoss dan ter de man what goes inter de whisky shop."

Says a correspondent, speaking of modern French furnishing: "I find innumerable instances of modern arm-chairs covered with two sorts of material." Isn't it about time that these flings at courtship were done with?

Darwin maintains that the rigidity of the earth, in its resistance to tidal forces, may be set down as equaling steel. That is what any reasonable man thinks, when he sits down on the frozen earth on a clear nipping, frosty morning.

At the Monday meeting of ministers: "Brother Jones, how do you manage to discourage the liberal tendencies of the age that seem to be creeping into the church?" "Oh, Brother Smith, I've got the best of that. I announce an extra collection and liberalism goes to the wall."—*Bos. Globe.*

The lynching of horse thieves is one of the recognized methods of administering justice in some frontier communities, but lynching a man for stealing hogs, as was done in Catahoula parish, La., a few days ago, is frowned upon as in bad taste, since it reduces the noble animal, the horse, to the level of the hog.

William Hoff used to be known at Palestine, Texas, as a quiet person who did little else than attend to his business as a cotton-buyer. About two months ago Mr. Hoff died in Germany, and left all his property to Galveston and Palestine. Both places are substantially "heeled" by Death's taking Hoff.

A Redwood City journalist, speaking of Arabi Bey, [illegible] to him as a "bigoted blackguard," [illegible] able-bodied assistant, by an uncommonly happy transposition, succeeded in converting it into "big-toed" blackguard. Nothing so severe has been said of anyone since the Stockton *Independent* called Dennis Kearney a "montebank."

An account of a Georgia wedding: Not long since a pious J. P. in this county was called upon to marry a couple of negroes. One of the waiters went home and said to her mistress: "Missus, I tell you that man, Mr. T., knows how to disjoin folks tergether; he sings and prays, and says, 'what God has joined apart let no man put over and under.'"—*Oglethorpe Echo.*

A rigorous rule: "Uncle Ben," said old Bob, "here's dat $10 what yer lent me about a year ago." "Brudder Bob, I is greatly surprised at de course what yerself is now takin'. 'Fore de Lawd I neber 'spected to git dat money again, an' I'd done thought dat I had gin de money ter yer." "Ef dat's de case, Uncle Ben, I'll jes' put it back inter my pocket. I always make it a rule neber to disappoint a man."—*Anon.*

A traveler in France, whose conscience would not allow him to use strong language, found that at the hotel where he was staying the waiters had been so accustomed to hear Englishmen do so, that they set him down as a milksop and neglected him accordingly. He therefore hit upon this expedient to secure a proper amount of attention: Whenever he gave an order he rolled out in sonorous tones, the words, "Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvelous.

Thomas Charlton hooked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the police court and regarded his honor with a bland smile. "Thomas, you are charged with being drunk," said the court. "I can't deny it," said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear. "You don't seem to be very sorry." "I'm happy, yer honor," said the prisoner giggling. "What excuse have you for getting drunk?" "I've got seven of 'em, Judge." "Seven excuses?" "Yes, yer Honor, seven. Now I don't mind tellin' you all about it. You see, I've got six boys in my family, and las' night—it's a girl, Judge." Thomas got off.

Work of Bad Boys.

[illegible]—J. F. Bush, wagon maker, [illegible] boys out of his shop, [illegible] roof of the building, pushed a [illegible] hole in the wall and gouged [illegible]

[illegible] Works Burned.

[illegible] 14.—The carriage works of [illegible] yesterday afternoon. Loss $15,[illegible]

[illegible] he would be confirmed. His name appears in the new directory as one of the district commissioners.

[illegible] The third is that's and the glaring up of the footlights produced smoke.

Albani in Demand.

New York, Jan 14.—Madam Albani has received an offer to sing with the Handel and Hayden society of Boston, and Chas. F. Locke of San Francisco has offered her $30,000 to sing in a series of festival concerts to be conducted by Theodore Thomas in Baltimore, Louisville, Chicago, St. Paul and San Francisco.

[illegible] to fight, but the fact that local brokers in San Francisco is going away, with Slade's New Zealand giant in a boxing match, may [illegible] to try conclusions with the new comer.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In Seasickness.
Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, among the passengers, during a passage across the Atlantic. In the [illegible] of cases I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. Tasteless. 25c.

"Agonizing, tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

In vain the [illegible] attired with [illegible]
In vain the cheek's [illegible] beauty glows,
Unless the teeth are pure and white,
[illegible] like the rose,
And SOZODONT alone [illegible]
These beauties that we all so prize.

[illegible] preparations in the market for a cure of [illegible] COLDS and CHRONIC THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. I know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to all in need of a remedy of this kind.
Yours truly, R. J. VAN VOORHEES.

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MY LOST HEART

heart, dear
and fine
a keepsake
—her mine
heart, warm and tender
heart could be,
that stirred it,
and all for me.

the water
the blue land,
maiden heart, dear
over my hand!
the cold blue waters
deep
that I planned—
keep

bright visions,
fair and new;
other heart, dear,
lost it too.
that heart forever
seek in vain
heart, careless hour
a life of pain.

LOST AND WON.

A Winter's Night in the Emerald Isle.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

[illegible] Young Irishman Loses his Pretty [illegible] and a Dandy Young Eng[illegible]

Chicago Tribune

[illegible] frosty night in December 1879 a merry crowd of skaters gathered [illegible] bank of the river Shannon at a [illegible] a mile south of the ancient [illegible], County Westmeath Ireland. Previously the river had overflowed as it usually does at that season of [illegible] and inundated the low lying meadows around, then a severe frost set in [illegible] the water's subsided great sheets [illegible] the grassy slopes and flats and [illegible] out on the swiftly flowing river. [illegible] the largest meadows extending al[illegible] from the river's edge was completely covered with a smooth unbroken sheet, glassy, and on this all Athlone and half the population of the country had gathered for a night's divar[illegible]

[illegible] center of the field and in a line [illegible] the river three immense bonfires [illegible] yards apart lighting up the [illegible]" and throwing weird swift [illegible] shadows across the icy slopes. In their lurid glare could be seen the outline of the grim and gray old castle of many a siege and battle which [illegible] the opposite or Connaught side of the [illegible] the fires a motley throng had [illegible] representing all ranks and classes of [illegible] the ragged street scavenger to [illegible] mayor; from the peasant who shared [illegible] with "the pig, the crathur" to the [illegible] whose carriage waited at the [illegible]

[illegible] of soldiers from the garrison [illegible] the river—gay rollicking fellows in [illegible] uniform—came over and joined [illegible] with perfect bonhomie while their [illegible] languid British swells—mingling with [illegible] J P s and other members of the [illegible] screwed their eyeglasses on and [illegible] the scene "vewy pictchewesque [illegible], you knowah!"

[illegible] of skaters armed with torchlights flew [illegible] Indian file, and whirled around in eir [illegible] fantastic figures and went through [illegible] evolutions, unsteady learners [illegible] their elbows and heels and heads [illegible] the ice and made extraordinary pos[illegible] in the programme to the immense [illegible] of their friends, whooping crowds [illegible] hobnailed boots went gliding along [illegible] cumberous "slides", fair maidens and [illegible] cavaliers joined hand in hand and struck [illegible] out to where the shadows were darkest [illegible] publicans moved about selling [illegible] bottles of "mountain dew" on the sly, a [illegible] which they kept hidden in the pockets [illegible] great frieze overcoats, and to the [illegible] of the fiddle many light-hearted Paddies [illegible] laughing sweethearts merrily tripped [illegible] fantastic in the form of a "rale ould [illegible]

[illegible] the fashionable higher class who [illegible] part in the skating none attracted [illegible] attention than the Marshalls, of Comber [illegible] Westmeath man, woman, gossoon [illegible] who doesn't know that the Marshalls of Comber Lodge are the highest representatives of genuine blue-blooded aristocracy [illegible] of Leinster must be very ignorant.

[illegible] Marshall, Esq, J P and [illegible] M P for the borough of Athlone is [illegible] owner of the finest estate in the [illegible], and Mrs Marshall, his stately [illegible] niece of Lord Roscommon and first [illegible] the Duke of Fenoy and ergo) the [illegible] leader of county society. Neither [illegible] Mrs. Marshall were present, however [illegible] consisted of Mr Reginald G Mar[illegible] eldest son and heir of the aforesaid John [illegible], healthy, manly young fellow of [illegible] Mr. Reginald's intimate friend Capt [illegible], of the 29th light infantry, then [illegible] at Athlone—a somewhat dandi[illegible] young officer, with the inevitable drawl [illegible] British soldier withal who had [illegible] local notoriety by using his [illegible] on a burly rioter during election [illegible] and laying him out as nate as nine[illegible], bedad!' to use the words of an eye[illegible]—Miss Harriett Marshall, only daughter of the house of Marshall, and Miss Lilian [illegible], her cousin who was down from Dub[illegible] on a visit. Miss Marshall was a tall [illegible] lady of striking appearance over whose [illegible] some twenty summers and a correspond[illegible] number of winters had winged their flight [illegible] looking brunette is how her friends [illegible] her, she had beautiful pearly teeth [illegible] black eyes, a wealth of dark brown [illegible], a nose with just the smallest token of a [illegible] inclination, and lips just like a large [illegible] cleft in twain. Not proud—not by [illegible] means—was Miss Marshall. Her cheeks [illegible] have been less red her eyes not quite [illegible] and fearless her laugh not quite so [illegible] and careless her features a little more reg[illegible], but only her female friends noticed these [illegible], and, nothing whispered of them [illegible] themselves. A gay sunshiny good [illegible] girl, one of those girls whom fathers [illegible] and brothers swear by.

Miss Forbes was a dainty little maiden with [illegible] pale face light golden hair and eyes the [illegible] of forget-me-nots gentle and shy a di[illegible] contrast to her cousin Harriet in manner [illegible] personal appearance.

All four were expert skaters and as the [illegible] ladies hand in hand darted across the [illegible], and spun around the fires and fl[illegible] and thither with airy graceful motion [illegible] followed by their escorts the eyes of a [illegible] portion of the crowd followed their move[illegible] and gazed after them with wondering [illegible]

One of the most interested of these on look[illegible] was Mr Adams—Mr Chesterfield Adams—[illegible] in the Athlone Branch of the Alliance [illegible] Company. Mr Adams had the honor [illegible] Miss Marshall's acquaintance—a very slight acquaintanceship it was yet one that gave him [illegible] satisfaction. Mr Adams was first [illegible] in the church choir, secretary of the [illegible] Society and chief organizer of all char[illegible] concerts and other entertainments where [illegible] by local amateurs formed the princi[illegible] attraction—indeed Mr Adams was quite a [illegible] light among the flickering tapers which [illegible] illuminated society in the sleepy little town.

Miss Marshall was musical also, a patroness of the Glee Club and a subscriber to the funds of the Choral Society and occasionally sang at a charity concert with Mr Adams playing the piano accompaniment—it was thus that the acquaintance referred to was formed.

Mr Adams was a romantic and ambitious young man somewhat proud of his fine voice [illegible] handsome figure and his intellectual abil[illegible] somewhat given to building airy man[illegible], in most of which Miss Marshall was the reigning queen—in fact Mr Adams nourished and cherished a belief in his secret heart that he was madly in love with that young lady and that he only required suitable opportunity to make the object of his adoration fully reciprocate his passion.

He had bribed the local photographer to supply him with a copy of the photo of a picnic party which the artist had been summoned to take at Comber Lodge Miss Marshall being one of the leading figures in the group and had cut out her picture and wore it in a locket in his inner vest pocket ever since. He has also written a beautiful sonnet entitled "To the Leveler," which was printed in the Dublin *Journal* over the *nom de plume* "Temper Fidus," but these facts he kept hidden in the innermost recesses of his bosom so that even his most intimate friends never suspected him as being a victim of the tender passion.

It was not strange then that he should keep a watch on the quartette and at the same time with that shyness which characterizes all true lovers keep at a distance to avoid recognition while the fires of jealousy blazed in his bosom as that confounded snob McPherson hovered near the form of his beloved.

Presently two gentlemen strike off towards the carriage to smoke their pipes and perhaps discuss the contents of a brandy flask leaving the ladies to glide along at their own sweet will or chat with some lady acquaintances who are enjoying themselves in a similar manner.

It may not have been according to the strict rules of etiquette for Mr Adams to select this time to show himself to the ladies—but what passionate lover ever did pay attention to the laws of etiquette?

"Good evening Mr Adams! How do you do?" says Miss Marshall bowing slightly as that gentleman gracefully skated near.

"Good evening Miss Marshall! Very well indeed thanks! Enjoying the skating? Beautiful isn't it?" stammers Mr Adams in reply as he raises his hat and pauses to breathe.

"Perfectly delightful!" is the response, and the ladies glide off in a different direction, bringing the conversation to what Mr Adams thinks rather a sudden termination.

"What a nice young man! Who is he? Why didn't you introduce me?" says Miss Forbes reproachfully.

"O a nobody! A banker's clerk or something," is the careless reply. "I meet him at the singing practices for the hospital concerts."

"He seems quite a gentlemanly young man doesn't he?"

"O yes, he is! Very respectable too, and all that I dare say! I have heard Reggy speak highly of him. Now while they are away let us go out there where it is quite dark and practice the Dutch roll. No one can see us out here—come along!" and Miss Marshall seizes her cousin's hand and begins to give a rather unladylike wabble to her motions.

Mr Adams mixes with the crowd all around the fires and skates slowly about in thoughtful mood unconscious or regardless of the fact that numerous fair maidens are in the throng, who would gladly accept his assistance as a pilot around the outskirts of the field. So absorbed is he that it is with a sudden start he finds himself slapped on the shoulder and hears young Marshall say "Hello Adams is it asleep ye are?"

"I must have been nearly so Mr Marshall" he responds as he takes that gentleman's outstretched hand. Mr Reginald is an old acquaintance and school-fellow and greets Mr Adams warmly, afterwards introducing him to his friend the captain. After a few minutes' chat Mr Marshall asks, "Have you seen my sister anywhere Adams?"

"Yes I saw her down by the river a short time since" is the answer with perhaps a slight embarrassment.

"My cousin Miss Forbes is with her, we have been looking for them everywhere. Except they have eloped with a couple of soldiers I cannot tell what has become of them" says Mr Marshall laughing.

"Let us go down to the river and see if we can find them" says the captain.

But Mr Adams excuses himself, and bidding the gentlemen good by moves off in another direction.

"I don't want to see her hugger muggering with that insipid swell" he soliloquizes with a very indefinite idea of what he means by hugger muggering.

Around the fires the fun goes on as fun always does go on among a crowd of jovial careless Irishmen. One party held together by a common bond—namely a jar of porter, in which all have a financial interest—and led by a sturdy fisherman are singing a song with a rattling chorus

Whilliloo
Och I'm kilt
May the quilt
Lie light on yer beauty till for o
When the weather is hot
But me love when it's not
May it rowl ye up cosy and warm
Whillilool

In the center of another circle a well known oratorical firebrand has been hoisted on a barrel and commanded to make a speech. Doing his best to comply with the wishes of a very impartial audience he begins

"Fellow counthrymen—"

"Ochone! isn't he the darlin spaker!" says an old woman behind. "Ordher! ordher for the horation!" shout many voices in front.

"Fellow-counthrymen ye miscomprehind me—"

"Hear! hear!" half a dozen voices yell simultaneously accompanied by a fire of comments. "That's the chat me lad!" "Och but it's himself knows how." "He'll be afther givin it to the dhirty whigs ye'll see!" "He's a janyus be the mortyal!" "Ordher! Go on, Tim!"

"Fellow-counthrymen" he starts again, "ye miscomprehind me motives intoirely—"

"Faugh! ye said that before," says one—"Give us a lan' lague spache!" yells another—"Ay an' lave out the jaw breckers!" adds a third—and the orator's words are lost in a perfect Babel of voices shouting "What about Gladstone an the lan bill?" "Who skinned the dead donkey?" "What about Sir John an the tint?" "Give us the recite about Shamus O'Brien!" "Home rule an more porther" and so on.

Suddenly the noisy throng is silenced by a piercing shriek and a moment's stupefaction ensues, then as the screams are repeated every one dashes in the direction of the river.

Among the first to reach the bank is Mr Adams who takes in the situation at a glance as he sees the girl whose shrieks still ring through the air standing out on the shelving ice which reaches over into the stream. Some one ignorant of the serpentine curves of the river must have unwittingly gone far out beyond the banks to where the ice is but a thin frail coating resting on the water and falling through before the danger was fully recognized. Hastily pulling off his skates he runs along the bank to the southern turn of the curve where it bulges out into the river like an irregular form of the letter S. His presence of mind does not desert him for a second and he knows that the person in the water will inevitably be sucked in and carried along by the swift current to this place where the rushing water dashes against the bank from which the ice has long ago been washed away. Being a good swimmer he pulls off his coat and boots preparatory for a plunge and stands waiting with his gaze intently fixed on the rolling waters. Frenzied people rush back and forth along the bank, then he is conscious of Capt McPherson running past with a white scared face. All this has occupied but an instant from the time he first heard the screams on the bank, out in the river he suddenly hears a faint cry and sees a dark object rising on the current and immediately plunges into the black waters and strikes out with swift and steady strokes. But the form has vanished before he can reach it, then nursing his strength he allows himself to be carried along by the stream while he keeps a sharp lookout for it to rise again. He suddenly remembers that it was Miss Forbes who was screaming on the bank and for an instant he is paralyzed by the knowledge that it is Miss Marshall he is trying to save. But it is for an instant only. He has a stout heart and a clear head this young man, the fruits of sentimentality notwithstanding and his nerve is steady and his glance is keen and true as he gazes along the surface of the water. A crowd has gathered on the bank opposite where he is and the people try to peer through the semi darkness—for the only light here comes from the few stars twinkling in the sky.

Further down the river a boat has been unmoored, and Mr Marshall and the captain ply the oars while one of the fishermen stands in the bow with the [illegible] cords in his hand is guiding them up the middle of the river.

A sudden cry from the bank "There she is! He has got her! She is saved!" as the daring swimmer darts with lightning speed towards the form which had once more risen to the surface and clutches it firmly ere it again sinks from sight. Holding the unconscious girl steadily up with one hand and pushing her straight before him he strikes out for the bank and reaches it just as the boat comes up. A hundred hands reach forward to drag him up and as he and his burden are safely on the bank a ringing cheer rises from the crowd. Tears roll down the cheeks of many in reaction from the intense excitement—strangers shake hands with one another—in a voice filled with emotion some one sobs "God bless him" and as the prayer is echoed all around another cheer rises from the people.

Meantime the apparently lifeless girl has been hastily borne to the nearest cottage and placed in bed. Physicians are at hand, and very soon the news comes forth that she is alive, followed soon by the tidings that all the doctors are quite hopeful of her speedy recovery.

This narrow escape from the jaws of death has stirred the hearts of the pleasure seeking throng and the news of Miss Marshall's safety is received with a universal feeling of relief.

But the fun is over for that night.

Inside the cottage the doctors have been busy. Their efforts have been successful [illegible] drawn [illegible] afterwards [illegible] now [illegible] Miss Forbes who had fainted [illegible] carried here [illegible] lying in the old rush bottomed easy chair in the chimney corner with Mr Adams hands clasped within her own and tears streaming down her face as she tried to tell how it happened.

They had been having some fun practicing figure-skating away in the darkness and Miss Marshall had gone some distance in advance when suddenly there was a crack like a pistol shot followed by a number of smaller cracks in rapid succession and Miss Marshall screamed and sank from sight. Almost paralyzed with terror Miss Forbes had screamed with all her might until she was clutched by somebody and then she remembered no more.

The captain tells his story and Mr Marshall his and old Ned Kelly and his son the fishermen who own the cottage tell theirs and Mrs Kelly is eagerly telling hers which is about having seen a winding sheet in the candle that same night only [illegible]

But all unite in the praises of Mr Adams the hero of the party. Mr Adams has swallowed the dose of medicine which the united wisdom of many generations of fishermen has fixed upon as the best for cases of the kind namely a quart of steaming whisky punch. He has also donned a heavy suit of clothes being the holiday apparel of Mr Kelly Jr and [illegible] But the captain wisely forces him to go home in the carriage waiting outside and bringing one of the doctors along, accompanies him there and does not leave until he sees him tucked safely between the blankets with both doctor and housekeeper in attendance.

Not much has been spoken among the young men—their hearts are too full—but from both Mr Marshall and the captain there has been a grip of the hand and a "God bless you Adams old man" more eloquent than any studied speech.

Next day Miss Marshall is taken [illegible] pronounced out of danger. Her strong constitution has been proof against the shock and though her cheek is somewhat paler she soon regains her usual health and spirits. But the fright has been more trying to the delicate city maiden and it is a week before she is able to leave the house and venture again into the air.

The wealthy estate owner is a grateful father. Mr Adams is forced to visit Comber Lodge and when there made to feel at home. He cannot refuse the hearty invitation to spend the Christmas holidays there, and notwithstanding the fact that the captain and Miss Marshall have a mutual inclination for each other's society he has never had a happier time in his life. Perhaps he is puzzled to account for his happiness and wonders why he isn't jealous as of old but being a pretty sensible young man he is content to let it remain so and not bother about it. Mr Marshall Sr discovers that he has known Mr Adams' father who was once a Dublin merchant and the stately Mrs Marshall finds out that the Adams family is quite an old one and very well connected and respectable indeed. And Mr Marshall's discoveries do not end here for he discovers a banking concern in Dublin in want of an active partner and finds out what a lucky thing it is for all concerned that he knew Mr Adams who is just the man for the situation.

Two months after he is installed here the captain calls on him one day in his private office and says "Adams dear boy, I have hastened to you with very good news for besides being one of my dearest friends you saved her life and are best entitled to hear it first and I know she wished me to tell you knowing you would be pleased" the captain pauses not in his haste to tell the story "and of course you can guess what it is for you have not been sleeping. Miss Marshall has consented to be my wife and I'm the happiest dog alive."

Strange isn't it that Mr Adams can warmly grasp his friend's hand and heartily congratulate him and spout out a shower of good wishes on the happy pair without the slightest envy or smallest feeling of disappointment yet he does so.

But when Mr Adams says "Can't we have the two weddings in one day Mac old man?" and the captain responds "Why bless my soul! to be sure we can!" and they shake hands once more the mystery is explained.

For Mr Adams has found out that though Miss Marshall is charming still and he has long ago flung that locket into the Shannon and in the solitude of his chamber laughs loud and long at the fancy which filled his mind of old. His latest poem also (for a journal which has only one reader) is about "eyes blue as the skies radiant and shining above" and "golden hair that tangled his soul in a snare" and various other features not at all descriptive of the charming brunette Miss Marshall but far more like the pretty blonde Miss Lilian Forbes.

The fashionable event of the season is the double wedding in Christ Church Cathedral, and among the guests are my Lord Roscommon and his grace of Fernoy—also a few gentlemen from Athlone and elsewhere eyeglassed and weary who with wonderful unanimity express the opinion that it is—"ah vewy womantic—and all that sort of thing don't you know ah vewy indelible!"

HOW TO ROAST A TURKEY

A California Editor Gives a Recipe for Cooking the Royal Fowl.

New Year's day is given over to good cheer and a renewal of the social pleasures which began with Christmas. It will be another occasion for bringing roast turkey to the table and enjoying that royal bird which Benjamin Franklin desired to put upon our flag instead of the eagle. The *Tidings* of Grass Valley offers these reflections upon that fowl to which we add certain directions useful to the house wife [illegible]. A preference is always given by those who are most highly civilized to the gentler sex. If you can not procure the hen turkey get the best young male of the kind you can procure. Whichever you get of either sex it is better that your turkey be young. One that has not lived and loved but has just arrived at the full age when tender thoughts might be expected is the proper bird. Affairs of the heart will worry a turkey of either gender so that the fattening process cannot achieve success. Even a human being in love cannot and will not increase in proper and healthy flesh. "The lover sighing like a furnace with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow" cannot eat food with that relish which insures good digestion and perfect assimilation. An oyster may be crossed in love and when so he is out of season and not fit for food. So get the turkey that has not known the master passion. After picking and drawing, do not soak your coming dinner in water. That removes the flavor. Wiping the bird externally with a damp towel one that a Chinaman has not ironed—will be sufficient to clean the fowl. To prepare and roast it rub the inside with an onion cut off the neck having drawn back the skin. If you want a novelty for dressing make a stuffing of chestnuts by boiling, shelling and blanching them then boil again until soft mash them fine and mix with a bit of sweet cream bread crumbs pepper and salt. Stuff full enough to preserve the form of the fowl stuff the crop and breast through the neck tie the skin lap it under the shower to the back. Then to the oven with it and torment your appetite with the delicious odors which will float through the house until when the bell rings you have the hunger of a wood chopper.

Special Car for Fish

For the conveyance and distribution of live young fish from Washington to various parts of the country the U S fish commission have built a special car. Methods have been devised due to the movement of the car wheels which cause currents of air to pass over ice to take a uniform temperature. The cars are made comfortable not only for the fish but the experts who have the fish in charge. Mechanical processes for the aeration of the fish and to keep the water at the required temperature will very much facilitate fish culture as far as regards transportation. Formerly when certain kinds of fish had to be carried over long distances the labor was heavy because it was incessant. Regular watches were kept and the water was bailed up night and day so as to absorb air and the thermometer had to be constantly watched so as to keep the water at a fixed temperature.

PITY POOR PUSS.

A Description of the Way in Which Poor Bunny Gets Slaughtered.

A DAY IN A WARREN

Rabbit Shooting in England—An Autumn Day's Sport—How to Muzzle a Ferret, etc.

Lockford in Bell's Life

Though the rabbit is now a much despised little animal and has been left by parliament to the mercy of the tenant farmers it must in truth be [illegible] that it has always afforded first class sport with the gun. Most men can pretty well bowl over a hare notwithstanding the speed puss puts on but with the little gray coated coney it is very different. When you are clever with the rabbits say most old sportsmen, you are fairly well fit for anything. Of course there is rabbit shooting and [illegible] therefore hear some men exclaim [illegible] magazine not so very long ago [illegible] great on the natural history of game said that while the hares afforded [illegible] sport the rabbits formed but the targets for the schoolboy. How an old game keeper who [illegible] days [illegible] hedge rows in order to do away with [illegible] and grumbling tenants would shake his head at such an assertion.

Taking rabbit [illegible] from first to last from [illegible] to the close of the proper time for shooting them they really have no close time [illegible] you can get some capital shots in the summer mornings and evenings after the middle of July provided you are a good shot and [illegible] the first [illegible] while the dew is fresh [illegible] hedge rows of the wood lands you will find them scampering in from the feeding ground in all directions. Many of course will be out of range and these you must not fire at as nothing is more painful to think of than of a rabbit dragging itself all bleeding into holes in the summer time when there are still a lot of young ones of all sizes and ages running about. When you get right opposite the main group of burrows keep out a little and you will find lots squatted close to the ground trying to conceal themselves behind some shelter, a bunch of rag weeds thistles or rushes. The heavy laden doe full of young you must let go as well as those with milk. As to the old bucks just like old black cocks you will find that they mostly disappeared on your approach and are now safe in their underground retreats. The very very young if you mean to have a lot of sport when winter comes on you wisely do not pull on but the half-grown give you a good run for your powder and shot and as they are then very tender eating you may as well have them as not. Be always well forward in rabbit shooting is a good motto as if your shot catches them anywhere behind the third rib leaving the heart clear unless the hind legs should be broken they will go on and reach the hole no matter how hard hit from both barrels. A rabbit with one hind leg gone will go almost fast enough to beat a speedy retriever and with two trailing will make the sportsman run as fast as he can to catch him before he gets to the ground.

Summer rabbit-shooting is not by any means rabbit shooting proper and is merely indulged in by those who are very fond of the gun and find the long summer's evening wearisome. In the winter time it is enjoyed to full advantage as the rabbits are then hardy full of grain and full of life. The regular rabbit-catcher never cares to take them until after the first hard frost has been experienced as the skins till cold weather has been endured will not stand preparation and a penny or two per skin though little to what was drawn in the days before silk hats were invented has always to be considered. In the woodlands as a rule rabbits are softer than those grown in the open fields hedgerows and common land, they bolt slower and misses are less frequent. Still intervening trees bits of scrub wood faggots laid down for pheasant shelter all make difficulties in the way of taking the game and not infrequently by little hops and skips he will bother the sportsman with a miss with the right barrel which causes him to jump away at full speed to be followed by the wildly delivered contents of the left. Of course this applies to ferreting in the woodlands only as when crossing open rides in front of the beaters they are very easily taken if the sportsman is at all smart.

Perhaps however as enjoyable a system of rabbit shooting as we could have is amongst whin cover or gorse with three or four good Scotch terriers hunting them out. As a rule you will have a great many shots and no matter how quick your trigger finger a number of misses as the rabbit will twist and wriggle about in the bushes like an eel and you following after him after he leaves your eyesight may cause you the loss of a dog. Supposing it is the month of November and there have been a few nights frost sufficiently keen to raise an inch of ice on the surface of the ponds the traps of the rabbit catcher are of no use, snares are equally ineffective so the ferrets must be tried. Some sportsmen say that rabbit netting is most enjoyable, if so, they are welcome to their opinion but it is a poacher's game at the best and no more to be compared to rabbit shooting than salmon netting is to salmon angling. The ground you have got to start work upon is the roughest in the whole estate, being a couple of miles of boulder strewn hill face overlooking the loch. It is a weary climb upward but after a time you reach the point at which from time immemorial the keeper has started the winter campaign. He has killed rabbits from the top of every rock you see around he can tell you and he knows every hole-mouth as well as the rabbits seem to do themselves. Moreover he understands their relationship and the directions in which they will always run when bolted from particular localities.

But a truce to explanation. We are out for a day's rabbiting. "Well Donald I suppose we start with the old familiar burrow."

"Weel sir I suppose we could not do verra much better it was always good for half a dozen and there has not been a trap in it this year."

"Just so. Well I can see the place where I missed my first shot two years ago and if the beggar goes that way again I'll"

"I am afraid sir the beggar will not go that way any more we cleared the place with the traps several times since then."

"All right be he grandfather or grandson hanged if I am going to commence with the miss I talk this time like a billiard sharp with a piece of chalk in his pocket."

Never having seen a billiard table in his life the old keeper paid no attention to my remarks but throwing off the empty game bag he laid down the forty [illegible] flung open the lid when immediately four little yellow haired mischievous looking little vagabonds reared their heads from amongst the loose meadow hay amongst which they had lain curled. Two of the young ones had never hunted but the others were well up in the business. Seeing Blake the big black retriever standing looking anxiously at them and no doubt smelling rabbit somewhere they [illegible] The keeper seizes [illegible] in his left hand and hands me a cobbler's wax end which he draws from his waistcoat pocket with his right remarking as he does so

"I think you'll not have long till the way to put on a muzzle and old Jack (the ferret) is very clever with [illegible]"

Laying down my gun I run the usual half or [illegible] knot up to the center of the end (this is not a conundrum—the center of a wax end is the middle) and as the keeper keeps the little villain's jaws open with a small bit of pencil I slip it over the lower one cross it over his nose and with a reef knot I secure his mouth effectually. Then carrying the two ends up his forehead directly between the eyes make another half knot as a sailor would say amidships, double round the neck and make fast. This is the real way to muzzle a ferret and is far more effectual than the manufactured ones for keeping them from killing in the hole. The little gentleman wriggles along the ground and tries to rub it off but finding all his efforts ineffectual commences to hunt the moment Donald puts him to the hole mouth. The open mouthed old ferret is flung carelessly in among the loose rocks to choose a hole for itself and as directed, I take up my position on the top of a large boulder from which I can command a grand view of the situation. The keeper with his old muzzle loader crossed on his breast, stands with the dogs looking past his right leg, on my left, a perfect picture for Landseer. There is a loud rumbling under ground, which makes the dog cock his ears and the keeper's eyes to glisten, then bunk bunk, and away like a blue rock goes a rabbit. I miss him just past his stern close as a ship with hard up helm giving away on the wrong tack, but he rounds into view and holding well forward and sharp he rolls over and over tumbling half a-dozen flying somersaults, and then with the white of his belly upward, lies dead. In a few seconds more Blake has deposited him at the heels of his master, and no sooner has he done so than bang, go a couple from different sides of the rock. The keeper's right barrel does its work and with both barrels of my gun empty I have the mortification of still witnessing my rabbit struggling onward. The keeper wheels to my assistance and with a long shot almost sews bunny up but only for a moment as recovering it struggles on. Blake dashed however into view and just as the little bunch of grey fur reaches the hole's mouth which was its point there is a squeal and we see the dog on his way back. He handles the rabbit as tenderly as a nurse would a child and it is still squealing and struggling when the keeper takes it and with that twist so well known to rabbit-catchers wrings its neck and flings it down beside the slain.

And so we work till far on in the afternoon when the sun has begun to sink and the ferrets to get tired then wend our way down hill quite prepared to argue with any sportsman that when rabbits are plentiful and holding well before the ferrets there is no better sport in the world.

JOHN F POTTER

The Man who Chose Bowie Knives as Dueling Weapons.

The death of John F Potter formerly member of congress from Wisconsin calls forth the following sketch which we find in the Chicago *Times*.

Mr Potter's public history is an interesting one. A service of one term in 1856-7 in the state legislature exposed the true metal of the man and he was elected for three successive terms to congress serving in the Thirty fifth, Thirty sixth and Thirty-seventh sessions of that body. It was not however until the last few weeks of his congressional career when treason had raised its head to stab the nation to death that John F Potter came to the fore. In April 1860 there was a hot debate in progress in the house. The precedent established by the gag laws against which Joshua R Giddings had battled so long and so faithfully existed then in everything but name as strongly as in the past. Southern member after member had arisen and poured his wrath upon the heads of the mudsills of the north. It was at this juncture that Owen Lovejoy of Illinois a bold and fearless man, arose to reply. He denounced the institution of slavery in a manner unheard of before in the halls of congress. The southerners winced beneath his sledgehammer blows. Lovejoy marched down one aisle and up another among the southern members shaking his fist in their faces and denouncing them in unmeasured terms. While this was going on Roger A Pryor a Virginian now a lawyer in New York city advanced to the center of the hall in a towering passion exclaiming "The gentleman from Illinois shall not approach his side of the house shaking his fists and talking in the way he has talked. It's bad enough to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language, but he shall not sir, come upon this side of the house shaking his fists in our faces."

It was then that Mr Potter arose and "We have listened to the gentlemen upon the other side for eight weeks when they denounced the members upon this side with violent and offensive language. We listened to them gently and heard them through and now sir this side shall be heard let the consequences be what they may."

This of course brought the brunt of the battle on Potter and Pryor was not slow to rain down his abuse upon him. But the Wisconsin man stood by his words and on April 12th one week afterward received a note from Pryor. Mr Hindman of Arkansas delivering it. It merely asked Mr Pryor to leave the district to receive a written communication. Mr Potter answered that as the note contemplated a duel and that his disqualification was contained in the constitution of Wisconsin he would not leave the district. This was followed by a peremptory challenge which Potter accepted and quickly named the common bowie knife as the weapon the duelists to be locked in a room. Chrisholm Pryor's second protested against the use of so barbarous a weapon but Lander Potter's second would consent to no other weapon but offered to substitute himself for Mr Potter with other weapons. This of course could not be agreed to and no further demands were made upon Potter to fight. This made Potter a great favorite with the republican party and at the convention which met at Chicago the June following he was presented by the Missouri delegation with a bowie knife seven foot long, including the handle with a blade three inches in width which may now be seen hanging on the wall of his farm house. The handle is of ebony and the blade of beautiful polished steel. On one side of the blade is the inscription "Presented to John F Potter of Wisconsin by the republicans of Missouri 1860." On the opposite side is "Will Always meet a Pryor Engagement." The presentation took place in the Tremont House, Frank P Blair making the speech.

When Potter's term expired he was appointed governor of Nevada by President Lincoln but declined. He was subsequently appointed consul general of British America, a place which he filled for a short time and resigned. Since then he has not been in public life but lives on his farm. He is 65 years of age. Mr Potter was born in Maine in 1817 educated at Phillips academy New Hampshire and after studying law came to Wisconsin in 1840. He was elected judge of Walworth county in 1840 serving four years, from which position he went to the legislature and thence to congress, as above stated. Ever after the episode he was known as Bowie knife Potter.

MAN HUNTING

The Lot of a Convict who Escapes from the Siberian Mines.

London Globe

Sorry indeed even when death does not come to put an end to his existence is the lot of the convict who has succeeded in escaping from the mines of Eastern Siberia. Without resources of any kind he must beg or rob his way back to Russia. The alternative of seeking employment is one which often has disastrous consequences. The convict of the lowest type regards the Siberian colonist as an inferior and has a saying which describes him as "blind for three days after birth." But the colonist has his revenge. He works the supercilious convict like a beast of burden and gives him as little rest and as little food as possible. When wages are demanded the colonist has an original way of satisfying his laborer. The money is paid without demur but before the convict can get clear he falls dead killed by a bullet from the gun of his cruel employer. This method of payment is sometimes carried out on a large scale. It is adopted in the case of vagabond laborers who having finished their autumn work in the fields return to the neighboring villages to be paid off. The wages are forthcoming and the laborers allowed to depart with their hardly earned money. But they have no sooner gone than the peasant farmer assembles his neighbors and having provided them with horses and firearms the whole party sallies forth in pursuit of the vagabonds. The retiring laborers are speedily overtaken and are killed on the spot [illegible] the money being divided between the farmer and his confederates. The only respect shown for authority is the prudent habit where robbery has been the motive of slaughter of concealing the bodies. The murdered convicts are usually cut up and mutilated and the remains buried at [illegible] the way places. This hunting of the hunchbacks as the escaped convicts are often called in derision has gone on for years entering so deeply into the habits of the people that it has escaped the attention of few travelers through Eastern Siberia. "Where are the men?" was asked of a woman left in charge of a small village adjoining the highway. "Gone after the hunchbacks" was the reply. Such is the prevailing demoralization in this respect that boys have been heard to ask their fathers to kill vagabonds in order that they may see how the fellow will roll on his hump. In some of the governments it is certain death for a convict escaped or still under supervision to be caught returning from the mines. Occasionally the soldiers imitate the colonists in their exploitation of the vagabond. The Cossack, as well as the ordinary colonist, covets cheap labor, and is in the habit of rewarding with an ounce or two of lead the convict who declines to pass from one condition of bond slavery to another.

During the colonization of the Transbaikal region the hunting of vagabonds was one of the common diversions of the newly-arrived settlers. From Tomsk to Chiti there is a locality that has rendered itself notorious for the pursuit, on a large scale, of escaped convicts. In the Tomsk government itself whole villages are described as living solely by the robbery of vagabonds. The river Karsan has been so filled with the bodies of murdered convicts as to become putrid. Near Fingal open woods are known as a favorite ground for the slaughter. The whole of the district is full of the memories and traditions of Siberian man hunting. Heroes of the sport are still alive. [illegible] Romanov and Zavorsin were each expert in different ways. Romanov for instance gained celebrity in the village of Fingal where he was in the habit of lying in ambush close to the highway and shooting dead every vagabond who passed. In the autumn evenings Bithoy used to pick off stragglers along the banks of the river Angar. During subsequent sport along the Barvus there were individual Siberians who boasted that they had brought down as many as sixty and at least ninety vagabonds. Only [illegible] do the vagabonds seem to take vengeance. They selected one [illegible] who had been all his life engaged in killing convicts. The vagabonds assembled together seized him and brought his career to a close by plunging him alive into a caldron of incandescent metal.

DOMESTIC CONFIDENCES

The Confidence that Should Exist Between Husband and Wife

The only possible secrets says Louise Chandler Moulton between two married people should be those which are confined to either one of them by others. While some people who will call themselves worldly wise, will laugh at the idea of such perfect confidence as this implies others still especially the newly married who have had small worldly experience will be shocked that I should suggest the keeping of any kind of secret by either wife or husband from the other. I am not prepared to say that these last are not the wiser of the two. Only in that case, when any confidence is proffered to either husband or wife the recipient of it should make his or her position clearly understood.

Some wives and some husbands are large-minded enough and free enough from jealousy not to be troubled by the knowledge that a confidence has been bestowed in which they cannot share and then there can be no harm in such a confidence. But no personal secret can fitly belong to one only of the two people whom love and law have made one flesh. The very ideal of marriage had been realized by that old judge who had knelt for so many years to say a last prayer at night beside his wife and when at last she had left him his lips were dumb and without her could not even open his heart to God.

One frequent cause of trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl who has been used to taking no thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she who would have been willing enough in the sweet eagerness to please her girlish love to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever falls into habits of careless extravagance and feels herself injured when at last a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning.

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now shall we arrange matters thus or thus" was the question I heard a young husband ask his still young bride not long ago, and all the woman in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling proved not a thing to be despised though hitherto she had fed upon the roses lain among the lilies of life. I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—when Venus married Vulcan because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together for love's sake, to learn the lessons of life and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls" if she truly loves acquires something of womanliness from her love and is ready to plan and help and make her small sacrifices for general good. Try her and you will see.

But if you fail to tell her just how much you have and just what portion of it can properly be spent and what portion should be saved for the nest egg in which her interest is not less than your own then you cannot justly blame her if she is careless and self-indulgent and wastes to day to want to-morrow. There are thousands of little courtesies, also that should not be lost sight of in the cruel candor of marriage. The secret of social success is to wound no one's self-love. The same secret will go far toward making marriage happy. Many a woman who would consider it an unpardonable rudeness not to listen with an air of interest to what a mere acquaintance is saying, will have not the least scruple in showing her husband that his talk wearies her. Of course, the best thing is when talk does not weary—when two people are so unified in taste that whatever interests the one is of equal importance to the other but this cannot always be the case even in a happy marriage, and is it not better worth while to take the small trouble of paying courteous attention to the one who depends on you for his daily happiness than even to bestow this courtesy on the transient acquaintances whom it is transient pleasure to please?

BERNE CATHEDRAL.

Interesting Relics of the Days when Switzers were Great Warriors.

A discovery has been made in the cathedral of Berne which would awaken if they ever slept the old yet not the oldest battle memories of Switzerland. A learned canon and archaeologist turning over the relics of past days hidden away in the sacred edifice has brought to light many of much value which, it is said have not been disturbed during the last three centuries. In the catalogue for it seems there was one figured a carpet described as the horse cloth once belonging to Charles Duke of Burgundy called euphemistically the Bold but more correctly the Rash. The antiquary inspecting this wreck of time, found that it was nothing less than the robe of state which Charles wore as Grand Master of the Order of the Golden Fleece instituted by Philip his luckless sire who somehow or other has been handed down to us by history as the Good. Here was a real treasure. The knightly raiment in Berne cathedral was part of the immense spoil taken by the gallant Switzers when with fiery and intrepid valor their comparatively little host smote and shattered to ruin the Burgundian army on the famous field of Morat. A stiffer battle than that fought three months earlier at Grandson which was a surprise and rout yielding a superb store of plunder. Morat lives in European memory as the decisive combat which secured Swiss immunity from invasion for long years. Charles had no military ability nothing but courage or he would neither have lost the one battle nor the other. Morat stands on its own little sheet of water as Grandson does on the lake of Neuchatel and it will be seen that the Switzers won their victories in the plains, not only in the fifteenth but in the fourteenth century. The Berne canon has fished up this curious memento of Morat and brought the archaeological world face to face with the earliest mantle save one worn by a grand master of an order so coveted by sovereigns. What a theme for the moralist and what a great a treasure for the student of costume.

London Telegraph

A Parisian Fete.

The old custom of marching a fat bullock decked with garlands of flowers through the streets of Paris on Shrove Tuesday is likely to be revived with the new year. Delegates have been nominated by the syndicate of Parisian butchers to wait upon the minister of the interior in order to obtain permission to this effect. Should the scheme be successful it is proposed to hold public rejoicings on the occasion and afterward to award the animal as a prize in a lottery.

A well known Bostonian, who has recently returned from Europe was asked how he enjoyed his stay abroad—which he had divided about equally between Paris and London. "Oh very well" he replied, a trifle indifferently "but I did not have a good dish of beans while I was gone. I am glad to get home."

CHILI CO[illegible]

To be Taken as Spice By [illegible] Down Wisdom of [illegible]

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

[illegible] Follies than we are Think of this Wicked World and the Women Wants and Ways.

In every case a fault is a want.

The love that lasts—the love of money.

Maxims are the perspective of character.

Love's query—"What is your income, darling?"

Full blown roses are not aesthetic. They must be all bud.

The nicest book to present to a poor relative is a well filled pocketbook.

In spite of protests the waltz still holds its own. Love rules the whirled.

When does a clock conceal itself? When it goes behind time.—*Philadelphia Item*

"Nobody Killed Except Cattle," is the head line of a railroad accident in the Portland *Advertiser*.

"When will this car go?" asked a gentleman, the other evening. "As soon as it has a cargo," was the prompt reply.

The mouthpiece of the telephone may be perfectly respectable but there are a great many things said against it.

Education may be fitted to preserve ambition, yet many a college graduate has been drowned in the sea of journalism.

The man what keeps Monday in his heart and Sunday on his shirt front ain't got my idee ob 'ligion.—*Arkansaw Traveler*

The reason why some of the street lamps burn all night is because the light is so small it is afraid to go out alone in the dark.

The Boston *Post* says: "An open fire is cheerful." Yet on the field of battle, when the enemy open fire, it is anything but "cheerful."

Honolulu policemen play at marbles with small boys on the sidewalks, and the daily newspapers argue that it betrays a lack of dignity.

An Alabama editor winds up an editorial on the corn crop as follows: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of magnificent ears."

"Jury," said an Arkansas judge, "you can go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own get the one the last jury used."

A leading chiropodist of this city felt insulted when he received the business card of a Connecticut corn canning establishment, and repudiated it *in toto*.

Proposed change of name. A correspondent suggests that the name of Washington be changed to Whitewashington, on account of its facilities in that line.

It was the New Orleans *Picayune* astronomer who discovered with the naked eye that Venus on the sun looked no bigger than a mean man's offering on a church contribution plate.

In making Christmas presents always choose a useful gift. If you have a friend who is a hard drinker give his family an order on an undertaker or else present him with a cemetery lot.

Queer about a child's memory. It will forget a lesson in no time and remember forever and be sure to repeat at some inopportune time something that ought to remain a dead secret.

From the recent alarming developments in the body-snatching line, it is not safe to place much confidence in the oft-repeated assertion that "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground."

It is said that the natural beauties of the Yellowstone Park are being defaced and destroyed by visitors. This comes of driving away the Indians who were in the habit of scalping tourists.

Troy claims a man possessed of so much dignity that he can do the coal hole tumbling act without seeming ridiculous to the beholders. But he can satisfy himself that he didn't appear absurd.—*Bos Post.*

The fashion of carrying one's arms affected by our utterly utter young man is easily acquired. All that is necessary to reach perfection is to carry a good-sized parcel under each arm for a few months.

Perhaps after all there is too much freedom in the country. Our youths raise what they are pleased to call moustaches upon the slightest provocation and society is powerless to prevent the outrage.

[illegible] that the newspapers have a mission should enter a car and see how useful they are to the men when a fat woman with a big basket is looking around for a seat.

Only works of necessity are now permitted in New York on Sunday. It is a question among some of the people whether all of the sermons delivered on that day come legitimately under that head.—*Bos Trans*

It is during the days of business that a clergyman on selecting a chapter of the bible to read in church first looks at the end of the last verse to see that no patent medicine advertisement is hitched on.—*Puck.*

"I hears smart men say dat time is different at different places," said Uncle Mose. "I believe dat's a fact, fur de time allers feels longer to the boy what holds de hoss dan fur de man what goes inter de whisky shop."

Says a correspondent, speaking of modern French furnishing: "I find innumerable instances of modern arm-chairs covered with two sorts of material." Isn't it about time that these flings at courtship were done with?

Darwin maintains that the rigidity of the earth in its resistance to tidal forces, may be set down as equaling steel. That is what any reasonable man thinks, when he sits down on the frozen earth on a clear nipping, frosty morning.

At the Monday meeting of ministers "Brother Jones how do you manage to discourage the liberal tendencies of the age that seem to be creeping into the church?" "Oh, Brother Smith, I've got the best of that. I announce an extra collection and liberalism goes to the wall."—*Bos Globe*

The lynching of horse thieves is one of the recognized methods of administering justice in some frontier communities, but lynching a man for stealing hogs as was done in Catahoula parish, La. a few days ago, is frowned upon as in bad taste since it reduces the noble animal, the horse, to the level of the hog.

William Hoff used to be known at Palestine Texas as a quiet person who did little else than attend to his business as a cotton buyer. About two months ago Mr Hoff died in Germany, and left all his property to Galveston and Palestine. Both places are substantially "healed" by Death's taking Hoff.

A Redwood City journalist, speaking of Arabi Bey, referred to him as a "bigoted blackguard," but his able-bodied assistant, by an uncommonly happy transposition, succeeded in converting it into "big-toed" blackguard. Nothing so severe has been said of anyone since the Stockton *Independent* called Dennis Kearney a "montebank."

An account of a Georgia wedding. Not long since a pious J P in this county was called upon to marry a couple of negroes. One of the waiters went home and said to her mistress "Missus I tell you that man, Mr T knows how to disjoin folks tergether; he sings and prays, and says 'what God has joined apart let no man put over and under.'"—*Oglethorpe Echo*

"A rigorous rule Uncle Ben," said old Bob, "here's dat $10 what yer lent me about a year ago." "Brudder Bob I is greatly surprised at de course what yerself is now takin. 'Fore de Lawd I neber spected to git dat money again an' I'd dun thought dat I had gin de money ter yer." "Ef dat's de case, Uncle Ben I'll jes put it back inter my pocket. I always make it a rule neber to disappoint a man."—[illegible]

A traveler in France whose conscience would not allow him to use strong language, found that at the hotel where he was staying the waiters had been so accustomed to hear Englishmen do so that they set him down as a milksop and neglected him accordingly. He therefore hit upon this expedient to secure a proper amount of attention. Whenever he gave an order he rolled out in sonorous tones the words "Northumberland Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvelous.

Thomas Charlton hooked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the police court and regarded his honor with a bland smile. "Thomas you are charged with being drunk" said the court. "I can't deny it," said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear. "You don't seem to be very sorry." "I'm happy yer honor" said the prisoner giggling. "What excuse have you for getting drunk?" "I've got seven of 'em Judge." "Seven excuses?" "Yes yer Honor, seven. Now I don't mind tellin ye all about it. Ye see I've got six boys in my family and last night—it's a girl, Judge." Thomas got off.

of Mad Dogs.
wagon maker,
boys out of his shop,
of the building, pushed a
[illegible]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In Seasickness.
Dear ADOLPH OTT, New York says. "I used it for seasickness, among the passengers during a passage across the Atlantic. In the plurality of cases I saw the nausea [illegible] yield, which characterize [illegible] gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."
[illegible]

[illegible] would be continued [illegible] the next [illegible] of the district commission [illegible]

"[illegible] terrible backache," is the exclamation of more than one [illegible] working man and woman; do you know why [illegible] It is because your kidneys are overtaxed [illegible] strengthening, and your system [illegible] You need Kidney-Wort.

search. The third is that a sudden glaring up of the lost lights produced smoke.

Albani in Demand.
New York, Jan 14—Madam Albani has received an offer to sing with the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, [illegible] of San Francisco has [illegible]

to fight, but the fact that local bruisers in San Francisco easily got away with. Mace's New Zealand giant in a boxing match, may incline him to try conclusions with the new comer.

In vain the [illegible] are filled with light,
[illegible] the cheek with beauty glows,
[illegible] the teeth are pure and white
[illegible]

preparation [illegible]
COLDS and THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. [illegible]
know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to
those who use it, and I do not hesitate to recommend it [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883.

H. W. S

SUNDAY'S REST.

England as well as America is discussing the Sunday question with vigor and animation. There is a strong sentiment among the laboring classes in favor of opening museums and art galleries on the first day of the week, and the plea is adduced that such action would lessen Sunday drunkenness. Kindred opinions have at different times been held by prominent clergymen. A minister in New York complained in a recent sermon that on Sundays the best places of amusement were always closed and the worst ones always open. Birmingham, Manchester and other English towns have, it is said, found that the plan of allowing art galleries to be opened on Sunday worked excellently, and many Londoners demand that a similar policy be pursued in the metropolis. The day of rest is a blessing to all classes, but especially to the poor. A man of leisure derives comparatively little benefit from it, but to a laborer it is a priceless gift. The holiday Sunday goes hand in hand with the workday Sunday, and the workingmen will find that of the two extremes, undue strictness is preferable to undue laxity. If irreligious workmen demand a day of unlimited amusement, irreligious employers will exact a day of unlimited labor. The rigid Sabbatarianism of the old Banbury Puritan, who was said to have hung his cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday, meets with little favor nowadays; but any attempt to change rational liberty into license is a terrible error from which, if successful, none will suffer more than the workingmen.

H. W. S

POPULATION OF CHINA.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Shanghai, says there is every reason to believe that China has fallen off enormously in wealth and population during the last fifty years. The last complete census of the empire, taken in 1812, gave a total of 360,000,000. Since that time there has been an internecine civil war, which has caused the death of 30,000,000 of people, while other wars have also made serious inroads, so that it is thought by many that the population cannot now exceed from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000.

By law every province ought to make an annual return of population, but this seems to have fallen into desuetude. Only one province so far has resumed the practice, viz: Chekiang. In 1812 this province stood for 26,257,000, and it is now reported as containing only 11,570,000 inhabitants. Chekiang is a very fertile province, and the center of the silk industry, so that the population might be expected to fill up by emigration more rapidly than in other places. If, therefore, notwithstanding all these advantages, the population in this one province has decreased by 15,000,000, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the falling off over the whole eight or ten which are known to have suffered, is at least 100,000,000, and that the present population of China does not exceed over 250,000,000. The returns of land tax payable are further confirmatory of this conclusion. In 1812 the land tax payable in Chekiang was 5,850,000 taels; now it stands at only 2,120,000 taels. It is said that ever since the Taeping rebellion the financial prosperity of the country has steadily declined. Though the officers of the government have striven in every way to raise revenue, the receipts of the public exchequer are more insignificant than ever, and the people are in a state of poverty that has no precedent in the history of the empire. Under those circumstances we cannot wonder at Chinese emigration.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

There is more than ordinary disposition on the part of the press to discuss and prophecy as to who may be the next republican candidate for the presidency, and the discussion brings to the front a half dozen of names, as follows: General Sherman, Senators Logan, Edmunds and Harrison, Secretary Lincoln, and ex-Secretary Windom. The names of Senator Sherman and Mr. Blaine are not especially mentioned, it being understood that they, as men once stricken by the incurable fever, are always candidates.

But there is one thing which, from year to year, seems constantly to escape these presidential prophesiers, to-wit: the history of their country. With the exception of General Grant—whose military achievements lifted him out of the ordinary category—no man since the republican party became a living entity, who was prominent in the presidential scramble, has been nominated by it. Prominence has, of itself, proved fatal to success. Previous to the Chicago convention of 1860, the drift was all towards Mr. Seward. Among other possibilities Simon Cameron, Salmon P. Chase and Edward Bates were freely talked of. It is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln's name was ever heard of in that connection a month before the convention met. Yet Mr. Seward's prominence dragged him down; and Mr. Lincoln was nominated, not because he was the choice of the party, but because he was the most available man with whom to beat Seward. "There is a little woman down at our house," said Mr. Lincoln, when the news came to him, "who would like to hear this—I'll go down and tell her."

In 1876 Mr. Blaine, by one of the most brilliant and powerful personal efforts for the presidency ever made in this country, held, as was generally supposed, the winning cards. There can be no doubt that a decided majority of the delegates in the Cincinnati convention were in favor of his nomination, and though the highest vote received by him at any one time was 351 (28 short of a choice), yet if all the delegates who voted for him on different ballots had done so on the same ballot he would have had considerably more than enough. Among all the candidates the least thought of was Gov. Hayes, of Ohio. He was in the race at all simply because his own state had agreed to present him—a "favorite sonny" movement much jeered at. We presume it to be a fair statement that at least three-fourths of the Ohio delegation were not for him, and considered the Hayes movement only in the light of an empty compliment, and as a means of holding the delegation together until it could be placed where it would do the most good. Yet on the seventh ballot Mr. Hayes' 61 votes had swelled to 384, and he was nominated, not because anyone wanted him, but because he was the only man they could unite upon in the effort to defeat Blaine.

The Chicago convention of 1880 is so fresh in mind that few details need be given. Up to the thirty-fifth ballot Mr. Garfield had received but two votes. On the thirty-sixth, he had 399. It was not manifest that anyone especially desired his nomination; but they desired to defeat Grant, and Garfield was the only man they could unite on for that purpose.

It will be thus observed that, if precedents are worth anything, prominence in the scramble for the republican nomination is not especially desirable. It is possibly a keen knowledge of this which keeps Mr. Sherman so persistently quiet, and leads Mr. Blaine to announce that he is not a candidate. Even in 1876 Mr. Blaine was not unaware of this peculiarity of American politics and, when asked which of the other candidates he most feared, replied "The Great Unknown." And The Great Unknown is very likely to carry the next republican convention, as he has so many before. It is of course possible that his name is to be found on the list given at the outset; but prominence in that connection, at this early period, is about the worst thing that could happen to them. They and their friends would be much better employed, so far as their own interests go, in letting the nomination alone; and in helping to make things possible for a republican election.

FAIR TREATMENT.

The Chicago *Tribune* thinks the Northern Pacific was not treated too generously, and says: The Northern Pacific railroad had nothing but its land grant from the government and most of the land when granted was supposed to be worthless, as much of it has since proved to be. The Central and Union Pacific not only had enormous grants of land, but they also had a cash subsidy of $65,000,000—a sum sufficient to build the roads without the sale of an acre of land or the expenditure of a cent of private capital. The Northern Pacific, by comparison, was not too generously treated. It should be remembered, too, that the latter road has opened up to settlement a new and fertile portion of the public domain, and has already made immense additions to the national wealth. The feeling is very general in this section of the country at least that no substantial injustice will be done if the Northern Pacific shall be permitted to go on and complete its road under the terms of the original contract.

"Necessaries" is a term of indefinite meaning—but figures very largely in the law regulating the martial relations. It may be "necessary" for a wife to have a sealskin sacque, and under certain circumstances it may not be proper to go beyond a calico gown. A curious case has just been decided in Massachussetts. A husband whipped his wife, who employed a lawyer to prosecute him. Then he took proceedings against her on the charge of common drunkenness, and she engaged the same counsel to defend her. This lawyer sued the husband for the value of his services, relying upon the rule of law that a husband is liable for "necessaries" supplied to his wife. The supreme court accepted this view so far as pay for her defense was concerned, but ruled that the charge for prosecuting the husband could not be allowed.

The *Wood River Times*, says that exactly midnight, when the old year went out and the new year came in, the slopes along the Wood river towns were alive with miners, bent on securing to themselves a few new mining claims. Over 100 good locations in that vicinity made last year were not represented. They had been watched throughout the fall by nearly as many men, who in case the locators did not appear in time, were prepared to relocate or jump them for themselves. Many had gone onto the claims they intended to jump the week before, with tents, blankets, tools and "grub," so as to be the first claimants. Over 300 men had left the towns on the river to make locations, and most of them returned on the afternoon of the first.

An agent of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is in London to buy a crown to be used at the coronation of his royal highness in January. That is a good market, as England is supposed to have several second-hand ones in her stock, the original proprietors having no further use for them. There is a great difference in tastes as to the style of crowns. An African traveler reports that he was received by a native sovereign in full [illegible] for his crown an empty tin can, on which was still visible the original label, "concentrated gravy." This would probably not suit Kalakaua, but it answered every purpose in the interior of the Dark Continent.

Miss Kate Field, who is a noted woman in many ways, got up a co-operative dress association in New York, the object of which was not so much to introduce reform in dress as to furnish ladies with dress goods at cheaper rates, and to protect them from supposed extortioners in the dry goods trade. This association became Miss Field's hobby, and she strove hard to make it successful; but it has failed. Here is another proof that amateurs in any business have not much show of success when they undertake to compete in any line of trade or business with those who know what they are about.

A Cincinnati judge has decided that parties uttering messages over telephone wires must not use the word "damn." "The telephone," says the judge, "reaches into all classes of society—not only into business circles, but into many family circles. It must be remembered that it is possible, from the peculiar arrangement of the instrument, to have a communication that is intended for one individual reach another. All communications, therefore, should be in proper language." A very proper decision. Paste it on the wall over your telephone.

Wiggins has been interviewed again by a correspondent of the New York *Herald* in regard to his great zephyr, and he insists that it will come on time. He says that he has foretold several other great storms, which have never failed to materialize when due. In January he anticipates a storm which will be "much above the average." Upon the 9th of February a great storm will strike the Atlantic. But these will be mere bagatelles in comparison with the storm which is coming in March. Wiggins proposes to make it a test case of veracity between him and the chief signal office at Washington.

Gen. John B. Gordon of Georgia, formerly United States senator, comes home from Europe proud of his country. He said to a reporter: "It is enough to make an American proud to ride through the streets of London, with its civilization of two thousand years, and see American implements, American sewing machines, American tools and American goods displayed on every hand and know that American watches are being sold in the stores and American fields are feeding the English people and American factories beginning to clothe them."

Dr. Holmes in the *Atlantic*: "I look across the Atlantic and see Mr. Gladstone, only four months younger than myself, standing erect with Patrick's grievances on one shoulder and Pharaoh's pyramids on the other—an atlas whose intervals of repose are paroxysms of learned labor."

For the benefit of the curious, the following information is given: The entire business of the St. Paul post-office, during 1882 was $3,685,896. The Portland office did a business of $3,795,416 or $110,000 more than that of St. Paul. St. Paul has 75,000 inhabitants, and Portland 30,000.

Liquid Damnation in Frozen Sticks.

A St. Louis genius makes icicles out of pure whisky, and finds plenty of customers for all he can turn out. Frozen whisky tastes like the best imported champagne.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"The George Eliot Birthday Book," and the "George Eliot Calendar for 1883," published by Hall & Whitney, of Boston, are now ready, and to be admired and appreciated need but to be seen. They are by a lady of Boston, whose rare literary acquisition and rich culture bespeak for her high commendation. The birthday book, in its exquisite binding of drab and blue, with letterings and designs in gold, contains a portrait of George Eliot, and illustrations by J. Appleton Brown. On the left hand pages are the quotations, and on the right are the name and date of birth of some eminent women, among them Charlotte Bronte, Lady Jane Gray, and the beautiful Heloise. And the author has shown a rare and delicate insight into character and condition by fitting, so to speak, the quotation to the woman. "The Calendar" is superb and artistic in design, being quite independent of "The Birthday Book," and containing a quotation for every day in the year.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have just published the second volume of their exquisite Parchment Library Edition of Shakespeare—an edition which it is a pleasure to read, the paper is so white, the ink so black, and the type so clean and sharp. But there is a deeper pleasure in it than this, which is chiefly mechanical,—the pleasure of reading what Shakespeare wrote (if Judge Holmes and Mr. Morgan will allow us to think that Shakespeare wrote anything) without being distracted by what the commentators have scribbled upon it. Historical Introductions, Sources of Plot, and so on *ad infinitum*. That these have their value we are prepared to admit, but not in such an edition as this, which gives us the text of Shakespeare as his contemporaries had it, either in the quartos or the first and second folios, and which we ought to understand quite as well as they did, divining the meaning of corrupted passages, and feeling the greatness of the whole. We have four plays of the young Shakespeare here. The Comedy of Errors, Much Ado About Nothing, Love's Labor Lost, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, any page of which, the poorest, is worth all the dramatic writings of the Laureate, or, indeed, of any living English poet. "Write down, that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villians! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false villains, and it will go near to be thought so shortly."

John C. Reed has published through Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, a book entitled "American Law Studies, or Self-Preparation for Practice in the United States." It commences with suggestions in aiding the young man to decide whether he is fitted for the legal professions, takes him through a course of study, with and without the aid of the law school, giving directions as to the best mode of acquiring a knowledge of the law, and applying it practically, giving a list of books and a synopsis of the works that should be read and studied, and a method of getting a good knowledge of reported cases up to the time of his admission to the bar, and through his early practices. It is divided into five books. Book I. is rather preliminary, and discusses the different methods of pursuing legal studies. Book II. gives a working knowledge of general laws, junior and senior course in contracts and in torts, and also in criminal law, civil procedure and kindred subjects, management of law suits and advocacy, importance of statutory construction; works on domestic relations and bailments, real and personal property and equity, and guides to reports and statutes. Book III. federal and state laws; and directions as to best methods of gaining familiarity with forms of every class. Book IV. treats of "subjects which in the main concern the young lawyer after admission, and are accessory to the strictly legal course," such as necessary non-legal knowledge; law periodicals, libraries, etc. Book V. treats of the Roman law and jurisprudence, giving a long list of books and authors.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Stedman's essay on Emerson as a poet will appear in an early number of *The Century.*

The February *Century* (the "Midwinter" number) will contain a frontispiece portrait of Mr. George William Curtis, which is said to be one of the most successful engravings that Mr. Cole has yet made. The accompanying article will be from the pen of Mr. S. S. Conant, of *Harper's Weekly*.

Mayne Reid, the well known writer of boys' books, is quietly living on his farm in Herefordshire. His farm is his hobby and yields him a handsome living. His chief product is wool, and from that material, grown upon the backs of his own sheep, he recently ordered to be made cloth for a suit of clothes, which he has presented to General Gordon, of confederate army fame.

No man, says an English writer, ever enjoyed life more than Anthony Trollope. He was full of common sense, yet ludicrously obstinate and perverse; roaring and spluttering, and wholly incapable of argument. Once he and a party of friends were in conclave at Henely. Some subject of importance was being considered, and some one made a suggestion. Trollope, engaged in conversation at the other end of the room, at once raised his head and his voice. "I differ from you entirely," he roared like a bull at a red rag. "I differ from you entirely! What was it you said?"

THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

The Hotel des Invalides in Paris was established in 1670, by Louis Fourteenth, as an asylum for invalid soldiers, and it has since been used for that purpose. Around it cluster glorious memories of the great military achievements of the past, and under its dome, in a magnificent tomb, rest the remains of the great Napoleon. A year ago fourteen of the survivors of Napoleon's campaign were among the inmates of the hospital. Originally designed to accommodate 6000 invalids, it now contains but 400, the remainder of the vast building being occupied as a military museum, galleries for plans in relief, commission offices, while eighty of the rooms are used as quarters for staff officers, which is claimed to be an abuse of privilege and the cause of much dissatisfaction.

As a symptom of the growing disposition of the French republican government to gradually destroy many of the great institutions which have grown up under former dynasties, an effort was made in the French chamber of deputies to abolish the Hotel des Invalides as an asylum for invalid soldiers, and substitute therefor to those entitled to its privileges a pension of 1000 or 1200 francs. The debate on the question, which we find in a recent French paper, shows that a feeling in favor of the discontinuance of the asylum has been steadily increasing for some years, and when the question came up a few days ago there were 142 votes in favor of its abolition to 242 against it. Unless a revolution or some foreign war should occur to turn the attention of the people to military affairs the asylum, which one of the deputies in the debate called "this aureole, this temple, this Pantheon of the military virtues," is probably doomed.

The Better the Levees the Worse the Floods.

Engineers' reports state that in 1858 the "inflow" of water into the lower valley of the Mississippi at Cairo was 1,475,000 cubic feet per second, while the discharge at or below New Orleans was only 1,100,000 cubic feet per second. In other words, the "inflow" was 374,000 cubic feet per second greater than the "outflow." This excess multiplied into 147 days, an average high water period, as stated by Gen. Humphreys, would show four trillion and seven hundred billion cubic feet more "inflow" at Cairo than "outflow" at New Orleans, and constitute a volume of water averaging 9 feet in depth and 47½ miles wide, extending from Cairo to the gulf. This vast sea would be created by a water-shed above Cairo of 813,436 square miles having an average rainfall of 31 5-8 inches to the square mile. To be added to this is the rain-fall of the southern water-shed of 343,110 square miles, of an average depth of 39 inches to the square mile. This constitutes a volume of three trillion cubic feet more, or a body of water 12 feet deep by 47½ miles wide, extending from Cairo to the gulf. Such was the area and depth of the overflow of 1858, which Gen. Humphreys says lasted 199 days, and as stated by him was the year the levees were perfected from Cape Girardeau to New Orleans. To discharge this volume of water through the single channel passing New Orleans with its present velocity would require 60 days if there were not a single drop of water flowing into the river between Cairo and the mouth of Red river the lowest tributary. Even more absurdly advocates of levees and jetties would force all this vast mass of pent-up waters through the south or jetty "pass," which does not discharge 100,000 cubic feet per second, or one-tenth the volume of water that they tell us flows in front of the Crescent city. In 1858, when, as Gen. Humphreys says, the levees were perfected from Cape Girardeau to New Orleans, the overflow was more disastrous than ever before. In other words, the better the levees the worse the floods and incidental disasters. The river became 47½ miles wide and 12 feet from Cairo to the Balize. The submergence lasted 199 days—the longest on record. Noah's flood wasn't a circumstance. This year, as Captain Leathers states, "the river went it blind, climbing over the tops of the levees."—*The American Register.*

AN OLD NEW-MEXICAN CHURCH.

The Zuni Indians—Cortez' Priests Introduce the Olive, the Pear, and the Grape.

An interesting paragraph is going the rounds of the press of Mexico, in regard to untold wealth concealed beneath the ruins of the ancient palace of King Tenamaxcuicali. As the story goes, this ancient monarch, hearing of the approach of Cortez, hid his valuables in a subterranean passage leading to the palace. Workmen digging in that vicinity have recently unearthed a tunnel, and have already brought to light some images in use at that period. The more sanguine think the treasure itself will be shortly reached, and are digging for it with the energy of treasure-seekers. At last accounts the untold wealth has not been reached.

The foregoing clipping suggests to my mind, says Phillip Reade, of the United States army, the old church in New Mexico, near Koslowsky's ranch, called the Pecos church, from the stream of the same name close by.

Over forty years ago Lieuts. Abert and Peck of the United States army, were sent by the chief of engineers, of the United States army to make explorations in New Mexico. Their report included a pictorial sketch and a very elaborate description of the Pecos church.

I first saw the ruins of the building in 1873. It was then in a ruined condition, because unroofed, but the site of the original edifice was plainly visible. Many interesting traditions and some facts were told me regarding the structure by old Koslowsky and others. It is believed that the Zuni Indians lived generations ago on the lowlands of New Mexico, and not, as now, in mountainous regions. The Zunis built the Pecos church under the supervision of the Jesuits. When detatched parties of adventurous soldiers of fortune, followers or descendants of Cortez, journeyed northward from old Mexico, they were accompanied by priests. Wherever it was possible missions were established, and the holy fathers began their work of conversion. These missions marked the route of the expeditionary forces, and to this day many of the adobe buildings are in a good state of preservation. The Pecos church is one. The priests introduced olive and pear trees and particularly grape-vines. To the fruit from the latter was thus given the name of the Mission grape. Every church had its patron saint; thus near Fort Union, New Mexico, is the church of St. Guadalupe; near Fort Bayard, New Mexico, the Mission of Santa Rita; near Fort Lowell, Arizona, the Cathedral of St. Xavier; etc. Southern California is filled with these missions, and gigantic olive trees, six feet in circumstance, and grape vines a foot in diameter, still bear fruit in San Diego, Cal., close beside the beautiful palm trees also planted long before our day by the holy fathers of their native proselytes.

The once famous Santa Rita copper-mines were worked by those zealous Catholics. The productiveness of the mines of precious metals more than a century ago is attested to by the parchment records still preserved at Madrid, at the City of Mexico, at Santa Fe, and many other places of lesser note. At one time the county clerk at Silver City, New Mexico, had in his possession the parchment records showing the shipment from the church of the Kneeling Nun, per pack-mule train, to the City of Mexico of a large amount of precious metal and pure copper, the yield of New Mexican mines contributed by missions for the good of the church.

The records and missions mark an area in the history of this country, and afford abundant study for the archæologist. The oldest settlement in the United States is not St. Augustine. [illegible] buildings of recorded histories located in Florida.

The Pecos church was built by the Indians belonging to that mission, and they builded better than they knew. The adobe bricks have been exposed these forty years to wind and weather. The evasive action of the rain is manifest in the guttered sides, but a portion of the walls still stand. In 1873 a part of one side, say sixty-five by thirty feet, was standing, and the solid wooden sills were larger than could be hewn from any trees now growing in New Mexico soil. How such pieces of lumber were transported to the place where used, and indeed where they came from are matters for conjecture only. The sills were all quaintly ornamented, appearing as if red-hot ax-shaped stones had been used to burn irregular curves upon their surface. The adobe bricks were each 40x24x12 inches, and harder than most kiln-burned bricks.

Koslowsky told me that within his remembrance the mission bell had been stolen, but it is more than probable that he was the depredator, as, by his own confession, he had spent much time in undermining the church, searching for treasure. In fact, his only son was killed by lightning while digging for vessels of gold and silver, fabled to have been buried beneath the altar by the priests at a time when the Navajoe Indians raided the pueblo.

Near by the church are the remains of a pueblo, or village, of Indians believed to have been Zunis, and a circle of stones is pointed out as the location of their sacred fire, once kept constantly burning, awaiting the coming of Montezuma when he should have worn out the golden slippers donned by him when he, according to their traditions, departed from their midst centuries ago. These Zunis were not a warlike people, and suffered greatly from the incursions of the fierce Navajoes. The raids became so incessant that they finally abandoned the Pecos pueblo and migrated about three hundred miles westward, near to what is now Fort Wingate. The instinct of self-preservation caused them, like the Moquis, or cave-dwellers, to change, also, their mode of habitation. Just how this came about I endeavored to tell you in my communication written last May.

The demolition of the Pecos church is due more to the cupidity and vandalism of such as Koslowsky than to the natural ravages of time. The present preserved condition of the ruins is due to the superstition of such men. The death, by lightning, within the church walls, of Koslowsky was followed by the death of a repairman on the United States military telegraph line while engaged in repairing the line immediately in front of Koslowsky's ranch. The superstitions and fears of the old man were so excited by the occurrences that, thereafter, he shunned the church as the devil is said to shun holy water. It is still believed, however, that near to where the chancel was are hidden metallic treasures deposited by the descendants of the Aztecs or their contemporaries.

Effect of Alcohol on the Brain.

Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of a person who lived soberly. Now and then he was in possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects that object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance it then becomes comparatively hard; but in the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, the brain begins the indurating process—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer-like tissues still throb with the pulse of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, that thus desecrates the god-like. Terrible enchantment that dries up all the fountain of generous feelings, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!

Mrs. Garfield is entertaining a few friends of the late president at her home in Cleveland. A correspondent writes from that city to the Louisville *Courier-Journal:* "Mrs. Garfield looks much better than she did early in the summer. There is a better color in her face and she is more fleshy. She looks older and is more careworn and numerous wrinkles have appeared in the face since I last saw her. Her dress is wonderfully plain, as is that also of her husband's mother.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Life is but short, therefore, crosses cannot be long.—*Flavel.*

The way to get out of self-love is to love Christ.—*Augustine.*

Thanksgiving, in substance should be often written thanks*giving*.—*Matthew Henry.*

A true reform is a reform of the heart, and in that, and that only, there is safety.—*The Criterion.*

The soul of John must have been pervaded by eternal, childlike Christmas joys!—*Schleiermacher.*

We implore the mercy of God, not that He may leave us in our sins, but that he may save us from them.—*Pascal.*

There is nothing greater than the name of Christ, but nothing more to be feared than to hear it unworthily.—*Quesnel.*

Can we be unsafe where God has placed us, and where He watches over us, as a parent a child whom he loves?—*Fenelon.*

When the day comes that Christians are Christians, then will the great mass of mankind be convinced of the truth of Christianity.—*Spurgeon.*

As the sea bird sleeps calmly on the bosom of the ocean billow, so in all trying circumstances sweetly rests the soul that is stayed on God.—*Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer.*

Not a single faithful word is ever uttered that does not repeat itself in echoes till it reaches the throne of God. Not a noble deed is ever done, however obscurely, that is not chronicled in heaven.

Chrysostom said beautifully, so beautiful that the words have been preserved like a fly in amber: "God has given a man two eyes; if he lose one he has another. But man hath only one soul; if he lose that the loss to him can never be made good again."

Faith without repentance is not faith, but presumption, like a ship all sail and no ballast, that tippeth over with every blast. And repentance without faith is not repentance, but dispair, like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight.—*Sanderson.*

Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so great a chart and no needle at all.—*Joseph Cook.*

Know, dearest brother, says St. Francis of Assisi, that courtesy is one of God's own properties. Who sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust, out of his great courtesy is the sister of charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes love.—*Fioretti.*

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude; for oblivion is a kind of annihilation; and for things to be as though they had not been, is like unto never being. Make not thy head a grave, but a repository of God's mercies.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

We hold reunions not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help, and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and for evermore we need them.—*Garfield.*

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No, it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power.—*Bushnell.*

Christ is risen, and is a living presence in the household of his disciples; more a presence in his visible church to-day than he ever was in the synagogues of Palestine, or even the upper chamber of Jerusalem; and that the resurrection, the uprising of the spirit when he has made it to live in him, endowed with a new being, and already, here and now, in fellowship with the father and his son Jesus Christ, entering into life eternal.—*Lyman Abbott.*

The crusaders have passed into history, and serve now to fill only a few of its pages. The scarlet cross on the mantle has perished with the wearer, but the cross in the heart abides still in the souls of the justified. "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. The blossoms and fruit from those branches cannot be mistaken. Whenever, wherever they may be found, whoever cultivates these Christian graces in the heart, bears the sign of the cross, for the Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."—[*Rev. T. Taylor.*

How few read Fenelon, and Pascal now. What a contrast all this presents to the spirit of the Christain life! The genius of the gospel is in harmony with the still moments of the spiritual communion, and elevated taste, and heavenly affection. It says, "Not in the feverishness of excitement, not in the tumult of passion, not in the noise of faction, not in the conflicts of ambition, not in proud pre-eminence and brilliant assemblage is your true life." "Enoch walked with God," "Go forth into the wilderness, and I will there talk with you." "Every man went to his home; Jesus went to the Mount of Olives."

Without action we grow stagnant or retrograde in things pertaining to morals as in mental acquirements. It is easy to say we can worship God by reading a good sermon at home. The cares of the household often crowd out the book we mean to read. The spirit of worship promoted by the sanctuary, the rest that the house of God gives, the taking of the mind from every day duties and surroundings, the inspiration to better living, the influence upon others in keeping the day sacred, all make regular church-going a necessity to those who would keep their Christian hope and life in a condition that shall be a joy to themselves and an inspiration to others.—[*Congregationalist.*

Moral decay in the family is the invariable prelude to public corruption. It is a false distinction which we make between public integrity and private honor. The man whom you cannot admit into your family, whose morals are corrupt, can not be a pure statesman. Whoever studies history will be profoundly convinced that a nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties. Rome mixed with Greece and learned her morals. The Goth was at her gates; but she fell not until she was corrupted and tainted at the heart. The domestic corruption preceded the political. When there was no longer purity on the hearth-stones, nor integrity in her senate, then, and not till then, her death-knell was rung.—*Robertson.*

St. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians: "When we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work neither should he eat." He himself refused to give, and he authoritatively forbade others to give, where giving would do more harm than good. Wise charity must often wear this stern aspect, but its genuineness is no more to be called into question on that account than the reality of the apostle's religion. He refused to support out of church funds those who, though able to eat their own bread, preferred to live upon their neighbors. His language is strong, and his tone so very decided in treating of this matter, because his religion was real and fervent conviction, and not more effusive sentiment. It was to him a sad sight to see men destitute, but their idleness and lack of self-respect was sadder still; and if the sharpness of want alone could rouse them to effort, the pangs were salutary, and true charity could not ward them off.—*Monthly Register.*

Cutting Jewish Women's Hair.

There is a remarkable mystery surrounding the origin of the custom of the Jewish women cutting off their hair and donning a wig on their marriage. Even in the present day the custom is still observed by the ultra orthodox. The effects of the custom were supposed to give a clue to its origin. There was undoubtedly too much reason in the middle ages for Jewesses to be eager to make themselves as unattractive as possible. The custom of cutting off the hair of the bride on the wedding day is not mentioned in the Talmud. According to Mishnah Ketuboth, vii, it is contrary to Jewish custom for married women to appear in the street with head uncovered. Out of modesty the custom was also observed in the house, and in order to remove the possibility of yielding to temptation, the hair serving no longer as an ornament, but being a superfluous weight on the head—was entirely cut off. According to Mishnah Nazir, iv., 5, the cutting off the hair is considered a disfigurement, which the husband could veto in case of his wife being a Nazarite. Some few believe that the custom dates from the very earliest times, and they found their opinion upon the allusion thereto in Deuteronomy, chapter xxi., 12. Referring to the mode prescribed for taking a captive woman for a wife, the text says: "Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house, and she shall shave her head."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

Mice can live anywhere comfortably except in a church. This proves that they can't live on religion any more than a minister can.

THE HOLLANDERS.

A Persevering People, [illegible] from the Ocean.

Extract from Nasby's Letter in Toledo Blade.

The American notion of a Hollander is largely derived from dear old Washington Irving, the same as the world's idea of Richard III is taken from Shakespere. A Dutchman in our mind is a man with broad beam, his natural width being increased by a multiplicity of breeches, and his squat figure topped off with his enormous hat, and bottomed with large square shoes with buckles, and finished with a long pipe always. He lingers in the American mind as a dull, plodding, persevering, phlegmatic man. The persevering part is all that is correct of the Dutchman now, in the cities, at least. No matter what he was in the time when New York was occupied by them, you find him at home to be one of the handsomest men in the civilized world—keen, shrewd, exceedingly active, and as smart as the best business man anywhere. He is dressed always with great neatness and precision. His women are even extravagant in their love of dress and ornament; and his cities, instead of being dull and sleepy, are the most noisy and bustling places of their size in all Europe.

Persevering! A race may well claim that quality that can fence out the sea and keep it fenced out as the price of its existence. Every foot of land of almost the whole of the Kingdom has been wrested from the ocean; and it is even now as much as ever a constant struggle with the Atlantic for its possession. Let anyone of the vast dykes break, and the whole country, cities, farms and villages would again be under water, and the ocean winds would howl over what is now the richest agricultural country in the world. To get some idea of what Holland is and what labor it has cost to make it what it is, imagine a country centuries ago near all of which was many feet below the level of the sea, and the sections above the level merely low-lying islands, marshes and swamps and a vast area a part of the sea itself, the interior being lower than the line of the shallows of the coast. Imagine, then, the building of a wall on a coast where the tide rises sixteen feet, strong enough to resist not only the rush of the tide, but the added fury of the severe storms which prevail in the northern countries. After this embankment was built, the water had to be removed, pumped out, that the land might be habitable. As the elevation from the lowest levels of the land to the level of the sea is too great for the water in the interior to be raised at one operation, a series of dykes had to be built, with a canal on the exterior of each, the water from the interior level pumped by means of wind-mills to the canal outside the first dyke, from thence to the canal on the second, and so on for many miles, till it is finally discharged into the highest level, the ocean. Small canals or ditches are dug every sixty feet, in which the water is drained from the land, collected, as it were to be pumped from one to the other of the main canals, which are sixty feet wide and six to eight feet deep.

And this work has been going on for centuries—this constant fight against the elements. It justifies the old Dutch saying: "God made the sea, we made the shore."

The country must be protected by dykes against the rivers as well as the ocean, for the deposits brought down from their sources have raised their beds above the level of the country, and but for costly embankments, would inundate the country and convert it again into the swamp it was. Holland is a country of dykes and ditches. With so much land in the world unoccupied, it is a mystery why reclamation on such a vast scale was ever attempted, and why it is maintained at such enormous cost; but it was and is, and the country is the richest and most prosperous in Europe.

The dykes are constructed of earth stamped and compressed to make them as hard as possible, and then planted with willows and trees, the roots of which make more solid the earth. In places immense walls of solid masonry are found necessary to make them proof against the action of the fierce waves.

The pumping is done at the expense of the government, the service costing 6,000,000 florins a year.

The extraordinary fertility of these "polders," as the reclaimed land is termed, is accounted for by the fact that when there is too much water in the soil, it can be drained in a very short time, and when there is a drouth the land may be irrigated without trouble or expense. The land is everywhere many feet lower than the canals.

If the sea wall should break it would inundate the first level; if the volume of water should break through the second dyke it would rush on to a third, and so on till the whole country be inundated. It is this ever-threatening danger which calls for the care which is taken of the dykes, and the vigilant watch that is kept over them. The safety of the whole kingdom depends upon their strength.

It is now proposed to reclaim the whole of the Zuyder Zee, which will give Holland a new province of 967 square miles, at an estimated cost of 120,000,000 florins, making the land cost nearly $175 an acre. It is well worth it, however, as the crops grown on these lands are enormous, and from their contiguity to the great consuming cities of the world, everything grown in Holland brings a very high price. Besides this, owing to their facilities for irrigation, dry seasons do not affect them, and as they can pump all the water off they choose to, wet seasons are of no damage. As the climate is very regular, good crops are the rule. In Holland art has triumphed over nature. Give a Hollander a sea and a windmill, and he will make a farm anywhere, providing it is wet enough. After what they have done, it would not be singular if, after finishing the Zuyder Zee, they should tackle the great German ocean. They are capable of anything in this direction.

The windmills are cumbrous, but very effective. The machinery used to pump the water is a long screw propelled by the windmill, which raises a steady stream, and a very large one, any hight desired. The crown of the dykes makes their principal roads, and, as they are paved with the conscientiousness that characterizes the work of the Dutch in everything, very delightful roads they are. It is a novel sight to be riding along them and looking down from your carriage upon immense barges not five feet from you. Then your sight ranges over the perfectly flat country as far as the eye can reach, ships, barges and boats of all kinds, sometimes above you and sometimes below, sailing in every possible direction. As you cannot see the water under them, it looks as though they were making way by some invisible power "across lots," and going wheresoever they pleased. One is reminded of the captain of an Ohio river boat who, boasting of the little water she drew, claimed he would sail the "Mary Ann" across a meadow if the dew was on the grass.

Everywhere you see cows all black and white and magnificent animals they are. The peculiarity of a Dutch landscape is cows and trees, and a picturesque landscape they make. The country is perfectly flat—if there is any difference it is that one section is flatter than another, but as the eye takes in miles of territory, and as the canals and roads are all bordered with trees, and as the houses all have enormous steep roofs of red tiles, and as the fields are full of cows, with villages very thickly dotted over the country, there is no lack of beauty in it. It doesn't require a cold gray rock to make beauty. A mountain is beautiful only in one way, and beauty has many forms. There is beauty of one kind in a red-headed woman. After you have been surfeited with the Rhine, with its vine-clad hills and naked, ruin-crowned rocks, flat Holland, with its green fields, red-brown houses and black and white cows, is a positive relief.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Rumor That The Great Yankee Humorist Has Softening of the Brain.

Mr. John G. Saxe, the poet, still resides in Albany, at the home of his son, and is an invalid. The disease from which he suffers is neuralgia, and affecting the great nerve centers, and accompanied by chronic dyspepsia. The result is considerable physical pain and a degree of emaciation. As exaggerated statements have been made concerning the gentleman's condition, it is well that the facts be thus correctly given. It should be added that no impairment of mental strength is characteristic or a consequnce of the disease, and that, of course, the reports of Mr. Saxe having experienced softening of the brain have no foundation in fact. The poet reads regularly, but feels indisposed to writing; still, in conversation, his logic, fancy and analytic abilities are shown to be as marked as at any time. His many friends and admirers, regretting to learn of his illness, will, nevertheless, be gratified to know that the impressions concerning any disorder or decay of the mind of the sufferer, are totally devoid of truth.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY [illegible]

SUNDAY LAWS.

[illegible] Manchester [illegible] Sunday [illegible] especially [illegible] Puritan who was said to have hanged his cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday [illegible] with little favor [illegible] attempt to hang rational liberty [illegible] a terrible reaction from which [illegible] will suffer more than [illegible]

POPULATION OF CHINA.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Shanghai, says there is every reason to believe that China has fallen off enormously in wealth and population during the last fifty years. The last complete census of the empire, taken in 1812, gave a total of 360,000,000. Since that time there has been an internecine civil war which has caused the death of 80,000,000 of people, while other wars have also made serious inroads, so that it is thought by many that the population cannot now exceed from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000.

By law every province ought to make an annual return of population, but this seems to have fallen into desuetude. Only one province so far has resumed the practice, viz., Chekiang. In 1812 this province stood for 26,257,000, and it is now reported as containing only 11,570,000 inhabitants. Chekiang is a very fertile province and the center of the silk industry, so that the population might be expected to fill up by emigration more rapidly than in other places. If, therefore, notwithstanding all these advantages, the population in this one province has decreased by 15,000,000, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the falling off over the whole eight or ten which are known to have suffered is at least 100,000,000, and that the present population of China does not exceed over 250,000,000. The returns of land tax payable are further confirmatory of this conclusion. In 1812 the land tax payable in Chekiang was 5,810,000 taels; now it stands at only 2,120,000 taels. It is said that ever since the Taeping rebellion the financial prosperity of the country has steadily declined. Though the officers of the government have striven in every way to raise revenue, the receipts of the public exchequer are more insignificant than ever, and the people are in a state of poverty that has no precedent in the history of the empire. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder at Chinese emigration.

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

There is more than ordinary disposition on the part of the press to discuss and prophesy as to who may be the next republican candidate for the presidency, and the discussion brings to the front a half dozen of names as follows: General Sherman, Senators Logan, Edmunds and Harrison, Secretary Lincoln and ex-Secretary Windom. The names of Senator Sherman and Mr. Blaine are not especially mentioned, it being understood that they, as men once stricken by the incurable fever, are always candidates.

But there is one thing which, from year to year, seems constantly to escape these presidential prophesiers, to-wit: the history of their country. With the exception of General Grant—whose military achievements lifted him out of the ordinary category—no man since the republican party became a living entity who was prominent in the presidential scramble has been nominated by it. Prominence has of itself proved fatal to success. Previous to the Chicago convention of 1860 the drift was all towards Mr. Seward. Among other possibilities Simon Cameron, Salmon P. Chase and Edward Bates were freely talked of. It is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln's name was ever heard of in that connection a month before the convention met. Yet Mr. Seward's prominence dragged him down, and Mr. Lincoln was nominated, not because he was the choice of the party, but because he was the most available man with whom to beat Seward. "There is a little woman down at our house," said Mr. Lincoln when the news came to him, "who would like to hear this—I'll go down and tell her."

In 1876 Mr. Blaine, by one of the most brilliant and powerful personal efforts for the presidency ever made in this country, held, as was generally supposed, the winning card. There can be no doubt but a decided majority of the delegates in the Cincinnati convention were in favor of his nomination, and though the highest vote received by him at any one time was 351, 28 short of a choice, yet if all the delegates who voted for him on different ballots had done so on the same ballot he would have had considerably more than enough. Among all the candidates the least thought of was Gov. Hayes of Ohio. He was in the race all simply because his own state had agreed to present him as a favorite son, a movement much jeered at. We presume it is a fair statement that at least three-fourths of the Ohio delegation were not for him at heart, and the Hayes movement only to the extent of an empty compliment, and as a means of holding the delegation together until [illegible] where [illegible] would be [illegible]. Yet on the seventh ballot Mr. Hayes [illegible] 384, and he was nominated [illegible] the only man they could unite upon in the effort to defeat Blaine.

The Chicago convention [illegible] in mind that few details need be given. Up to the thirty fifth ballot Mr. Garfield had received but two votes. On the thirty-sixth he had 399. It was not manifest that anyone especially desired his nomination, but they wanted to defeat Grant, and Garfield was the only man they could unite on for that purpose.

It will be thus observed that if precedents are worth anything, prominence in the scramble for the republican nomination is especially injurious. It is possibly a keen knowledge of this which keeps Mr. Sherman so persistently quiet, and leads Mr. Blaine to announce that he is not a candidate. Even in 18[illegible] Mr. Blaine was not aware of the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Newspapers [illegible] figures very largely in [illegible] relation [illegible] A husband whipped his wife, who employed a lawyer to prosecute him. The wife took proceedings against him on the charge of [illegible], and she engaged the same counsel to defend her. This lawyer sued the husband for the value of his services, relying upon the rule of law that a husband is liable for necessaries supplied to his wife. The supreme court accepted this view so far as the fee for her defense was concerned, but ruled that the charge for prosecuting the husband could not be allowed.

The Wood River Times says that exactly at midnight, when the old year went out and the new year came in, the slopes along the Wood river towns were alive with miners bent on securing to themselves a few new mining claims. Over 300 good locations in that vicinity made last year were not represented. They had been watched throughout the fall by nearly as many men, who, in case the locators did not appear in time, were prepared to relocate or jump them for themselves. Many had gone out to the claims they intended to jump the week before with tents, blankets, tools and grub, so as to be the first [illegible]. Over 300 men had left the towns on the [illegible] to make locations, and most of them returned in the afternoon of the first.

An agent of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands is in London to buy a crown to be used at the coronation of his royal highness in January. That is a good market, as England is supposed to have several second hand ones in her stock, the original proprietors having no further use for them. There is a great difference in tastes as to the style of crowns. An African traveler reports that he was received by a native sovereign in full [illegible] for his crown an empty tin can on which was still visible the original label, "concentrated gravy." That would probably not suit Kalakaua, but it answered every purpose in the interior of the Dark Continent.

Miss Kate Field, who is a [illegible] woman in many ways, got up a co-operative dress association in New York, the object of which was not so much to introduce reform in dress as to furnish ladies with dress goods at cheaper rates, and to protect them from supposed extortioners in the dry goods trade. This association became Miss Field's hobby, and she strove hard to make it successful, but it has failed. Here is another proof that amateurs in any business have not much show of success when they undertake to compete in any line of trade or business with those who know what they are about.

A Cincinnati judge has decided that parties uttering messages over telephone wires must not use the word "damn." The telephone, says the judge, "reaches into all classes of society, not only into business circles, but into many family circles. It must be remembered that it is possible, from the peculiar arrangement of the instrument, to have a communication that is intended for one individual reach another. All communications therefore should be in proper language." A very proper decision. [illegible] your telephone.

Wiggins has been interviewed again by a correspondent of the New York Herald, and is still to be great on [illegible], and he insists that it will come on time. He says that he has foretold several other [illegible] storms which have failed to materialize when due. In January he anticipates a storm which will be much above the average. Upon the 9th of February a great storm will strike the Atlantic, but these will be mere bagatelles in comparison with the storm which is coming in March. Wiggins proposes [illegible] between him and [illegible] Washington.

Gen. [illegible] Gordon of Georgia [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. [illegible]

For the [illegible] of [illegible] the following information [illegible] St. Paul [illegible] 1882 [illegible] St. Paul has 7[illegible] inhabitants and Portland 2[illegible]

Liquid Ammonia for Insect Stings.

[illegible]

SOME NEW BOOKS.

[illegible]

[illegible] That which [illegible] is worth all the dramatic writings of the [illegible] of any living English poet. [illegible] villains [illegible] should be bought so shortly.

[illegible] has published through Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, a book entitled "American Law Studies, or Self-Preparation for Practice in the United States." It [illegible] suggestions in aiding the young man to decide whether he is fitted for the legal profession, takes him through a course of study with and without the aid of the law school, giving directions as to the best mode of acquiring a knowledge of the law, and applying it practically, giving a list of books and a synopsis of the works that should be read and studied, and a method of getting a good knowledge of reported cases up to the time of his admission to the bar, and through his early practice. It is divided into five books. Book I is rather preliminary and discusses the different methods of pursuing legal studies. Book II gives a working knowledge of general laws, junior and senior courses in contracts and in torts, and also in criminal law, civil procedure and kindred subjects, management of law suits and advocacy, importance of statutory [illegible] and personal property and equity, and guide to reports and statutes. Book III [illegible] federal and state laws, and directions as to best methods of [illegible]. Book IV treats of subjects which form the main concern of the young lawyer after admission, and are accessory to the strictly legal course, such as necessary non-legal knowledge, law periodicals, libraries, etc. Book V treats of the Roman law and [illegible], giving a list of books and [illegible]

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Stedman's essay on Emerson is expected [illegible] in an early number of *The Century.*

The February [illegible] number will contain a frontispiece portrait of Mr. George William Curtis, which is said to be one of the most successful engravings that Mr. Cole has yet made. The accompanying article will be from the pen of Mr. S. S. Conant of [illegible]

Major [illegible] is living on his farm in [illegible]. His farm is [illegible] him a [illegible]. Its chief product is [illegible] made cloth for [illegible] of clothing, which he [illegible] General Gordon of confederate army fame.

[illegible] says an English writer [illegible] life [illegible] Trollope. He was full of [illegible] obstinate [illegible] argument. Once [illegible] a party of friends were [illegible]. Some subject of importance was being considered [illegible]. Trollope, engaged in conversation at the other end of the room, at once raised his head and his voice. "I differ from you entirely," he roared like a bull at a drag. "I differ from you entirely! What was it you said?"

THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

The Hotel des Invalides in Paris was established in 1670 by Louis Fourteenth as an asylum for invalid soldiers, and it has since been used for that purpose. Amid its cluster of glorious memories of the great military achievements of the past, and under its dome, in a magnificent tomb, rest the remains of the great Napoleon. A year ago fourteen of the survivors of Napoleon's campaigns were among the inmates of the hospital. Originally designed to accommodate 6000 invalids, it now contains [illegible]

[illegible]

The Better the Levees the Worse the Floods.

[illegible]

AN OLD NEW MEXICAN CHURCH.

The Zuni Indians' Work—Priests Introducing the Olive, the Pear and the Grape.

[illegible]

I first saw the ruins of the building in 1873. It was then in a ruined condition, but much of the outline of the original edifice was plainly visible. Many interesting traditions and some facts were told me regarding the structure by old Koslowsky and [illegible]. It is believed that the early Indians lived generations ago on the tablelands of New Mexico, and not as now in mountainous regions. The Zunis built the Pecos church under the supervision of the Jesuits. When detached parties of adventurous soldiers of fortune, followers or descendants of Cortez, journeyed northward from old Mexico, they were accompanied by priests. Wherever it was possible missions were established, and the holy fathers began their work of conversion. These missions marked the route of the expeditionary forces, and to this day many of the adobe buildings are in a good state of preservation. The Pecos church is one. The priests introduced olive and pear trees and particularly grape vines. To the fruit from the latter was then given the name of the Mission grape. Every church had its patron saint. That near Fort Union, New Mexico, is the church of St. Guadalupe; near Fort Bayard, New Mexico, the Mission of Santa Rita; near Fort [illegible], Arizona, the Cathedral of St. Xavier [illegible]. Southern California is filled with these missions, and gigantic olive trees six feet in circumference and grape vines a foot in diameter still bear fruit in San Diego, Cal., close beside the beautiful palm trees also planted long before our day by the holy fathers or their native proselytes.

The once famous Santa Rita copper mines were worked by these zealous Catholics. The productiveness of the mines of precious metals more than a century ago is attested by the [illegible] at Madrid, at the City of Mexico, at Santa Fe, and many other places. At one time the county clerk at Silver City, New Mexico, had in his possession [illegible] parchment records showing the shipment from the church of the [illegible] by pack mule train to the City of Mexico of a large amount of precious metal and pure copper [illegible] New Mexican mines contributed by missions for the good of the church.

These records cover an [illegible] in the history of this country, and afford abundant study for the archæologist. The oldest settlement in the United States is not at St. Augustine [illegible] recorded history [illegible] located in Florida.

The Pecos church was built by the Indians [illegible], and they builded better than they knew. The adobe bricks have been exposed these forty years to wind and weather. The [illegible] of the ruin is manifest in the [illegible], but a portion of the walls still stand. In 1873 a part of one side, sixty-five by thirty feet, was standing, and the [illegible] timbers were larger than could be hewn from any trees now growing in New Mexico. [illegible] pieces of lumber were [illegible], are matters for conjecture only. The sills were all quaintly ornamented, appearing as if red hot ax shaped stones had been used to burn irregular curves upon their surface. The adobe bricks were each 40x24x12 inches and harder than most kiln burned brick.

Koslowsky told me that [illegible] the mission bell had been stolen, but it is more than probable that he was the depredator, as by his own confession he has spent much time in undermining the church searching for treasure. In fact, his only son was killed by lightning while digging for vessels of gold and silver alleged to have been buried beneath the altar by the priests at a time when the Navajo Indians raided the pueblo.

Near by the church are the remains of a pueblo or village of Indians believed to have been Zunis, and a circle of stones is pointed out as the location of their sacred fire, once kept constantly burning awaiting the coming of Montezuma [illegible]. These Zunis were not a warlike people, and suffered greatly from the incursions of the [illegible] Navajoes. The raids became [illegible] that they finally abandoned the Pecos pueblo and migrated about three hundred miles westward to what is now Fort Wingate. [illegible] instinct of self preservation [illegible]

The demolition of the Pecos church is due [illegible] vandalism of such as Koslowsky [illegible] the natural ravages of time. [illegible] The death by lightning within the church walls of Koslowsky's son was followed by the death of [illegible] a United States military telegraph line [illegible] in front of Koslowsky's ranch [illegible]

Effect of Alcohol on the Brain.

[illegible]

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[illegible]

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No, it is not conformity that we want, it is not being able to beat the world in its own way, but it is to stand apart and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power.—*Bushnell.*

Christ is risen, and is a living presence in the household of His disciples, more a presence in the visible church to-day than he ever was in the synagogues of Palestine, or even the upper chamber of Jerusalem; and [illegible] fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, [illegible] life eternal.—*Lyman Abbott.*

The crusaders have passed into history and serve now to fill only a few of its pages. The scarlet cross on the mantle has perished with the wearer, but the cross in the heart abides still in the souls of the justified. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity. The blossoms and fruit from these branches cannot be mistaken. Whenever and wherever they may be found, whoever cultivates these Christian graces in the heart bears the sign of the cross, for the Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Rev. T. Taylor.*

How few read Fenelon and Pascal now. What a contrast all this presents to the spirit of the Christian life! The genius of the gospel is in harmony with the still moments of the spiritual communion and elevated taste and heavenly affection. It says: "Not in the feverishness of excitement, not in the tumult of passion, not in the noise of faction, not in the conflicts of ambition, not in proud pre-eminence and brilliant success, is your true life." "Enoch walked with God." "Go forth into the wilderness and I will there talk with you." "Every man went to his home; Jesus went to the Mount of Olives."

Without adoration we grow stagnant or retrograde in things pertaining to morals as in mental acquirements. It is easy to say we can worship God by reading a good sermon at home. The cares of the household often crowd out the book we mean to read. The spirit of worship promoted by the sanctuary, the rest that the house of God gives, the taking of the mind from every day duties and surroundings, the inspiration to better living, the influence upon others in keeping the day sacred, all make regular church-going a necessity to those who would keep their Christian hope and life in a condition that shall be a joy to themselves and an inspiration to others.—*Congregationalist.*

Moral decay in the family is the invariable prelude to public corruption. It is a false distinction which we make between public integrity and private honor. The man whom you cannot admit into your family, whose morals are corrupt, cannot be a pure statesman. Whoever studies history will be profoundly convinced that a nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties. Rome mixed with Greece and learned her morals. The Goth was at her gates, but she fell not until she was corrupted and tainted at the heart. The domestic corruption preceded the political. When there was no longer purity on the hearthstones, nor integrity in her senate, then, and not till then, her death-knell was rung.—*Robertson.*

St. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians: "When we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." He himself refused to give, and he authoritatively forbade others to give where giving would do more harm than good. Wise charity must often wear this stern aspect, but its gentleness is [illegible] more to be called into question on that account than the reality of the apostle's [illegible]. He refuses to support out of church funds those who, though able to [illegible] their own bread, preferred to live upon their neighbors. His language is strong, and his tone [illegible] decided in treating of this matter [illegible]

Cutting Jewish Women's Hair.

There is a remarkable mystery surrounding the origin of the custom of the Jewish women cutting off their hair and donning a wig on their marriage. Even at the present day the [illegible] The custom of cutting off the hair of the bride upon the wedding day is not mentioned in the Talmud. According to Mishnah Ketuboth [illegible] it is contrary to Jewish [illegible] for married women to appear in the street with [illegible] hair. [illegible]—*Jewish Chronicle.*

[illegible] This [illegible] more than a minister can.

THE HOLLANDERS.

A Persevering People Wresting Their Country from the Ocean.

[illegible] letter [illegible] Americans [illegible] large [illegible] Washington Irving [illegible] He is dressed always with great [illegible] instead of being dull and [illegible] of the most busy and bustling places [illegible] all Europe.

[illegible] Americans may well claim that [illegible] the whole of the Kingdom [illegible] from the ocean [illegible] a constant struggle with the Atlantic for its possession. [illegible] the whole country, its farms and villages would again be under water, and the ocean winds would howl over what is now the richest agricultural country in the world. To get some idea of what Holland is, and what labor it has cost to make it what it is, imagine a country centuries ago, near all of which was many feet below the level of the sea, and the sections above the level merely low lying islands, marshes and swamps, and a vast area a part of the sea itself, the interior being lower than the line of the shallows of the coast. Imagine then the building of a wall on a coast where the tide rises sixteen feet, strong enough to resist not only the rush of the tide but the added fury of the severe storms which prevail in the northern countries. After this embankment was built the water had to be removed, pumped out, that the land might be habitable. As the elevation from the lowest levels of the land to the level of the sea is too great for the water in the interior to be raised at one operation, a series of dykes had to be built, with a canal on the exterior of each, the water from the interior level pumped by means of wind mills to the canal outside the first dyke, from thence to the canal on the second, and so on for many miles till it is finally discharged into the highest level, the ocean. Small canals or ditches are dug every sixty feet, in which the water is drained from the land, collected, as it were, to be pumped from one to the other of the main canals, which are sixty feet wide and six to eight feet deep.

And this work has been going on for centuries—this constant fight against the elements. It justifies the old Dutch saying, "God made the sea, we made the shore."

The country must be protected by dykes against the rivers as well as the ocean, for the deposits brought down from their sources have raised their beds above the level of the country, and but for costly embankments would inundate the country and convert it again into the swamp it was. Holland is a country of dykes and ditches. With so much land in the world unoccupied, it is a mystery why reclamation on such a vast scale was ever attempted, and why it is maintained at such enormous cost, but it was and is, and the country is the richest and most prosperous in Europe.

The dykes are constructed of earth stamped and compressed to make them as hard as possible, and then planted with willows and trees, the roots of which make more solid the earth. In places immense walls of solid masonry are found necessary to make them proof against the action of the fierce waves.

The pumping is done at the expense of the government, the service costing 6,000,000 florins a year.

The extraordinary fertility of these "polders," as the reclaimed land is termed, is accounted for by the fact that when there is too much water in the soil it can be drained in a very short time, and when there is a drouth the land may be irrigated without trouble or expense. The land is everywhere many feet lower than the canals.

If the sea wall should break it would inundate the first level; if the volume of water should break through the second dyke it would rush on to a third, and so on till the whole country be inundated. It is this ever-threatening danger which calls for the care which is taken of the dykes, and the vigilant watch that is kept over them. The safety of the whole kingdom depends upon their strength.

It is now proposed to reclaim the whole of the Zuyder Zee, which will give Holland a new province of 987 square miles, at an estimated cost of 120,000,000 florins, making the land cost nearly $175 an acre. It is well worth it, however, as the crops grown on these lands are enormous, and from their contiguity to the great consuming cities of the world, everything grown in Holland brings a very high price. Besides this, owing to their facilities for irrigation, dry seasons do not affect them, and as they can pump all the water off they choose to, wet seasons are of no damage. As the climate is very regular, good crops are the rule. In Holland art has triumphed over nature. Give a Hollander a sea and a windmill, and he will make a farm anywhere, providing it is wet enough. After what they have done, it would not be singular if, after finishing the Zuyder Zee, they should tackle the great German ocean. They are capable of anything in this direction.

The windmills are cumbrous, but very effective. The machinery used to pump the water is a long screw propelled by the windmill, which raises a steady stream, and a very large one, any hight desired. The crown of the dykes makes their principal roads, and, as they are paved with the conscientiousness that characterizes the work of the Dutch in everything, very delightful roads they are. It is a novel sight to be riding along them and looking down from your carriage upon immense barges not five feet from you. Then your sight ranges over the perfectly flat country as far as the eye can reach, ships, barges and boats of all kinds, sometimes above you and sometimes below, sailing in every possible direction. As you cannot see the water under them, it looks as though they were making way by some invisible power "across lots" and going wheresoever they pleased. One is reminded of the captain of an Ohio river boat who, boasting of the little water she drew, claimed he would sail the Mary Ann across a meadow if the dew was on the grass.

Everywhere you see cows all black and white, and magnificent animals they are. The peculiarity of a Dutch landscape is cows and trees, and a picturesque landscape they make. The country is perfectly flat—if there is any difference it is that one section is flatter than another—but as the eye takes in miles of territory, and as the canals and roads are all bordered with trees, and as the houses all have enormous steep roofs of red tiles, and as the fields are full of cows, with villages very thickly dotted over the country, there is no lack of [illegible]. It doesn't require a cold [illegible] to make beauty. A mountain is beautiful in its way, and beauty has many forms. [illegible] After you have been surfeited with the Rhine, with its vine-clad hills and [illegible] ruins [illegible] rocks, flat Holland, with its green fields, red brown houses and black and white cows, is a positive relief.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Rumor That The Great Yankee Humorist Has Softening of the Brain.

Mr. John G. Saxe, the poet, still resides in Albany, at the home of his son, and is an invalid. The disease from which he suffers is neuralgia, affecting the great nerve centres, and accompanied by chronic dyspepsia. The result is considerable physical pain and a degree of emaciation. As exaggerated statements have been made concerning the gentleman's condition, it is well that the facts be thus correctly given. It should be added that no impairment of mental strength is characteristic or a consequence of the disease, and that, of course, the reports of Mr. Saxe having experienced softening of the brain have no foundation in fact. The poet reads regularly, but feels disinclined to writing [illegible] conversation [illegible] as at any time. His many friends and admirers [illegible] his illness will [illegible] be gratified to know that the [illegible] are totally devoid of truth.

NEW TO-DAY.

LEADING [illegible] HOUSE OF OREGON.

MINDERHOUT & CO.,

Portland, Oregon.

PIANOS. ORGANS.

[illegible]

Twenty-seven Different Styles to Select from. The Best Instruments in the World.

PIANOS. ORGANS.

[illegible] Terms on our Easy Rent Plan. [illegible] Special Installment Plans. [illegible]

MINDERHOUT & CO.

FOR RENT.

F[illegible]

FOR RENT.

A DESIRABLE ROOM TO RENT AT [illegible] Washington street.

ROOM FOR RENT.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOM, WITH BOARD, at No. 1[illegible] Yamhill street.

WANTED—A BOOKKEEPER [illegible]

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK, to go short distance in country. Inquire at No. 192 Fifth street, corner Taylor.

W. WHITWELL, [illegible] Notary Public.

MYERS & WHITWELL,
Real Estate Agents and Insurance Brokers,
No. 1[illegible] First Street.

LOANS NEGOTIATED.

By permission, refer to Messrs. Allen & Lewis, Whitney, Goldsmith & Co., W. Jackson & Co., Wadhams & Co., Elliott and Everding & Farrell.

FOR RENT.

FOUR SUITES OF ROOMS IN A NEW HOUSE, newly furnished with [illegible], corner of Third and Mill streets. Apply at southwest [illegible]

FOR SALE.

TWO NEW COTTAGES ON TAYLOR STREET, each containing 5 [illegible] finished rooms, bath room and closets; will be ready for occupancy by Feb. 1. The corner will be sold for $[illegible], and the inside one for $2500. Metropolitan R. E. Office, room 25 Union Block, Stark street.

KENNETH MACKENZIE, M. D.,
(Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.)

OFFICE—Odeon's Block, Room 4, corner of Ash and First streets.

RESIDENCE—At Donald Macleay's, Thirteenth and Yamhill streets.

WANTS.

WANTED—A CLASS OF YOUNG MEN TO learn the club-swinging exercise. Strictly private. Lessons by an experienced teacher. Address 134 Stark street.

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

Special rates to advertisers wanting employment.

WANTED—BY A SINGLE MAN, A SITUATION as warehouseman in city or country. J. P., this office.

SITUATION WANTED—A DRUG CLERK, CITY reference. Six years experience not graduate of Pharmacy. Address J. R. K., P. O. box 65.

WANTED—SITUATION IN HOTEL, RESTAURANT or private family, by a good German cook and wife; no children. Inquire at room No. 12, [illegible] hotel.

TO LET—ROOMS.

FRONT ROOM TO RENT, SUITABLE FOR single man, at 90 N. Sixth st., near Stark.

FOR RENT, WITH BOARD—LARGE FURNISHED room for single gentleman. Reference required. Inquire 35 Sixth street, cor. Stark.

FOR RENT, WITH BOARD—LARGE, ELEGANTLY furnished sleeping room, suitable for two. Inquire at 35 Sixth street, corner Stark. Reference required.

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT.

NEW HOUSE, HARD FINISHED, WITH FIVE rooms, and water; $[illegible] per month. Seventh and Grant streets, No. 142.

BUSINESS SPECIALS

MUSIC.

MISS DORA McCORD WILL GIVE INSTRUCTIONS on violin and piano at reasonable rates. Residence corner F and Fourth streets, East Portland.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between the undersigned under the firm name of John Kraetz & Co., in keeping the Humboldt Brewery, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, John Kraetz retiring therefrom, having sold and delivered his interest therein and in the property thereof to Lambert Kratz, who will collect all debts due and to become due and pay all liabilities of the firm.

JOHN KRAETZ,
LAMBERT KRATZ.

East Portland, Jan. 11, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the steamer Calliope will present the same at the office of Wm. Strong & Sons, attorneys-at-law, Pelham's building, corner of First and Washington streets, city. I. E. DENNY.

Dated Jan. 11, 1883.

FOR SALE.

HORSES FOR SALE.

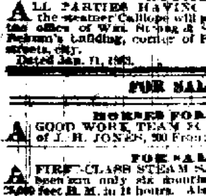
A GOOD WORK TEAM FOR SALE. INQUIRE of J. H. JONES, 200 Front street.

FOR SALE.

A FIRST-CLASS STEAM SAW MILL HAVING been run only six months. Average capacity 20,000 feet B. M. in 11 hours. Also 27 head of good work oxen, and all the necessary appurtenances for logging, sawing and conducting a steam saw mill. Present location of mill is on Grave creek, Josephine county, Oregon. For terms, apply at Mill, or to A. S. Miller & Son, No. 73 N. First street, Portland.

A. S. MILLER & SON.

BOOTS AND SHOES.



SHOES! SHOES! BOOTS. BOOTS.

Received from Eastern Houses a consignment of Sixty Thousand Dollars' worth of Boots and Shoes, which we will sell for the Next Thirty Days so as to give one and all, far and near, a show to buy cheap. Only two pairs of each kind of shoes will be sold to each customer, as these prices are 20 per cent. lower than the New York market rates. The following are the prices:

American Kid Button Shoes [illegible]
Cur Kid, worked button holes [illegible]
Cur Kid, the very latest styles, French [illegible]
Ladies' Pebbled Goat, worked button holes [illegible]
Ladies' Pebbled Goat Shoes [illegible]
Ladies' Oil Pebbled Goat, best in the market [illegible]
Ladies' Pebbled Goat, cork soles [illegible]
Ladies' Pebbled Goat, top soles [illegible]
Ladies' French Kid [illegible] and upwards

Gentlemen's wear will be sold in the same proportion as the prices above.

Don't forget the place—

New York Boot & Shoe House

No. 103 First st., bet. Yamhill and Taylor, Portland, Or.

HYMAN GALLICK, Prop'r.

AMUSEMENTS.

PAVILION SKATING RINK.

Second Grand Masquerade Carnival

January 20th.

SKATING EVERY

Morning for children, from 9 to 12.
Afternoon for ladies and gentlemen, 2 to 5.
Evening for all, from 7:30 to 10 P. M.

Admission and use of skates, mornings and afternoons, 25c; evenings, admission [illegible]

Special Attractions Saturday Evenings.

Admission Saturday evenings [illegible]

STEPHENS & SPERRY, Props.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

BY MAIL—(POSTAGE PREPAID) IN ADVANCE.

Daily, per month	[illegible]
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per month	[illegible]
Daily, per year	[illegible]
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per year	[illegible]
Sunday Oregonian, per year	[illegible]
Sunday and Weekly Oregonian, per year	[illegible]
The Weekly Oregonian, per year	[illegible]
TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.	
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	[illegible]
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	[illegible]

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

Is for sale at the following places:

Postoffice cigar store.
Hapley, South and Harrison.
Mrs. Atkinson's, Third and Yamhill.
Brown's, No. 52 Morrison.
Dunbar's, No. 167 First.
Mulgel, No. 141 First.
Lemke, First and Morrison.
Potter's, First and Washington.
Chamberlain's, First near Oak.
Stearns, 68 First.
S. E. Sheard's, First and Ash.
The Bazar, First and [illegible].
Geo. Tagher's, First near E.
Cigar Store, S. W. Cor. First and Salmon.
Vinton, 21 First.
Mrs. Cottrell, First bet. E and F.
Dunbar's, cor. Front and First.
E. Yaron, Fourth bet. I and J, East Portland.
And at the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor. [illegible] and Stark.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

[illegible] has been appointed cashier of the First National bank.

The ship Corelia, from New York, delivered her cargo in splendid order.

[illegible] Clay has been ill for several days, and is still confined to his room.

Gen. Frank Wheaton, Post Commander of Fort [illegible], is in the city.

The condition of Robert A. Habersham, who is ill of [illegible] fever, was much worse yesterday.

[illegible] Typographical Union, No. 58, meets [illegible] at 1:30 o'clock, over Prentice's music store.

A little excitement was created by a runaway on [illegible] street yesterday morning, but no damage was done.

[illegible], clerk at the custom house, who has [illegible] ten days with pneumonia, is able to be [illegible]

[illegible] the now famous Chinese actor, appeared [illegible] large and admiring audience of celestials.

[illegible] Gardner, Indian inspector, is at the Esmond. He has now visited all the agencies in Oregon.

The funeral of John Feurer, who died Friday at St. Vincent's hospital, will be held to-morrow morning at [illegible] o'clock.

[illegible] for attempted jury bribery means not [illegible] two years nor more than ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

[illegible], who was arrested a few days since, charged with stealing a duck, was yesterday released from custody. He proved to be the wrong [illegible]

The [illegible] annual ball of the Ancient Order of H[illegible] will take place at Turn Halle on Tuesday evening. The entertainments of this society are first-class.

[illegible] Oliver, Martin Smallden and Terry Gil[illegible], of the gang of chicken thieves which has been raiding the hen roosts of the western part of the city, were arrested last evening.

[illegible] appointed to solicit subscriptions for [illegible] sufferers by the late floods in Germany yesterday sent $1000 by telegraph to H. Villard, at New York, who will at once forward it to its destination. [illegible] will probably raise as much more [illegible] their labors are over.

[illegible] LAWYER COMING.

[illegible] Seward, son of the late Secretary Seward, has been engaged as counsel for Wells, [illegible] in their suit against the N. P. R. R. Co. [illegible] San Francisco on his way to this city. He [illegible] there about a week before leaving for [illegible]

DEATH LURKING IN CORNS.

[illegible] time since a drayman of this city, named [illegible] trimmed a corn upon his toe. Shortly after it became very sore, and he entered the [illegible] It is now feared that blood poisoning has [illegible] and the physicians yesterday wished to [illegible] the toe, but [illegible] objected.

BOUGHT AN INTEREST.

I. E. Denny has purchased a two-third interest in the steamer Calliope which plies on the [illegible] this city and Washougal, and will in [illegible] as purser on board of her. In a short [illegible] will be taken out on the ways and thoroughly [illegible] and repainted for the summer trade.

JURORS FOR THE COUNTY COURT.

[illegible] of Jacob Muller against Joe Buchtel, to recover damages against defendant when sheriff, [illegible] a certain attachment levied by Muller, a jury trial will be held and the following [illegible] summoned: Lot Taylor, Tyler Woodward, [illegible] Barr, M. M. Hunter, N. Lambert and [illegible]

SHIPPING NOTES.

Steamer [illegible] sailed in from sea, yesterday, [illegible] in Baker's bay.

The Oregon arrived down at 5 P. M. Will go outward to-day.

The Eureka, for Alaska, arrived down at [illegible] and will also leave outward this morning.

TAKEN HOME.

[illegible], whose foot was amputated some [illegible] improves very slowly, and his wife being [illegible] to have him at home, Ex-Mayor Craw[illegible] from Salem yesterday and attended to his [illegible] The symptoms are favorable [illegible] but his age and consequent low vitality [illegible] his recovery tedious.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CHILD.

[illegible] afternoon, while Judge Stott was holding [illegible] word was brought to him that his infant [illegible] of age, was seriously ill. Court was [illegible] adjourned but before the judge [illegible] the little one was dead. It had been [illegible] convulsions, brought on by teething, [illegible] assistance could be obtained life was [illegible]

SENTENCED FOR NINETY DAYS.

[illegible] Barnes and Willie Mowbray, two [illegible] arrested for stealing wheat on one [illegible] Shippers have been annoyed for some [illegible] sacks cut open and wheat stolen, and [illegible] these two lads were caught. As [illegible] up before Judge Moreland frequently [illegible] well and accordingly sent them up [illegible]

POSTOFFICE BUSINESS.

[illegible] summary of the business transacted [illegible] Portland postoffice during last year: [illegible] and postal cards sold, $38,398.77; [illegible] salaries of postmaster, clerks, railway [illegible] free delivery clerks and weighing [illegible].47. Money orders issued—Domestic, [illegible] foreign, $25,715.40; total, $278,112.89. [illegible] paid—Domestic, $616,992.28; foreign, [illegible] total, $637,003.54.

THE DOUBLE FERRY.

[illegible] expect to have their extra ferry-boat [illegible] the 20th inst. A temporary landing [illegible] constructed from the foot of M street [illegible] present I street slip till the river rises [illegible] of driving piles or a roadway [illegible] street, where it will conform to the [illegible] grade. This enterprise will be [illegible] by the traveling public, as the accommodations [illegible] this way doubled.

STREET CONTRACTS LET.

[illegible] for improving West Park street, [illegible] Salmon, by grading, macadamizing, [illegible] and crosswalks was, yesterday, let [illegible] company for $1402.01. The contract [illegible] Front street, from Vine to Ash, [illegible] pavement was also let to the same [illegible] $1887.47. The contract for constructing [illegible] Columbia street, from Eighth to Ninth [illegible] to J. Gibson for $30[illegible].91.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

[illegible] recently made provides for the [illegible] through Pullman cars from New York [illegible] over the Pennsylvania, Chicago, [illegible] St. Paul and Northern Pacific, to go [illegible] as soon as the connection is made across [illegible] during the coming summer. The [illegible] system of through cars was recently [illegible] on an eastern visit of Mr. Pullman. It [illegible] only route over which through cars will [illegible] to ocean.

LECTURE.

[illegible] Duniway will lecture by invitation of [illegible] in the Congregational church on next [illegible] evening, January 15. Subject, "[illegible]." The ladies of the church having [illegible] in charge will spare no pains to make [illegible] an attractive one. Professor [illegible] music, and by request will sing the [illegible] "Watchman, What of the Night?" [illegible] he fairly electrified the large audience [illegible] Mrs. D. on the occasion of her recent [illegible] lecture in the hall of the Y. M. C. A.

[illegible] MURDERERS SURRENDERED.

[illegible] Marshal E. S. Kearney returned from Pendleton yesterday, having in charge the four Indians, [illegible] West Soot, Petere and [illegible] Host, charged with the murder of the [illegible] Mulhearn on the [illegible] reservation some time since. As has been [illegible] in these columns, Sheriff Martin of Umatilla [illegible] to deliver up these Indians to the U. S. [illegible] the grand jury of Umatilla county having [illegible] them for the murder and a day being [illegible] for their trial in the state circuit court [illegible] that the U. S. authorities claimed that the [illegible] found by them antedated those [illegible] the state authorities, Judge [illegible] issued a warrant for the arrest of Sheriff [illegible] for obstruction of the process of the U. S. [illegible] Marshal Kearney's arrival at Pendleton [illegible] Sheriff was absent, but county officials delivered [illegible] the prisoners to the marshal and also came down [illegible]

[illegible] with might have the matter dragged. Prosecuting Attorney Hyde, of Umatilla county, has written to District Attorney Watson that he will be down on the 22d inst., to look after the Indian case. [illegible] whether the U. S. or state authorities will have jurisdiction in the matter for the trial of the Indians, it will make but little difference to them, as the proof of their guilt is said to be conclusive. There is still an Indian at large who is implicated [illegible] the [illegible] will be tried at the [illegible]

ANOTHER SUIT.

And now comes William Reid, and in a cause of complaint alleges that the Oregonian Navigation Company Limited has failed and neglected to pay him his salary as president and general manager. The suit was begun in the state circuit court yesterday for $10,000, for services covering a period of upwards of two years. The Navigation Company was actively engaged in business some twelve or fourteen months ago, and was in some way connected with the Oregon Railway Company Limited. Messrs. McDonald & Brower represent the plaintiff.

CAP EXPLOSION.

Yesterday morning, a lad named McCarver, while cleaning up the yard at his father's residence at the corner of First and Sheridan streets, found a box of giant powder caps which had been dropped by some one. Being of an inquiring turn of mind he undertook to investigate the condition of the fulminate in the caps by trying them with a pocket knife. During the process the caps exploded and pieces of it cut his fingers and wrist severely and also slightly wounded his face. He knows more about caps now than he did before.

A NEW SCANDINAVIAN CHURCH.

The Scandinavian Baptist society of this city is now engaged in an effort to complete the erection of a house of worship. The Rev. O. Okerson, a very worthy and hard-working Baptist minister, has been laboring with his Scandinavian countrymen for about two years to build up a mission in this city. He has been holding public worship [illegible] in the [illegible] First Baptist church, [illegible] has had fair congregations. It is believed that a large increase [illegible] would be secured by a separate church.

[illegible]

On Friday a lad about nine years old, arrived in this city from Weeksville, Mont., consigned to Messrs. Dubois & King, to be forwarded to the Bishop Scott grammar school. He was sent to his destination, and during the afternoon was taken out for a drive by Head Master Hill. Shortly after he was returned to the school he was missed, and about midnight was found in a saloon down town asleep. The saloon keeper sent him to the school again, and yesterday morning was again missing, and at latest accounts had not been found. The little lad is evidently as wild as a partridge, and cannot brook restraint and discipline.

FAST MAIL SERVICE TO TACOMA.

The postoffice employes of this section, and especially the railway service, are overworked. Mr. J. B. Welch, route agent from Portland to Tacoma, returned to this city last night, bringing with him 20 sacks of mail out of 47 taken out on Friday morning that he had not the time to work over and sort for its destinations on the Sound. It is well that this kind of business should be published widely. If the people's mails are to be carried back and forth over the rail and river lines several times before being delivered, they ought to know it. An extra man is needed upon the arrival of every steamer and the post-office authorities should see that such a man is supplied at once.

ROUGH ON THE CHINAMEN.

Considerable excitement was occasioned on board the steamship O. T. Lock last evening, by one of the Chinese passengers going crazy. He shouted and yelled around the decks till overpowered and placed in safety below. Probably the poor wretch's mind was turned by gazing on the shores of this land of liberty and seeing

"Green fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand clothed in living green."

And thinking that between him and this Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, rolled the Jordan of the restriction law. It is probably a good thing for the country, but it is mighty rough on the Chinaman.

CHICKEN THIEF CAUGHT.

Yesterday forenoon a son of Frank Dekum discovered a gang of chicken thieves prowling around his father's barn. On being questioned as to what they were doing there they ran off pursued by young Dekum. After running a short distance they stopped and turned around throwing stones at him, forcing him to retreat to the house. Mr. Dekum shortly after came home and found a sack of chickens which had been dropped by the gang in their flight. In a short time the thieves came back to recover the sack and one of them was arrested and handed over to the police. The chickens were stolen from a shoemaker, and the thieves left an order on his slate for more. The great demand for poultry among the Chinese, on account of the coming New Year, tempts the hoodlums to put forth extra efforts to supply the market. As the names of a number of these boys are known it is to be hoped this business of stealing chickens will be soon brought to an end.

OREGONIANS IN CALIFORNIA.

A special dispatch to THE OREGONIAN from San Francisco, last evening, gives the following personal news:

Gen. J. W. Sprague arrived here from Oregon to-day, and leaves for Tehachapi, where he will be the guest of Capt. J. C. Ainsworth.

Mrs. Otis Sprague and Miss Jennie Sutton will be guests of Capt. Geo. J. Ainsworth, at the same place.

W. J. Kimball arrived here from the east to-day.

C. H. Hall left this morning on a visit to the southern portion of the state. He will remain at Los Angeles for a week.

Gen. Miles, with his family, which recently received an addition, will return to his post at Vancouver early in the spring.

Jean Dunand will shortly leave for a visit to Oregon in the interest of parties who desire to locate there permanently.

IMPEACHING TESTIMONY.

The bribery case in the state circuit court yesterday attracted a much smaller audience than upon previous days. The evidence was in the main dull and uninteresting. A large number of witnesses were examined. The testimony of many was for the purpose of impeaching Dr. Bois by proving his character to be immoral. Others examined the notes claimed to have been written by Mason, and said they did not think the handwriting was Mason's. Following are the names of those who testified: W. W. Page, Joe Bucht[illegible], Joe Taylor, Chas. Gardiner, H. R. Duniway, J. S. Giltner, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, A. C. Gibbs, B. C. Duniway, E. T. Howes, T. D. McManus, W. S. Chapman, J. H. Egan, Willis Duniway, Frank Browne, W. H. Wood, Anthony Moore, E. D. White, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, F. M. Lichtenthaler, Mrs. C. A. Coburn, B. F. Harrington, A. M. Cornelius, Chas. Graham, John Phelan, Richard Bird. The defense announced they would rest their case at the close of Bird's testimony, and the prosecution were preparing to introduce evidence in rebuttal, when Judge Stott was informed of the serious illness of his child and the court was quickly adjourned.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The steamship State of California sailed at 10 A. M. yesterday from San Francisco with the following named passengers:

John Muir
Theodore Mansfield
Mr Brown
K H King
G W Taylor
J F Newman
A R Mallory and wf
James Delano
H Marvin
H H Blake
Chas J Lord
G W Farden
S S Smith
John Jones
J L Laird
E A McDonald
A McDonald
Jas Lotan
C A Spreckles
L A Banks
W W Swerney
A Schlinger
A Bartlett
John Mortimore
John Harley
S Hobles
Charles W Bowle
L Bowman and wf
Wm Larden
[illegible] Lyman
Lottie Macklin
J Sherwin and wf
A C Mayo
F R Stokes and wf
Mrs M C Tibbet & 2 chldn
[illegible] Cogswell
F S Mead
Ah Sey
P F Beecher and wf
B Forry
D W Funk
J P Johnson
J Fountain and wf
F H Winship
Benjamin Stern
H W Monastes
I L T Galbraith
Louis Springer
Herman Franklin
Rev L Eggle
James Barman and wf
W R Neltner
Moses Datnenbaum
Jno Proctor
A Dijean
E Dudley
J Smith
N Ellis
Alfred D Kolman
F H Elder
E H Elder
Jas Lotan Jr
S H Weed
A Evans
Frank S Sutton
T A Peil
J S Stingle
John L Robinson
O M Allen
J W Gearhart
A Moore
F K Rule
R R Lansdale and dgtr
Charles Green
Wm Able
James McCarthey
A Culbertson
Miss Angele
W Andrews
P Smith
J S Bigham
J Simick and wf
Mrs W Keane
W W Brown
M R Barnes and wf
M C Lowrey
Wm [illegible]
Thos McCarthy

WHEAT AROUND WALLA WALLA.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

WALLA WALLA, Jan. 13.—The recent rise in wheat gives farmers every encouragement. Every available acre will be put into cultivation for the coming harvest, in expectation of high prices. At present there is no more wheat in the country than will supply the home demand. Prospects were never better for good crops for fall-sown wheat. The weather is snowy, but mild. Hopes are entertained that a foot of snow will fall and remain, thereby helping the crops by preventing their freezing out.

SET APART FOR THE LADIES.

On Monday afternoon, between half past one and half past four, a full line of the finest silks, satins, silk plushes, silk velvets, brocades, [illegible], cashmeres, etc., will be sold at auction by Mr. [illegible] in [illegible] Bros. & Co.'s store. The goods are invariably sold for what they bring and may be returned if they are not what Mr. Mellis represents them to be. A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies and gentlemen wishing to invest in choice dress goods.

PERSONAL.

Ney Churchman, dentist, lately with Dr. Jessup, has opened dental offices at the corner of First and Alder, rooms 13 and 14, Strowbridge building.

The Finest and Best.

Go to E. M. Jackson's, 171 First street, between Morrison and Yamhill, for the finest assortment of [illegible] at lowest prices. Repairing neatly done at low rates.

[illegible] supplied at lowest rates by J. K. Gill & Co.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Special Meeting Yesterday—Resolutions Approving the Action of Commander Merriman.

A special meeting of the Board of Trade was held yesterday afternoon, President Macleay in the chair. Mr. Macleay stated the object of the meeting [illegible] to take action with reference to the [illegible] Commander Merriman in [illegible] He moved that [illegible] justly and fairly.

William Reid offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, The Board of Trade of Portland, Oregon, has for many years been [illegible] with [illegible] existed in the territory of Alaska; [illegible]

Whereas, Said lawlessness has [illegible] by the attacks of [illegible]

Whereas, The [illegible] Alaska [illegible] the Board, whose [illegible] are vitally interested in the preservation of peace and good order in that territory, and

Whereas, The Board has noted with much satisfaction the [illegible] Commander Merriman in [illegible] American [illegible] American property [illegible]

Resolved, By the Board of Trade, of Portland, Oregon, That we hereby [illegible] of the course pursued by Commander Merriman [illegible]

Resolved, That Commander Merriman took the only proper action [illegible]

Resolved, That our thanks [illegible] be forwarded to Commander Merriman for his [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Kaller moved its adoption.

[illegible] every member present [illegible] and it passed with but one dissenting vote.

The president and secretary were instructed to prepare, certify and forward the resolutions.

[illegible] SUFFERERS.

The matter of [illegible] for the relief of the flood sufferers [illegible] brought up, and after some [illegible] willingness of members to contribute personally, Messrs. C. H. Dodd, D. P. Thompson and Wm. [illegible] were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions.

THE EAST SIDE.

[illegible]

I. R. Stearns, judge of the county court, accompanied by Drs. Saylor and Wheeler, made their appearance at the council chamber yesterday afternoon for the purpose of examining the demented individual arrested the day previous by the marshal. On being brought before them he answered the questions propounded readily and with seeming rationality. He gave his name as Jasper Shockley, aged 40 years, was a native of Virginia, had been married but had no children and didn't know whether his wife was living or not, had formerly lived in Lower California, had been a resident of Oregon eight years, and lately worked on a farm in Jackson county; had [illegible] property and relatives here, had recently been stopping at Chehalis, W. T., and came down here a few days ago. When questioned by Dr. Saylor as to what he intended to do here, he inquired if he wanted him to make a statement, and being answered in the affirmative, he said that he had been looking around, but did not know what he would do yet; that he was the Son of Man and the Holy Spirit, and that he represented the third person in Christ and continued in that strain till all present were convinced of his insanity. The necessary papers being made out, he was taken to the asylum by the marshal, offering no objection whatever till arriving at that institution, when he appeared to realize his situation, saying there was no cause to take him there, as he was all right. The marshal contended with him and left him to his fate.

EAST PORTLAND GAS COMPANY.

Mr. L. W. Leonard, representing the San Francisco company which projected the scheme of lighting East Portland with petroleum gas, arrived here yesterday for the purpose of effecting arrangements for carrying out the plans of the company. He was accompanied by Mr. R. [illegible], engineer, who will take charge of the works here as well as at Astoria, where a similar company has been organized. The company have purchased two lots on the corner of Second and G streets for the location of their works, and the above gentlemen accompanied by Mr. Howden, the brick contractor, visited the site during the day to consider the preliminaries of building. The capital stock of the company is placed at $50,000, of which $20,000 is subscribed by citizens of East Portland. The organization is complete, and the company have contracted with the projectors for the consideration of $[illegible] to build the works, lay two miles of pipe and furnish seventy five meters, the works to be completed and in operation by the first of April next. From Mr. Leonard it is learned that all the material was shipped from San Francisco yesterday. The projectors claim the light produced from petroleum gas, as manufactured by them, to be twenty-six candle power, which is nearly double that produced from coal gas as furnished in Portland, which is said to be but fourteen candle power. If these claims are realized in East Portland, this city will have made a stride toward emerging from its darkness and obscurity which is not likely to be eclipsed except by the possibilities of electricity.

CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL.

The following items, taken from the annual reports of the various officers of the First Congregational Sabbath school of East Portland, will give an idea of the work and present standing of the school. The number in attendance during the year was 174; present membership, 100, divided into eight classes of various grades; average attendance, [illegible]; books in library, 138; periodicals distributed weekly, [illegible]; collections, $48; offerings for home missions, $10.45. The officers for the school were all re-elected and are as follows: Superintendent, Charles F. Plympton; assistant superintendent and chorister, George H. Fox; secretary and treasurer, Frank Plympton; librarian, George Nicolai.

ALLEGED LARCENY.

S. K. West yesterday lodged complaint in Justice Bullock's court against El. Morrill for the larceny of a truck stake. Mr. Morrill was arrested, and gave bonds for his appearance on Monday next. The defendant claims that the stake is his property, having lost it some time since, and that he took it because he identified it as belonging to him.

HAND SHATTERED.

Dr. Raffety was summoned last evening to the residence of Mr. S. Pierson, near Gravelly Hill, to attend his son, aged about 12 years, who, while attempting to pick a cartridge, had that missile explode in his hand, shattering it fearfully. This is the second accident of this nature that has occurred in this vicinity within a few weeks.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

Dr. J. M. Fulton is in receipt of a letter from Dr. C. E. Custer, dated at San Francisco, in which he states that he expects to return here about the 1st of February, when he will be prepared to meet all demands against him and exonerate himself from the slanders which have been published concerning him. So mote it be.

NOTES.

The Congregational Sunday school has a membership of 100.

Camp No. 2, P. O. S. of A., have engaged a hall in Ross & Story's new brick.

Prof. J. D. Hawes has succeeded Prof. E. Burke as principal of the No. 1 school.

Geo. Beck has erected a handsome lamp on the west corner of his store on I street. He has now a lamp at either end of the [illegible], a city lamp being located at the east corner.

Jack Foley returned Friday night, after a four months' absence, during which time he has visited California, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas. The trip appears to have agreed with him.

RETURNING A COURTESY.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., Jan. 13.—The United States revenue steamer Oliver Wolcott, Capt. Louis N. Stodder, left this morning for Fort Simpson, B. C., to quell an Indian disturbance, at the request of the authorities of British Columbia, no British naval vessel being in the waters. It will be recollected that H. M. ship Osprey went to Alaska on the occasion of the Indian trouble in 1879, and the present troubles in British Columbia afford an opportunity of returning the courtesy.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Signal Service United States Army. Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture. Report for the last 24 hours. The following observations are taken at the same moment at all the stations named.

PORTLAND, Jan. 13, 7:31 P. M.

Place of Observation	Height of Barom	Change in 8 hours	Ther	Wind direction	Rain fall inches	State of weath.
Portland	30.2[illegible]	−.0[illegible]	41	[illegible]	.3[illegible]	Cloudy
Olympia	30.1	−.06	37	SW	.0[illegible]	Cloudy
Roseburg	30.2[illegible]	.03	32	E	.00	Clear
Red Bluff	30.10	−.04	21	S	.00	Clear
Sacramento	30.12	−.02	34	N	.00	Clear

River 6 feet 5 inches above low water mark.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Ladies, I shall have within two months the largest amount of silks, satins, velvets and [illegible], and all I ask is for one [illegible] compare my goods with others and you will [illegible] customers of mine [illegible] I have proved my reliability in handling this [illegible] 50 to 60 hands [illegible] regular [illegible] will [illegible] more [illegible]

J. B. LITT.

Corner [illegible] streets.

Frank M. Jackson, 171 First st., bet. Morrison and Yamhill, complete stock of jewelry, watches, clocks, spectacles and eyeglasses. San Francisco prices.

[illegible] the handsomest [illegible] made in Oregon. [illegible]

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, [illegible]

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9, 1883.

The born and raised Oregonian who for the first time in his life ventures out into the big world is a victim of impressions. I was at first filled with impressions, but as the ship got to Astoria I was struck with the pleasant informality with which the servant of the [illegible] showed me my stateroom. I occupied, through special courtesy, a bridal chamber, and was given to understand that the ship seemed bent upon seeing the bride. I cared little and wondered not so long as the visitors went away, but when my privacy was invaded by the female branch of the ship's service, my native modesty was grievously outraged. First came the stewardess, then the second stewardess, then the "slavey." Each busied herself for a moment slyly looking about for the bride, the which, [illegible] and went out. There was an intermission, and I attempted to dress; but no sooner had I done so [illegible] that extremely personal and private operation, my door was opened and in came the stewardess again. Evidently she meant business; she wanted the bride. "Is there a lady in here?" she asked, in a tone expressive of disbelief and wounded feelings. I replied, "Madam? [illegible]" This she didn't [illegible] as definite, and with a [illegible] to which her [illegible] maternity years [illegible] [illegible] Before a woman [illegible] "[illegible] and quarters [illegible] me [illegible] [illegible] would please [illegible] should accept and stay [illegible]" She went out [illegible] Incidents of this sort [illegible] [illegible] the rest of the [illegible]

[illegible] the stewardess, [illegible] on the ship, [illegible], you know [illegible] But seasickness and [illegible] my attack of "impressions." I was impressed with the [illegible] qualities of the captain, [illegible] He told every lady on the ship that in forty years' experience man and boy on the ocean, and having been three million times around the world, having been shipwrecked fifty thousand times, not even in the employ of his long service as an officer in the navy, had he seen so dreadful a tempest. But he couldn't hold a candle to the stewardess. That gentle female informed each of the ladies that with one exception she [the lady addressed] was the sickest person she had ever seen. The stewardess didn't give the number of years which her experience covered, but I judged at not seventy-five.

Providentially there was a doctor on board. He "saved the life of every lady on the ship, So did the captain, heaven bless his brave, gallant, manly heart." We all fancied feeling that the captain held a complete monopoly on nautical science, and that the doctor was the only doctor in the world.

I have lost some romantic notions about reading. I stocked up with choice marine literature, the "Toilers of the Sea," "Scale to the Ocean," etc., expecting to read them in proper spirit and with special understanding on the rolling deep. But I didn't. If ever I read them it will be on the firm land. "A Life on the Ocean Wave" is good in poetry, and is not bad on the piano, particularly if the girl is pretty; but in reality it is no polite expression is satisfactory. The reader must fill the blank for himself. I know of nothing which will bring the castes of mankind down to the same common low level so quickly as seasickness. It can don dead-seeming poverty. I already have numerous "impressions" of San Francisco, but will reserve them for another letter. I do not think to escape dear reader.

THE [illegible] COLONY

Here this winter is unusually large. Mr. Thos. Richardson and family are at Sixth and Mission streets, and will spend the winter here. Mr. Richardson will go east before returning to Portland. Mr. I. W. Monastes and family are at the same place. Mr. M. will go home for a brief trip, leaving on the 13th. His family will remain here. Mr. [illegible] Monastes and wife are spending the winter in Oakland. Mr. Sam. Douglas and family are stopping at the Russ. Mr. Walter V. Smith and wife are living at the Palace. Mrs. Wm. E[illegible] is in town and will stay several weeks. Mr. Willis Duniway will spend the winter here. His health is not improved though he attends regularly to business. Mr. Jas. McCraken and family and Mr. Wallace are here to stay permanently. J. N. Rice has been here several weeks but goes farther south to-day. Mrs. Chas. Russell and family are here. The daughters are in school. Mrs. H. G. Struve and daughter, of Seattle, and Mrs. Nugent and child, of Port Blakely, are at 405 Powell street and will stay several weeks longer. Mr. Jno. D. Goodwin, of Yakima, is here looking for sunshine and health, and will stay till March. Mr. J. N. Glover, of Spokane Falls, is at the Lick and will spend the winter here. Mr. H. M. McCartney and wife, also of Spokane, is at 213 Mason street. Mr. McCartney's health has not improved, though he has lost the cough which gave his friends so much uneasiness before he left home. Miss May Page, of Walla Walla, is with the McCartney's. Her health is much improved. Mr. Wm. Fudge, of Walla Walla, is spending the winter here. Marshal Blinn, of Olympia, is here, and will stay through the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Callinder, of Astoria, are here, and Mr. C. expects to go into business and permanently live in California. Mr. T. S Mabry, of Walla Walla, is in town. He leaves in a day or two for San Diego, and will not return till April. The list is long and I shall complete it in another letter.

A [illegible] SHOW.

A San Francisco letter must, of course, have something about the theaters. Custom demands it, and while people, perhaps, do not read the usual dramatic gossip, they expect to see it, and feel a sense of something wanting if it is not there. Having been in San Francisco but two days, and having seen but one play, I cannot drop into the tone of easy familiarity which so impresses the writer's knowledge and his own ignorance. Either something is wrong with the taste of San Francisco or with me, but because I have been to see "Youth" at the Grand Opera House, and do not like it. San Francisco delights in the piece. The people fill the house nightly to see it, society has patronized it, the newspapers have labelled it "first-class," and Andrews & Stockwell, the managers, are reaping a golden harvest from it, even at the "popular prices" twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents. It is a "spectacular" play, that is, scenery and other "effects" first and all-important consideration; acting secondary and last consideration. The Chronicle has called these same effects "magnificently grand;" the Call says "majestic and unsurpassed;" the Bulletin says "San Francisco has never seen its equal as a piece of stage mounting and management" and all the other reflectors of leaders, just as you liked of public taste and opinion have echoed these sentiments in one form or another. Now, with all these I beg to differ. Judged upon its prime merit, viewed merely as a "spectacle," it is unreal and tiresome. The scenes are full of incongruities which appear to a greater or less degree in all spectacular pieces. For example, in "Youth" there is a real boat upon a painted pond, a real prancing four-in-hand is driven through a painted woodland scene, real water trickles over imitation rocks, and live birds hop about and sing among the wire branches and tissue paper foliage of [illegible] trees. There is in it all an incongruous mixture of the real and unreal, a blending of the "truly" and the "make believe," which makes the real appear out of place and utterly destroys the illusion of the unreal. If it be argued that "a test of merit [illegible] [illegible] of opponents," art of their arrangement and discipline of performance, then I will admit that upon that theory "Youth" has merit. Of actors there was a [illegible] of acting there was little, of good acting there was less. Indeed, the performance, viewed dramatically, was beneath criticism. The only really good characters, and they had but little to do, were taken by two old Portland favorites, Mrs. F. M. Bates and M. [illegible] Wark, "Prof." B. C. White and Mr. Charles Norris, also known in Portland, were in the cast. But the play tired me and I looked about at the people. I was struck with the informality of the audience. With modest consideration for my everyday clothes, I had secured a back seat, but I might have gone to the front row without notice. The people looked well. San Franciscans always look well; but they looked just as they do on the street. The ladies wore their walking suits, hats, jackets, etc.; the gentlemen were in business dress and wore their gloves in their pockets. I was chiefly interested, of course, in the people from home, and a good deal of rather rude staring about discovered a goodly number, and Mr. Thomas Richardson and wife sat on one side, Mr. Willis Duniway was here, Gov. Woods, an Oregonian of old, occupied a box with a party of ladies and gentlemen. Miss Lizzie Story, niece of Mr. Geo. L. Story, and whose visit to Portland a year ago will be remembered, was there, Miss Mattie Cole, who spent several weeks last summer with Miss [illegible] McDonald was there; Mr. Morris, one of Portland's first, and Miss [illegible] and Miss Munson, of Astoria, were here. [illegible] expected the show, and before the performance was [illegible] over I left. A. H.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

A Record of Recent Doings at the Bay City.

REFLECTIONS ON MINING STOCKS.

Increased Commercial Relations with Mexico—French Capital Seeking Investment in Oregon Lands—Political Grabs—The Theaters, Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.

A season with that spirit of uncertainty which invariably follows hard upon pronounced speculation, it is evident that local capitalists have in the near past turned their attention to fresh fields for the investment of their collateral. Whether the tendency of the times is to expect more ready money than could formerly be secured, or that the allurements of other states are so great as to induce our staunch citizens to transfer their investments to other quarters, the fact remains uncontroverted that within a short time a large number of representative Californians have [illegible] eastward. Others have been content to remain at the scene of their former achievements, but their efforts have been exerted to invest their money where more profitable inducements are said to be in store. The causes leading to this state of affairs are variously given, some attributing this migratory desire to [illegible] effects.

RESULTS OF STOCK OPERATIONS.

Others point particularly to the rapid developments made in the northwestern and southern districts. More recently, however, a regenerating influence has pervaded business circles, so that affairs have assumed a much better and [illegible] promising aspect. Confidence has been in a great measure restored and valuable improvements in [illegible] are in course of [illegible] During the calm which existed some years ago and which continued with but little variation until the fall of 1882, considerable difficulty was encountered in procuring loans at even the modest interest of three or four per cent. To such an extent has the situation bettered, however, that the local banks recently experienced a dearth of available collateral, notwithstanding a tempting offer of six and even seven per cent on the investment. Naturally enough, with the noticeable absence of the stock craze which will preclude the possibility of any further investment in that direction, capital will find an easy way into other channels. It has long been contended that the stock market had raised "[illegible] sales" with the material advancement of the metropolis, and the state generally, but without entering into an interminable argument to the assertion, it will be admitted without controversy, that the stock market is [illegible] of yore. A gentleman of this city, who is in a position to speak advisedly in the matter, recently told your correspondent that the efforts of the presidents of the Comstock mines under the control of the bonanza firm, to reduce expenses, would have little or

NO EFFECT UPON PRESENT PRICES.

In his opinion, the proposed reduction is more of little consequence, as the amount of salaries was but a mere trifle to the exorbitant charges for furnishing material to the mines. Interested parties would prevent any interference with these contracts, the duration of which was the main point argument for their continuance. He also alluded to another matter as explanatory of the utter impossibility of obtaining any speedy relief from decidedly obnoxious assessments. The cost of handling the ore increases proportionately to the depth of the mine. As greater depth was attained, the heat increased until finally it became necessary to erect costly machinery with a view of supplying pure air to the miners, none of whom, at the average depth of the Comstock mines, could do one half the work of a man at a more reduced temperature, or in other words, in the open air. This drawback gave rise to others. The ore passed through crosscuts into winzes, up the shaft and perhaps the operation was several times repeated before the surface was reached. Fuel was another important consideration which gave rise to fat contracts. Then again, the present work on the Comstock is merely prospective, and assessments naturally follow. Taking this view of the situation as correct and surely it is to say the least plausible enough, the prospect of future excitement in the stock market is rather gloomy. It is doubtless to an earnest consideration of the present state of affairs that the Pacific Stock and Exchange Board has for so [illegible] given signs of [illegible] an outward existence may possibly be assisted yet awhile. The cause assigned by [illegible] a member of the board, for the proposed sale of the building, is the

GENERAL DEBILITY OF THE STOCK MARKET

Coupled with unstable symptoms of cerebral apoplexy, with which the business is affected. The board found itself in a curious predicament. The building and some additional property was originally purchased for $325,000 cash. The lot on which the New Dividend building at present stands, was subsequently sold for $10[illegible],000, and in addition to this the board received an indemnity of $3,000 for the opening of Leidesdorff street, one end of which is popularly known as Pauper alley. The exchange building itself sadly deteriorated in value but even then the price at which it is supposed it will be sold, $85,000, is wholly disproportionate. The members of the board despairing of any future bonanza insisted on a sale as the only means of realizing ultimate benefit from their investment, and thus the matter stands at present. While there is no dearth of ready [illegible] for home investment on good securities, considerable money is also finding its way into developed resources of other states. The near approach of the completion of the southern railroad lines has undoubtedly increased our commercial relations with Mexico, and given a new field for profitable, and at the same time legitimate speculation. The great northwest—Oregon, Washington Territory and even Alaska—have excited the cupidity of those with an eye to business, and the result is that investments in those localities are rapidly growing in favor. THE OREGONIAN has already noted the existence of

A SYNDICATE OF FRENCH CAPITALISTS

Who propose buying lands in Oregon. Since mention of that fact was made, your correspondent has been reliably informed that the venture was something more than merely speculative in its nature. The original idea entertained by the projectors of the scheme, has been, in a measure, modified. It was at first supposed that a tract of land would be purchased and cultivated until such time as the lands could be disposed of at a greatly increased value, the promoters in the meantime satisfying themselves with a reasonable interest on the amount invested. The interest was to be realized out of productions of the soil. In this particular instance from the sale of fruits. Recently, however, the plan was modeled after that of the Italian colony in this city, which has purchased a large tract of land in Alameda county, to be cultivated on joint account, each member of which receives profits proportional to his investment. The scheme has worked admirably and exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of the projectors. It is now proposed to establish a colony representing French capital in Oregon. The measure, of course, has much to recommend it, as it offers material inducements to persons of limited means, and if rightly conducted cannot fail to be remunerative. In the event that subscriptions are insufficient to carry the project into execution, the venture will partake of a more individual character. The matter has not yet assumed tangible proportions, and much of the present idea is merely speculative and preliminary. In other directions, investments and notably local affairs, have for the nonce given way to

POLITICAL [illegible].

Unlike other legislatures, the gathering of the clans was not announced by the usual flourish of trumpets. An overwhelming solemnity pervaded the every movement of the legislators elect. Ancient stamping grounds were discreetly ignored, and even the San Francisco delegation, which was reasonably expected to form part and parcel of the [illegible] and [illegible], was represented at the glove fight by hardly a "corporal's guard." That the less weighty affairs of state should be given precedence over a distant encounter was sufficient to excite [illegible] upon such unstatesmanlike conduct. This wholesale [illegible] upon the traditions of [illegible] however, since [illegible] role of [illegible], as the [illegible] an exhibition at the [illegible] of the [illegible] of these self-seeking public servants. It might be well to [illegible] parenthetically, that we are fast [illegible] in our modern civilization much of the athletic sport which made the Greeks famous for their skill as the Olympian games. [illegible] is a rage. [illegible] and other [illegible] have been carefully selected by the [illegible] legislators, [illegible] to while away the [illegible] laws [illegible], Mr. [illegible] with a keen insight to the weaker nature, has arranged a series of chicken fights at which these distinguished politicians may be surely counted upon to attend. What a

[illegible]

For those [illegible] of the public weal. In pleasing contrast to this spirit of [illegible] are the scenes enacted at that consecrated edifice, the Metropolitan temple, on the night of the glove fight. The organ which had pealed forth its accompaniment to the supplicating voices of a vast and influential congregation was rudely [illegible] and broken down, while the good old sexton of the church watched the pugilists with reverential awe from behind an enclosure. The scandalized elders of the church were at that very hour expressing their righteous indignation at Kalloch's temerity in not opposing the leasing of the building, and the [illegible] was capped by granting him a year's leave of absence with full salary attached. There is scarcely anything of [illegible]

[illegible]

The unprofitable run of the "[illegible]" has been cut short by "Michael Strogoff," with the original scenery and a much improved ballet. The attendance has increased, and the management glories in a well-filled house. One of the chief attractions in connection with the piece is graceful and a young lady of apparently 22, who flies about the stage over the orchestra into the air and alighting at the starting point, in a most mysterious manner. Her movements are decidedly graceful, and the perfect regularity of her motion leaves the spectators in a quandary as to the modus operandi. Having taken her flight into the air, her assistant holds out his hand, and with mathematical precision, the little fairy descends in full view of the audience and perches herself now on his hand, then on his shoulders and again on his head. The flights are made in circles, or from one side of the stage to the other, concluding her flight towards the audience and over the orchestra. At the Grand Opera house, "Youth" still holds the boards and proves quite an attractive card. The minstrels are in the height of their season. The announcement is made that the Madison Square theater company will shortly open at the Baldwin, where the latest New York successes will be played and then placed on the road, including Oregon and British Columbia.

HYP.

PORTLAND PULPITS.

Scandinavian M. E. Church—Third St., bet. B and C. C. J. Larson, pastor. Preaching 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30.

Unitarian Church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh. Charles Noyes, acting pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: The Progressive Nature of Religion. Evening subject: The Relation of Doctrine to Duty.

Scandinavian Service.—There will be service in the Baptist church, in the Scandinavian language, Sunday, the 14th of January, at 3 o'clock P. M., and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited to come.

First Baptist Church, cor. Fourth and Alder, Rev. J. A. Gray, pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Subject for morning—"Has Prayer a Place in Religion?" and for the evening, "Popular Sins." Seats free. Sunday school at 12:30.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, Portland, E street, between North Ninth and North Tenth streets next Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Services will be held in the Swedish language. P. Carlson, Pastor.

Hall-street M. E. Church; H. K. Hines, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. Clark Davis of St. Jo, Missouri. Lecture at 7½ P. M. by Ex-Gov. A. C. Gibbs. Subject: "The Great Northwest and Its Missionary Work." All welcomed.

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets. Services every Tuesday by Henry Shadle, pastor. Morning subject, "Christ's Mission;" evening, "Gaining the World and Losing the Soul." All are invited.

Taylor-street M. E. Church. Preaching morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Izer. 11 A. M. subject—"Christian Steadfastness;" 7:30 P. M., subject—"Search the Scriptures." Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M. in the lecture room. The public are cordially invited to all the services.

First Congregational church. Service to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Frederic R. Marvin. Morning subject—"The Nature and Efficacy of Prayer." Evening subject—"The Ideal House." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.; Young People's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

The Church of Sea and Land, corner Third and D streets—Regular Sunday School at 2:30 for one hour. Bethel services on board the City of Carlyle at the foot of Washington street at 3 P. M. Preaching in Bethel Hall at 7:30 P. M. by the chaplain. Prayer meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:30 P. M.

First Presbyterian Church—Corner of Washington and Third streets. A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Services Sunday morning and evening. The morning subject, assigned by the World's Evangelical Alliance, "The Second Advent." Evening subject a popular lecture. Sabbath school at 2:30. Strangers and especially young men cordially welcomed. Ushers provide seats.

Episcopal Church Services—Trinity, Oak and Sixth, Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; St. Stephen's chapel (Jefferson and Fifth), Sunday 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.; St. Matthew's chapel (First and Caruthers), 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.; Trinity mission chapel (Watson's addition), 3:30 P. M.; St. Timothy's chapel (Grammar school), Sunday, 3 P. M.; Good Samaritan hospital (Twenty-first and L), Thursday, 3:30 P. M.

East Portland Pulpits.

St. David's Episcopal Church—Rev. J. W. Sellwood, rector. Services morning at 11 A. M. Evening at 7.

Baptist Church, corner of Seventh and G streets—services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M. Seats free. All are welcome. S. J. BURCHETT, Pastor.

United Brethren—J. H. Watson, pastor, services held in Good Templars hall, on — street, near Fourth, over Dr. Caley's drug store. No evening service.

First Congregational Church—Holladay's addition to East Portland. Regular Sabbath service at 11 A. M. and at 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. Amos W. Bowen pastor.

Presbyterian Church, Odd Fellows building, corner of J and Tenth streets—Sabbath services: Preaching by pastor, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:15 P. M. Strangers invited to all services.

Service in the Scandinavian language—There will be service in the Scandinavian language in the Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. All are welcome. O. Okerson, missionary.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been added to the Library during the past week:

Some Women of To-day.
[illegible] for [illegible], by Mary Stanley.
Miss [illegible], a novel, by Tilbury Holt.
Earl Wayne's Nobility, by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.
Autobiography, by John Stuart Mill.
The Early Days of Christianity, by F. W. Farrar, D. D.
A System of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a connected view of the principles of evidence and the methods of scientific investigation, by John Stuart Mill. Eighth edition.
The Chess Player's Handbook. A popular and scientific introduction to the game of chess, exemplified in games actually played by the greatest masters and illustrated by numerous diagrams of original and remarkable positions, by Howard Staunton, Esq.
Chess Praxis. A supplement to the Chess Player's Handbook, containing all the most important modern improvements in the openings illustrated by actual games; a revised code of chess laws, and a collection of Mr. Morphy's matches, etc., in England and France, by Howard Staunton.

[illegible] Practical [illegible] and Business Manual, [illegible] for sale [illegible] K. Gill & Co's.

Hill's Manual, new edition at J. K. Gill & Co's. [illegible]

Kind Mrs. Grant.

Speaking of doing kind things, a lady friend of mine who lives in Washington has only words of admiration for Mrs. Gen. Grant. "She was always so simple and so genuine when she lived at the White House," said my friend; "but she somehow always said the right thing in a way to make you feel that she was glad to see you. She was always ready to go out of her way to do you a favor. I remember one time when the husband of a lady of her acquaintance—a paymaster—got into serious financial trouble. His money was gone. He could not account for it. He was court-martialed. Mrs. Grant interposed to save him, for while in the eye of the law he was guilty, morally she believed him innocent. Mrs. Grant sat up till midnight to send a dispatch to the officer's wife to let her know that she had succeeded, and that her husband was saved. She was all the time doing such things."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Wild Goats as a Result of the War.

As showing the instinct of the goat, which is not generally credited with much intelligence, visitors to Harper's Ferry, Va., are informed that when the war broke out and the sound of the cannonading was heard in the valley, large numbers of tame animals of this description took refuge on the Maryland heights, and have never returned. Even now they can be seen on the top of the mountain. Their young have been reared on the summit, and have never become domesticated. Occasionally hunters kill the wild goats, as they are called, and the tame ones from the valley frequently go up to visit them, but they persistently refuse to descend, and the sense of hunger experienced by the goats of 1861 and 1862 seems to have been transmitted to their posterity.—*New York News.*

GLIMPSES ABOUT HAARLEM.

Changes that are Going on in that Once Famous Old Dutch City.

Although Holland abounds with the most delightful specimens of domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they seldom care to revive it when they build a new house. There seems to be but one approved style now, and that the very worst style of French villa, with its dull, dark Mansard roof. There is also an almost universal rage for a certain garden statue in plaster, the most ill-modeled child, with a short tunic, holding a basket of chalk fruit on its simpering, idiotic head. No garden is complete without that, and if the means of the owner permit, a large glass or shining quicksilver glass, in which is reflected the most awful contortions of every surrounding object. Those who are tired of hearing of "high art" and "aesthetics," of harmonies and symphonies of color, of dadoes and old brocades, should come here to rest their troubled brain. If one could only stay a few months with the owners of one of those villas! The people are by no means reticent in displaying their objets de luxe, mostly wax flowers or French vases, gilt-edged books bound in good old fashioned positive colors, a "magenta" tint that now and then seemed to have been distilled from long sent up and suffering canal water; these massed in brass-bound book slides, and tended by a nurse or two in plaster of Paris, are on a veneered table between the parted curtains of every one of these new abodes. Wandering along one of the canals, we stopped to admire a crow-stepped gabled house of time-toned velvety brick. We read on a tablet high up the name of Ph. Wouvermans. Yes, that must have been his studio window—that large one. A pleasant house, and a substantial well-to-do air about it. A pleasant spot, too, by the tree-shaded canal. Wonder if it is still a studio? It looks like it. It almost tempts one to ring the bell and ask if Herr Wouvermans is at home.

* * *

There are still in Haarlem a goodly number of old houses of the seventeenth century. Some of their gables lean rather forward toward the street or sideways toward their next door neighbor in a way suggestive of fundamental debility. At first sight it seems safer to walk on the middle of the road, and look out for falling bricks. But one soon gets over the tottery character; in fact, some one told us that they were built originally at that angle forward. When they lean sideways they admit the mouldering pile beneath and own to the shrinkage. The fine old city walls and ramparts that withstood the famous siege have been pulled down, all but one old gateway, a splendid specimen of its kind, picturesque to the last degree. That is all there is left to illustrate one of the greatest chapters in the history of Haarlem. The boulevard and the tram car have risen over the dust of all the rest. I should like to say something more worthy of this memorable siege, there is such a splendid opportunity; but on second thought perhaps it is as well to refer the reader to Motley, and not seek to supersede that admirable history.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The Universe.

The most successful and popular writers and speakers of to-day are those who express themselves in the fewest and simplest words. There was a time when one was considered a brilliant writer or speaker if he used lengthy and high-sounding words. The intricacies of language were then considered; now it is the idea and sentiment which claims the admiration, and the most comprehensive manner of expressing one's sentiment is the most approved method. Nor is it a simple and easy matter to express oneself simply and correctly. It is as much of an art to acquire brevity in language as it is to extend it by high-flown terms. The rapidity of the age has done much toward the simplifying of language. We have just discovered that life is short—much shorter than it used to be, for the number of our days is decreased in consequence of our headlong race through life in competition with each other, and thus it becomes necessary to abbreviate in all things in like proportion, and especially in language. Thus the habit of abbreviation has gradually grown upon us; but we still find those who remain devotees to the old style of "going around Robinson's barn," according to the old saying, to express a simple idea—a thought which perhaps may be of little consequence, if any, and yet a simple thought may convey a world of meaning when forcibly presented, but it never can be clearly expressed when the quantity and the nature of the language tends to complicate it, and attracts the mind more to the terms than to the subject. In the greater number of books of recent issue the language is terse and the matter is not strung out to such unnecessary length as formerly, as may be seen by comparing them with works of only a few years ago. If such were the case there would necessarily be fewer books read, and still it is an undisputed fact that the general literature of the day is far more brilliant, on the whole, than that of a decade past. This is progress, educationally, and to the simplification of the language this improved state of society is chiefly due. While therefore the modest and simple Anglo-Saxon is to be favored in all written and spoken language, there is a limit to abbreviation and condensation; there is no necessity for making oneself incoherent in an endeavor to speak briefly and to the point; one extreme, in this matter, is as undesirable as the other, and should be carefully guarded against. For this reason, then, simplicity of language is an art, and it requires study, practice and a keen discernment to estimate, to a nicety, as to what may constitute the happy medium—it is not taught, but is the result of observation and judgment. Amateur writers and novices generally endeavor to see how grandiloquent they can make their writings, and the writings of this class are often amusing to sensible people.

The Church Mechanical; The Church Spiritual.

There are two great churches—the church mechanical and the church spiritual. The one is materialized, has forms, order, regulations like a kingdom; the other is living, lambent, invisible, of no shape, with no creed but holiness, with no ordinances; with the real, personal ministry of the Holy Spirit always present, and the light, life, and the power of God. The church mechanical has no right of existence except as a servant of the church spiritual, but it has usurped the authority of its superior. It demands obedience of all men; it prescribes their beliefs; it organizes their worship; it determines their merit; it stands at the end of the way with the radiant key of heaven and the flaming key of hell, making the whole world crouch at its golden promises or lurid threatenings. To this earthly and mechanical conception of the church belong all mediæval creeds, which have turned the goodness of God into a dry herbarium, which have left out of account the one chief element of power in religion—the power of a living soul on a living soul. The only orthodoxy on earth is the creed of right living. God and the human soul are the only forces that the world knows. All others are derivative, subservant auxiliary. *Henry Ward Beecher in North American Review.*

A Stone With a History.

Ben Milan, who resides in Mississippi, near the Marshall county line, and who is owner of the wonderful mad-stone, of which we made mention some months ago, dropped in to see us on Saturday last while on a business trip to our city. Mr. Milan informs us that since the stone has been in possession of his family 1239 cases have been treated in all, not one of which failed to recover. An average of fifteen patients test the curative powers of the stone annually, which number is about three times as great since as before the war. The history of this wonderful stone, as we get it from Milan, is that in 1810 a Dr. Barker, of Alabama, brought the stone from China, where it was known as the "snake stone," being used by the Chinese to cure snake and spider bites and those of other poisonous insects. Soon after Dr. Barker returned to Alabama he began to test the stone on persons bitten by mad dogs, and with great success, and so used it until his death, which occurred several years afterward when, with other effects, the stone was sold and became the property of Garvin Milan, father of Ben, and three of his neighbors. One at a time the joint owners sold out until Mr. Milan became proprietor of the stone, and at his death willed it to his son, the present owner, who only a few days ago refused for it $7,500.—*Oxford Falcon.*

She Wanted Some Fun, Too.

The Lowell, Mass., Citizen says: "A ten year old lad called at our office a day before yesterday morning, saying: 'Mother's got a lame back, baby has the croup, sister is laid up with neuralgy, and father's at home with rheumatiz, so Aunt Mary, who is keeping house, sent me over to subscribe for your paper, which she says is full of fun and wisdom. She wants [illegible]' After [illegible] the [illegible] we [illegible] of the paper to our youthful visitor and [illegible] Aunt Mary [illegible] St. Jacobs Oil [illegible] Mother [illegible] Aunt Mary is happy [illegible] of home comforts."

Work of Bad Boys.

[illegible]—J. F. Bush, wagon maker, [illegible] mischievous boys put out of his shop [illegible] of the building, pushed a [illegible] a hole in the wall and gouged [illegible]

[illegible] Works Burned.

[illegible] 14.—The carriage works of [illegible] yesterday afternoon. Loss $15,[illegible]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Seasickness.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, among the passengers, during a passage across the Atlantic. In the majority of cases I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. Tasteless. 25c.

[illegible]ident he would be returned. His name appears in the new directory as one of the district commissioners.

"I'm really tormented lately," is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman; do you know why it is so? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

[illegible] scorch. The third is that a sudden glaring up of the foot lights produced smoke.

Albani in Demand.

NEW YORK, Jan 13.—Madam Albani has received an offer to sing with the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, and Chas. F. Locke of San Francisco has offered her $30,000 to sing in a series of festival concerts to be conducted by Theodore Thomas in Baltimore, Louisville, Chicago, St. Paul and San Francisco.

[illegible] to fight, but the fact that [illegible] San Francisco easily got away with Mace's New Zealand giant in a boxing match, may incline him to try conclusions with the [illegible]

In vain the [illegible] with light
In vain the cheek with beauty glows,
Unless the teeth are pure and white,
Unless the breath is like the rose,
And SOZODONT alone supplies
The [illegible] that won the prize.

[illegible] in the market for the cure of COUGHS, COLDS and THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. I know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to all in need of a remedy of this kind.

Yours truly, Z. S. VAN VOORHEES.

PIONEER CANDY FACTORY.

BERNHEIM & ALTSCHUL,

64 First St., between Stark and Oak streets, Portland, Oregon.

Orders received by mail have our special attention.

...DERHOUT & CO.,
Corner Morrison and Second Sts.,
...land, Oregon.
PIANOS. ORGANS.
...Brothers, Mason & Hamlin,
...& Co., Clough & Warren,
...& Co., A. B. Chase.

...prices known. Sold on easy installments...
MINDERHOUT & CO.

FOR RENT.
...RENT — ELEGANT BAY WINDOW...
...rooms, suitable for one or two...
...walk from city hall.

FOR RENT.
...RABLE ROOM TO RENT...

ROOM FOR RENT.
...FURNISHED ROOM, WITH BOARD...

...ED—A BOOKKEEPER...
S. LIPMAN & CO.

...ED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK...
...162 Fifth street, corner Taylor...

C. A. M. ...
MYERS & WHITWELL,
...Agents and Insurance Brokers,
No. 101 First street.
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
...refer to Messrs. Allen & Lewis... & Co., W. Jackson & Co., ...Everding & Farrell.

FOR RENT.
...UITES OF ROOMS IN A NEW HOUSE... furnished with board. Apply at ...

FOR SALE.
...W COTTAGES ON TAYLOR STREET...

...NER MACKENZIE, M. D.,
...of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.)
...Room 4, corner ... Ash and First street.

WANTS.
...D—A CLASS OF YOUNG MEN... the club-swinging exercise... by an experienced teacher...

...ANTED—EMPLOYMENT.
...D—BY A SINGLE MAN A SITUATION... warehouse man in city or country...
...N WANTED—A DRUG CLERK... Address J. H. K., P. O. box ...
...D—SITUATION IN HOTEL... by a good German...

TO LET—ROOMS.
...ROOM TO RENT, SUITABLE FOR... at 98 N. Ninth st., near Stark...
...T, WITH BOARD—LARGE FURNISHED... for single gentleman... 99 Sixth street, cor Stark.
...T, WITH BOARD—LARGE, ELEGANT... furnished alcove room, suitable for two... ...street, corner Stark...

...T—HOUSES AND STORES.
FOR RENT.
...HARD FINISHED, WITH FIVE... per month. Seventh and ...

BUSINESS SPECIALS.
...A McCORD WILL GIVE INSTRUCTION... violin and piano at reasonable rates... corner F and Fourth streets, East Portland.

...PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING... the undersigned under the ... & Co. in keeping the ... this day dissolved by mutual consent...
JOHN KRONER.
LAMBERT KRAFT.
...Jan. 11, 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
NOTICE.
...IES HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST... Calliope will present them at once at ... Strong & Sons, attorneys-at-law, corner of First and Washington...
J. H. DENNY.

FOR SALE.
...HORSES FOR SALE.
...ORK TEAM FOR SALE. INQUIRE ... 209 Front street.

FOR SALE.
...STEAM SAW MILL HAVING... only six months. Average capacity... in 24 hours. Also 27 head of good work... necessary appurtenances for ... on Grave creek, Josephine county... apply at Mill or to A. S. MILLER... First street, Portland.
A. S. MILLER & SON.

...TS AND SHOES.
SHOES! SHOES! BOOTS. BOOTS.
...from Eastern Houses, a ... Sixty Thousand Dollars' worth of Boots and Shoes, which we will ... next Thirty Days so as to give ... far and near, a show to buy ... two pairs of each kind of ... sold to each customer, at ... are 20 per cent. lower than ... market rates. The following prices:
...Boot & Shoe House
...st., bet. Yamhill and Taylor, Portland, Or.
...MAN GALLICK, Prop'r.

AMUSEMENTS.
...N SKATING RINK.
...d Masquerade Carnival
...SKATING EVERY...
...ladies and Gentlemen 2 to 5 ... from 7 30 to 10 P. M.
...use of skates, mornings and afternoons, admission ... use of skates 25c.
...Sessions Saturday Evenings.
...day evenings 50c Ladies free ...
...Season Tickets for sale at the ...
STEPHENS & EPPERLY Props.

...Oregonian.
...MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883.
...at Portland, Or., as second class matter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
...—IN ADVANCE.
...Oregonian, per month ... 1 20
...Oregonian, per year ... 12 00
...Sunday included ...

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN ... at the following places ...
...Third and Yamhill
...First and Morrison
...First and Washington
...First near Oak
...First and Ash
...First and C
...First near E
...N. W. Cor. First and Salmon
...bet. E and F
...bet. Front and First.
...bet. I and J, East Portland.
...counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor...

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

...Washington has been appointed cashier of ... National bank.

...from New York, delivered her ...

...has been ill for several days, and is ... to his room.

...Wheaton, Post Commander at Fort ... is in the city.

...of Robert A. Habersham, who is ill ... was much worse yesterday.

...Typographical Union No. 58, meets ... at 7:30 o'clock, over Prentice's music ...

...excitement was created by a runaway on ... yesterday morning, but no damage was ...

...clerk at the custom house, who has ... days with pneumonia, is able to be ...

...the new famous Chinese actor, appeared ... large and admiring audience of celestials.

...Indian inspector, is at the Esmond ... now visited all the agencies in Oregon.

...of John Fenner, who died Friday at ... hospital, will be held to-morrow morning ... o'clock.

...for attempted jury bribery means not ... years nor more than ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

...who was arrested a few days since ... with stealing a duck, was yesterday released from custody. He proved to be the wrong ...

...annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians ... take place at Turn Halle on Tuesday ... the entertainments of this society are ...

...Martin Smallden and Terry Gil... of the gang of chicken thieves which has ... the hen-roosts of the western part ... were arrested last evening.

...appointed to solicit subscriptions for ... by the late floods in Germany yesterday ... by telegraph to H. Villard at New ... will at once forward it to its destination ... will probably raise as much more ... are over.

...LAWYER COMING
...Seward, son of the late Secretary Seward, has been engaged as counsel for Wells ... in their suit against the N. P. R. R. Co., ... San Francisco on his way to this city. He ... there about a week before leaving for ...

DEATH LURKING IN CORNS
...time since a drayman of this city named ... a corn upon his toe. Shortly afterward ... became very sore and he entered the ... It is now feared that blood poisoning has ... and the physicians yesterday wished to ... the toe, but Compist objected.

BOUGHT AN INTEREST
...Denny has purchased a two-third interest in the steamer Calliope which plies on the ... this city and Washougal and will in ... power on board of her. In a short ... will be taken out on the ways and thoroughly ... and repainted for the summer trade.

...FOR THE COUNTY COURT
...of Jacob Muller against Jos Buchtel ... damages against defendant when sheriff ... certain attachment levied by Mul... jury trial will be held and the following ... summoned: Lot Taylor, Tyler Wood, ... M. M. Hunter, N. Lambert and ...

SHIPPING NOTES
...Oce sailed in from sea, yesterday, ... in Baker's bay.
...Oregon arrived down at 5 P. M. Will ... outward to-day.
...Eureka, for Alaska, arrived down at ... will also leave outward this morning.

TAKEN HOME
..., whose foot was amputated some ... improves very slowly and his wife ... to have him at home, Ex Mayor Craw... Salem yesterday and attended to his ... that place. The symptoms are favorable ... but his age and consequent low vi... his recovery tedious.

...DEATH OF A CHILD
...afternoon, while Judge Stott was holding ... word was brought to him that his infant ... of age, was seriously ill. Court was ... adjourned, but before the judge ... the little one was dead. It had been ... convulsions, brought on by teething ... assistance could be obtained life was ...

...FOR NINETY DAYS
...Ralph Hames and Willie Mowbray, two ... were arrested for stealing wheat on one ... Shippers have been annoyed for some ... sacks cut open and wheat stolen, and ... not these two lads were caught. As ... up before Judge Moreland frequently ... well and accordingly sent them up ... days.

POSTOFFICE BUSINESS
...is a summary of the business transacted at the Portland postoffice during last year: ... and postal cards sold $58,398.—Salaries of postmaster, clerks, railway ... free delivery clerks and weighing ... Money orders issued—Domestic ... foreign $35,743 40; total, $276,112 89 ... paid—Domestic $816,302 28; foreign ... total, $927,808 54.

THE DOUBLE FERRY
...expect to have their extra ferry boat ... the 20th inst. A temporary landing ... constructed from the foot of M street diagonally ... present L street slip till the river rises ... admit of driving piles for a roadway ... street, where it will conform to the ... grade. This enterprise will be ... by the traveling public as the ... in this way doubled.

STREET CONTRACTS LET
...for improving West Park street ... Salmon, by grading, macadamizing, ... and crosswalks was yesterday let ... company for $2431 14. The contract for improving Front street from Vine to Ash ... pavement was also let to the same ... 67. The contract for constructing ... Columbia street from Eighth to Ninth ... J. Gibson for $167.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN
...recently made provides for the ... through Pullman cars from New York ... over the Pennsylvania, Chicago ... St. Paul and Northern Pacific, to go ... as soon as the connection is made a rose ... during the coming summer. The con... system of through cars was recently ... an eastern visit of Mr. Pullman. It ... only route over which through cars will ... ocean to ocean.

LECTURE
...Duniway will lecture by invitation of ... in the Congregational church on next ... evening, January 16. Subject: "Constitu... Liberty." The ladies of the church having ... in charge will spare no pains to make ... an attractive one. Professor Donaldson ... music, and by request will sing the ... "Watchman What of the Night?" ... fairly electrified the large audience ... Mrs. D. on the occasion of her recent ... lecture in the hall of the Y. M. C. A.

...INDIANS SURRENDERED
...Marshal E. S. Kearney returned from Pendleton yesterday, having in charge the four Indians ... West Boot, Peters and ... Boot, charged with the murder of the trapper Mulherran on the ... reservation some time since. As has been ... Sheriff Martin of Umatilla ... to deliver up these Indians to the U. S. ... the grand jury of Umatilla county having ... them for the murder and a day being ... trial in the state circuit court of that ... the U. S. authorities claimed that the ... issued by them antedated those ... state authorities. Judge ... a warrant for the arrest of Sheriff ... obstructing the process of the U. S. ... Marshall Kearney arrived at Pendleton ... was absent, but on his return he delivered ... to the marshal and also came down with him to have the matter arranged. Prosecuting Attorney Hyde, of Umatilla county, has written to District Attorney Watson that he will be down on the 23d inst., and at that time Judge Deady will decide whether the U. S. or state authorities will have jurisdiction in the matter of the trial of the Indians. It will make but little difference to them, as the proof of their guilt is said to be conclusive. There is still an Indian at large who is implicated in the murder, and if arrested he will be tried at the same time with the others.

ANOTHER SUIT

And now cometh William Reid, and for cause of complaint alleges that the Oregonian Navigation Company Limited has failed and neglected to pay him his salary as president and general manager. The suit was begun in the state circuit court yesterday for $4700, for services ranging over a period of upwards of two years. The Navigation Company was actively engaged in business some twelve or fourteen months ago and was in some way connected with the Oregonian Railway Company Limited. Messrs. McDougall & Bower represent the plaintiff.

DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT

Yesterday morning, a lad named McCavet, while cleaning up the yard at his father's residence at the corner of First and Sheridan streets, found a box of giant powder caps which had been buried by some one. Being of an inquiring turn of mind he undertook to investigate the condition of the fulminate in the caps by digging it out of one with his pocket knife. During the process the cap exploded and pieces of it cut his fingers and wrist severely, and also slightly wounded his face. He knows more about caps now than he did before.

NEW SCANDINAVIAN CHURCH.

The Scandinavian Baptist society of this city is now engaged in an effort to purchase a lot and erect a house of worship. The Rev. O. Okerson, a very worthy and hard-working Baptist minister has been laboring with his Scandinavian countrymen for about two years to build up a mission in this city. He has been holding public worship Sunday afternoons in the basement of the First Baptist church and has had fair congregations. It is believed that a large increase of attendance would be secured by a separate church.

NOT TO BE RESTRAINED

On Friday a lad about nine years old, arrived in this city from Weeksville, Mont., consigned to Messrs. DuBois & King to be forwarded to the Bishop Scott grammar school. He was sent to his destination, and during the afternoon was taken out for a ride by Head Master Hill. Shortly after he was returned to the school he was missed, and about midnight was found in an up-town saloon asleep. The saloon keeper sent him to the school again, and yesterday morning was again missing, and at latest accounts had not been found. The little lad is evidently as wild as a partridge, and can not brook restraint and discipline.

PAID MAIL SERVICE TO TACOMA

The post-office employes of this section and especially the railway service, are overworked. Mr. J. B. Welsh, route agent from Portland to Tacoma, returned to this city last night bringing with him 30 sacks of mail out of 47 taken out on Friday morning that he had not the time to work over and sort for its destinations on the Sound. It is well that this kind of business should be published widely. If the people's mails are to be carried back and forth over the rail and river lines several times before being delivered, they ought to know it. An extra man is needed upon the arrival of every steamer and the post-office authorities should see that such a man is supplied at once.

ROUGH ON THE CHINAMAN

Considerable excitement was occasioned on board the steamship C. T. Hook last evening, by one of the Chinese passengers going crazy. He shouted and yelled around the decks till overpowered and placed in safety below. Probably the poor wretch's mind was turned by gazing on the shores of this land of liberty and seeing

"Green fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand clothed in living green."

And thinking that between him and this Canaan flowing with milk and honey rolled the Jordan of the restriction law. It is probably a good thing for the country but it is mighty rough on the Chinaman.

CHICKEN THIEF CAUGHT

Yesterday forenoon a son of Frank Dekum discovered a gang of chicken thieves prowling around his father's barn. On being questioned as to what they were doing there, they ran off pursued by young Dekum. After running a short distance they stopped and commenced throwing stones at him, forcing him to retreat to the house. Mr. Dekum shortly after came home and found a sack of chickens which had been dropped by the gang in their flight. In a short time the thieves came back to recover the sack and one of them was arrested and handed over to the police. The chickens were stolen from a shoemaker, and the thieves left an order on his slate for more. The great demand for poultry among the Chinese on account of the coming New Year tempts the hoodlums to put forth extra efforts to supply the market. As the names of a number of those boys are known it is to be hoped this business of stealing chickens will be soon brought to an end.

OREGONIANS IN CALIFORNIA

A special dispatch to THE OREGONIAN from San Francisco, last evening gives the following personal news:

Gen. J. W. Sprague arrived here from Oregon today and leaves for Temescal where he will be the guest of Capt. J. C. Ainsworth.

Mrs. Otis Sprague and Miss Jennie Sutton will be guests of Capt. Geo. J. Ainsworth at the same place.

W. J. Kimball arrived here from the east to-day.

C. H. Hall left this morning, on a visit to the southern portion of the state. He will remain at Los Angeles for a week.

Gen. Miles with his family, which recently received an addition, will return to his post at Vancouver early in the spring.

Jean Dupand will shortly leave for a visit to Oregon in the interest of parties who desire to locate there permanently.

IMPEACHING TESTIMONY

The bribery case in the state circuit court yesterday attracted a much smaller audience than upon previous days. The evidence was in the main dull and uninteresting. A large number of witnesses were examined. The testimony of many was for the purpose of impeaching DuBois by proving his character to be immoral. Others examined the notes claimed to have been written by Mason and said they did not think the handwriting was Mason's.

Following are the names of those who testified: W. W. Page, Jos. Buchtel, Joe Taylor, Chas. Gardner, H. R. Duniway, J. B. Giltner, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, A. C. Gibbs, B. G. Duniway, E. T. Howes, T. D. McManus, W. S. Chapman, J. H. Egan, Willis Duniway, Frank Browne, W. H. Wood, Anthony Moore, E. D. White, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, F. M. Lichtenthaler, Mrs. C. A. Coburn, B. F. Harrington, A. M. Loryea, Chas. Graham, John Phelan, Richard Bird.

The defense announced they would rest their case at the close of Bird's testimony, and the prosecution were preparing to introduce evidence in rebuttal when Judge Stott was informed of the serious illness of his child and the court was quickly adjourned.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The steamship State of California sailed at 10 A. M. yesterday from San Francisco with the following named passengers:

John Muir
Theodore Mansfield
Mr Brown
K S King
G W Taylor
J F Bowman
A H Mallory and wf
James Delano
H Marvin
H H Blake
Chas J Lord
G W Pardee
S S Smith
John Jones
J L Laird
E A McDonald
A McDonald
Jas Lotan
C A Spreckles
L A Banks
W W Sweeney
A Schilinger
A Bartlett
John M Ritmore
John Harley
S Hobdes
Charles W Bowie
J Bowman and wf
Wm Lauden
Geo Lyman
Louis Mackin
J Sherwin and wf
A C Mayo
F R Stokes and wf
Mrs M [illegible] & 2 chldn
J C [illegible]gswell
F S Meal
Ah Soy
P F Beecher and wf
H Furey
D W Funk
J P Johnson
J F Fountain and wf
F H Winship
Benjamin Stern
H W Monastes
R L T Galbraith
Louis Eppinger
Herman Franklin
Rev L Eggto
James Barman and wf
W K Neimer
Moses Dannenbaum
Jno Proctor
A Dijean
R Dudley
J Smith
M Ellis
Alfred D Holman
E H Elder
L H Elder
Jas Lotan Jr
M H Weed
A Evans
Frank S Sutton
T A Pell
J S Stingle
John L Robinson
O M Allen
J W Gearhart
A Moore
F A Rule
R R Lansdale and dgtr
Charles Green
Wm Able
James McCarthey
A Culbertson
M sa Angela
W Andrews
P Smith
J G Bigham
J Simick and wf
Mrs W Keane
W W Brown
M R Barnes and wf
M C Lowrey
Wm C Fisher
Thos McCarthy

WHEAT AROUND WALLA WALLA.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

WALLA WALLA, Jan 13.—The recent rise in wheat gives farmers every encouragement. Every available acre will be put into cultivation for the coming harvest in expectation of high prices. At present there is no more wheat in the country than will supply the home demand. Prospects were never better for good crops for fall sown wheat. The weather is snowy but mild. Hopes are entertained that a foot of snow will fall and remain, thereby helping the crops by preventing their freezing out.

SET APART FOR THE LADIES.

On Monday afternoon, between half past one and half past four, a full line of the finest silks, satins, silk plushes, silk velvets, brocades, drap ets, cashmeres, etc., will be sold at auction by Mr. T. J. O'Connor, in Meliis Bros. & Co.'s store. The goods are invariably sold for what they bring and may be returned if they are not what Mr. Meliis represents them to be. A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies and gentlemen wishing to invest in choice dress goods.

PERSONAL.

Ney Churchman, dentist, lately with Dr. Jessup, has opened dental offices at the corner of First and Alder, rooms 13 and 14, Strowbridge building.

The Finest and Best.

Go to F. M. Jackson's, 171 First street, between Morrison and Yamhill, for the finest assortment of jewelry and watches and lowest prices. Repairing neatly done at low rates.

Valentines—the trade supplied at lowest rates by J. K. Gill & Co.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Special Meeting Yesterday—Resolutions Approving the Act of Commander Merriman.

A special meeting of the Board of Trade was held yesterday afternoon, President Macleay in the chair. Mr. Macleay stated the object of the meeting, viz: to take action with reference to the conduct of Capt. Merriman in shelling the Indian village. He believed that Capt. Merriman acted promptly, correctly and justly.

William Kapus offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, The Board of Trade of Portland, Oregon, has for many years observed with concern and regret the state of lawlessness and violence which has existed in the territory of Alaska; and,

Whereas, Said lawlessness has culminated in the recent seizure and threatened massacre of American citizens by the Indians of that region; and,

Whereas, The greater portion of the trade with Alaska is controlled by the merchants of Portland, members of this Board, who are thus vitally interested in the preservation of peace and good order in that territory; and,

Whereas, The Board has heard with much satisfaction of the action of Commander Merriman in punishing the insubordinate Indians in rescuing the American citizens and in the preservation of American property above referred to; therefore be it

Resolved, by the Board of Trade of Portland, Oregon, That we highly commend the course pursued by Commander Merriman in suppressing the above attempt at violence, and in chastising the refractory natives.

Resolved, That Commander Merriman took the only proper means to render life and property safe among the Indians of Alaska.

Resolved, That our thanks are due and we hereby tender the same to Commander Merriman for his prompt and vigorous action in the premises, whereby life and property have been rendered secure, and the majesty of the law vindicated, as far as is possible in the absence of any form of civil government, the establishment of which has long been denied to our appeals.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be properly certified to and sent to Commander Merriman and a similar copy to the honorable the secretaries of the navy and treasury.

Mr. Kapus moved their adoption.

This was followed by considerable debate, every member present except one heartily approving the resolution, and it passed with but one dissenting vote.

The president and secretary were instructed to prepare, certify to and forward the resolutions.

RELIEF FOR GERMAN SUFFERERS

The matter of donations for the relief of sufferers by floods in Germany was brought up, and after numerous expressions of willingness by members to contribute personally, Messrs. C. H. Dodd, D. P. Thompson and Wm. Kapus were appointed a committee to collect subscriptions.

THE EAST SIDE.

COMMITTED TO THE ASYLUM

L. B. Stearns, judge of the county court, accompanied by Drs. Saylor and Wheeler, made their appearance at the council chamber yesterday afternoon for the purpose of examining the demented individual arrested the day previous by the marshal. On being brought before them he answered the questions propounded readily and with seeming rationality. He gave his name as Jasper Shockley, aged 40 years, was a native of Virginia, had been married but had no children and did not know whether his wife was living or not; had formerly lived in Lower California, had been a resident of Oregon eight years and lately worked on a farm in Jackson county; had no property and no relatives here; had recently been stopping at Chehalis, W. T., and came down here a few days ago. When questioned by Dr. Saylor as to what he intended to do here he inquired if he wished him to make a statement, and being answered in the affirmative, he said that he had been looking around around but did not know what he would do yet; that he was the son of man and the holy spirit, and that he represented the third coming of Christ, and continued in that strain till all present were convinced of his insanity. The necessary papers being made out he was taken to the asylum by the marshal, offering no objection whatever till arriving at that institution, when he appeared to realize his situation, saying there was no cause to take him there as he was all right. The marshal coincided with him and left him to his fate.

EAST PORTLAND GAS COMPANY

Mr. E. W. Leonard, representing the San Francisco company who projected the scheme of lighting East Portland with petroleum gas, arrived here yesterday for the purpose of effecting arrangements for carrying out the plans of the company. He was accompanied by Mr. P. DeMill, an engineer, who will have charge of the works here as well as at Astoria, where a similar company has been organized. The company have purchased two lots on the corner of Second and G streets for the location of their works, and the above gentlemen, accompanied by Mr. Howden the brick contractor, visited the site during the day to consider the preliminaries of building. The capital stock of the company is placed at $50,000, of which $30,000 is subscribed by citizens of East Portland. The organization is complete and the company have contracted with the projector of the scheme for the consideration of $25,000 to build the works, lay two miles of pipe and furnish seventy five meters, the works to be completed and in operation by the first of April next. From Mr. Leonard it is learned that all the material was shipped from San Francisco yesterday. The projectors claim the light produced from petroleum gas as manufactured by them to be twenty six candle power, which is nearly double that produced from coal gas as furnished in Portland, which is said to be but fourteen candle power. If these claims are realized in East Portland, this city will have made a stride toward emerging from its darkness and obscurity which is not likely to be eclipsed except by the possibilities of electricity.

CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL

The following items taken from the annual reports of the various officers of the First Congregational Sabbath school of East Portland will give an idea of the work and present standing of the school. The number in attendance during the year is 1,2... present membership 106, divided into eight classes of various grades; average attendance 81; books in library 158; periodicals distributed weekly 65; collections, $34 81; offerings for home missions $10 45. The officers for the school were all re-elected and are as follows: Superintendent, Charles F. Plympton; assistant superintendent and chorister, George H. Fox; secretary and treasurer, Frank Plympton; librarian, George Nicolai.

ALLEGED LARCENY

N. K. West yesterday lodged complaint in Justice Bullock's court against Eli Morril for the larceny of a truck stake. Mr. Morril was arrested, and gave bonds for his appearance on Monday next. The defendant claims that the stake is his property, having lost it some time since, and that he took it because he identified it as belonging to him.

HAND SHATTERED

Dr. Raffety was summoned last evening to the residence of Mr. S. Pierson, near Gravelly Hill, to attend his son, aged about 12 years, who, while attempting to pick a cartridge, had that missile explode in his hand, shattering it fearfully. This is the second accident of this nature that has occurred in this vicinity within a few weeks.

BREAKERS AHEAD

Dr. J. M. Patton is in receipt of a letter from Dr. C. E. Custer, dated at San Francisco, in which he states that he expects to return here about the 1st of February, when he will be prepared to meet all demands against him and exonerate himself from the slanders which have been published concerning him. So mote it be.

NOTES

The Congregational Sunday school has a membership of 100.

Camp No. 2, P. O. S. of A., have engaged a hall in Ross & Story's new brick.

Prof. J. D. Hawes has succeeded Prof. E. Burke as principal of the No. 2 school.

Geo. Beck has erected a handsome lamp on the west corner of his stable on I street. He has now a lamp at either end of the stable, a city lamp being located at the east corner.

Jack Files returned Friday night after a four months' absence, during which he has visited California, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas. The trip appears to have agreed with him.

RETURNING A COURTESY.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., Jan. 13.—The United States revenue str. Oliver Wolcott, Capt. Louis N. Stodder, left this morning for Fort Simpson, B. C., to quell an Indian disturbance at the request of the authorities of British Columbia, no British naval vessel being in the waters. It will be recollected that H. M. ship Osprey went to Alaska on the occasion of the Indian trouble in 1879, and the present troubles in British Columbia furnishes an opportunity of returning the courtesy.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Signal service United States army, Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture. Report for the last 24 hours. The following observations are taken at the same moment at all the stations named:

PORTLAND, Jan. 13, ... P. M.

Place of Observation	Height of Barom	Change last 8 Hours	Ther	Wind Direction	Rain fall inches	State of weather
Portland	30 22	—0	41	Calm	03	Cl dy
Olympia	30 15	—08	47	SW	0	Cl dy
Roseburg	30 29	—03	33	E	0	Clear
Red Bluff	30 16	—04	41	S	00	Clear
Sacramento	30 13	—02	34	N	00	Clear

River 6 feet 5 inches above low water mark.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Ladies, I shall have within two months the above amount of silks, satins, velvets and dolmans, and all I ask is to consider my way of taking care. Compare my goods with others and you will never see customers of mine have full confidence in me for I have proved my reliability in having this done as in 50 to 80 hands when location is such a distance from regular thoroughfare. Facts have to... and in future will tell the ore, as I must control 500 hands this year.

H. B. LITT,
Corner Third and Alder streets.

Frank M. Jackson, 171 First st., bet. Morrison and Yamhill: complete stock of jewelry, watches, clocks, spectacles and eye glasses, San Francisco prices.

Inks and Mucilage ... display ever made in Oregon. See J. K. Gill & Co.'s window.

Skinny Men. Wells' Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1.

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 9, 1883.

The born and bred Oregonian who for the first time in his life launches out into the big world is a victim of "impressions." I was attacked with impressions before the ship got to Astoria—struck with the pleasant informality with which the servants of the ship came into my stateroom. I occupied, through special courtesy, a bridal chamber, and every *attache* of the ship seemed bent upon seeing the bride. I cared little and murmured not so long as the visitors were *men*, but when my privacy was invaded by the female branch of the ship's service, my native modesty was grievously outraged. First came the stewardess, then the second stewardess, then the "slavey." Each busied herself for a moment, slyly looking about for the bride the while, and went out. There was an intermission, and I attempted to dress, but in the early course of that extremely personal and private operation, my door was opened and in came the stewardess again. Evidently she meant business, she wanted the bride. "Is there a lady in here?" she asked. In a tone expressive of shocked and wounded feeling, I replied, "Madam!" This she didn't regard as definite, and with a glare to which her spinster figure and matronly years added severity demanded, "Is there a woman in here?" Modesty and manners forsook me and I replied, "Yes, and it would please me greatly if she'd go out and stay out." She went and came no more. Incidents of this sort are fast rubbing the modesty out of me.

But the ship got to sea. I staid on the ship; the ship heaved, I heaved. Reader, you know how 'tis yourself. But sea sickness did wholly overcome my attack of "impressions." I was impressed with the lying qualities of the captain, the dear brave man. He told every lady on the ship that in forty years' experience, man an'-boy, on the ocean and having been three million times around the world, having been ship-wrecked fifty thousand times, not even in the course of his long service "as an officer in the navy" had he seen so dreadful a tempest. But he couldn't hold a candle to the stewardess. That gentle female informed each of the ladies that with one exception she (the lady addressed) was the sickest person she had ever seen. The stewardess didn't give the number of years which her experience covered, but I judged about seventy five.

Providentially there was a doctor on board. He saved the life of every lady on the ship. So did the captain, "heaven bless his brave gallant manly heart." We all landed feeling that the captain held a complete monopoly on nautical science, and that the doctor was the only doctor in the world.

I have lost some romantic notions about reading. I stocked up with choice marine literature, the Toilers of the Sea, "Ode to the Ocean," etc., expecting to read them in proper spirit and with special understanding on the rolling deep. But I didn't. If ever I read them it will be on the firm land. "A Life on the Ocean Wave" is good in poetry and is not bad on the piano (particularly if the girl is pretty), but in reality it is—no polite expression is satisfactory. The reader must fill the blank for himself. I know of nothing which will bring the castes of mankind down to the same common low level so quickly as sea-sickness. It can double discount poverty. I already have numerous "impressions" of San Francisco, but will reserve them for another letter. Do not think to escape, dear reader.

THE OREGON COLONY

Here this winter is unusually large. Mr. Thos. Richardson and family are at Sixth and Mission streets and will spend the winter here. Mr. Richardson will go east before returning to Portland. Mr. H. W. Monastes and family are at the same place. Mr. M. will go home for a brief trip, leaving on the 13th. His family will remain here. Mr. D. Monastes and wife are spending the winter in Oakland. Mr. S. m Douglas and family are stopping at the Russ. Mr. Walter V. Smith and wife are living at the Palace. Mrs. Wm. Kelley is in town and will stay several weeks. Mr. Walker Dunn was will spend the winter here. His health is not improved, though he attends regularly to business. Mr. Jas. McCraken and family and Mr. Wallace are here to stay permanently. J. M. Rice has been here several weeks but goes further south to-day. Mrs. Chas. Russell and family are here. The daughters are in school. Mrs. H. G. Struve and daughter, of Seattle, and Mrs. Nugent and child, of Port Blakely, are at 405 Powell street and will stay several weeks longer. Mr. Geo. D. Goodwin, of Yakima, is here looking for sunshine and health and will stay till March. Mr. J. N. Glover, of Spokane Falls, is at the Lick and will spend the winter here. Mr. H. M. McCartney and wife, also of Spokane, is at 213 Mason street. Mr. McCartney's health has not improved, though he has lost the cough which gave his friends so much uneasiness before he left home. Miss May Page, of Walla Walla, is with the McCartneys. Her health is much improved. Mr. Wm. Lodge, of Walla Walla, is putting in the winter here. Marshal Blum, of Olympia, is here and will stay through the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Callinder, of Astoria, are here, and Mr. C. expects to go into business and permanently live in California. Mr. T. S. Mabry, of Walla Walla, is in town. He leaves in a day or two for San Diego and will not return till April. The list is long and I shall complete it in another letter.

A POOR SHOW

A San Francisco letter must of course have something about the theaters. Custom demands it, and while people perhaps do not read the usual dramatic gossip they expect to see it and feel a sense of something wanting if it is not there. Having been in San Francisco but two days and having seen but one play, I cannot drop into the tone of easy familiarity which so impresses the writer's knowledge and his own ignorance. Either something is wrong with the taste of San Francisco or with mine, because I have been to see "Youth" at the Grand Opera House, and do not like it. San Francisco delights in the piece. The people fill the house nightly to see it; society has patronized it; the newspapers have labelled it first-class, and Andrews & Stockwell, the managers, are reaping a golden harvest from it even at the popular prices—twenty five, fifty and seventy five cents. It is a spectacular play. That is scenery and other effects first and all important consideration, acting secondary and last consideration. The *Chronicle* has called these same effects "magnificently grand," the *Call* says "majestic and unsurpassed," the *Bulletin* says "San Francisco has never seen its equal as a piece of stage mounting and management," and all the other reflectors or leaders (just as you like) of public taste and opinion have echoed these sentiments in one form or another. Now with all these I beg to differ. Judged upon its prime merit, viewed merely as a spectacle, it is unreal and tiresome. The scenes are full of incongruities which appear to a greater or less degree in all spectacular pieces. For example, in "Youth" there is a real boat up in a painted pond, a real prancing four in hand is driven through a painted woodland scene, real water trickles over imitation rocks, and live birds hop all about and sing among the wire branches and tissue paper foliage of gas pipe trees. There is in it all an incongruous mixture of the real and unreal, a mingling of the truly and the make believe which makes the real appear out of place and utterly destroys the illusion of the unreal. If it be argued that the test of merit is expansive prospective art of their arrangement and discipline of performance, then I will admit that upon that theory "Youth" has merit. Of actors there was a legion of acting, there was little of good acting there was less. Indeed the performance, viewed dramatically, was beneath criticism. The only really good characters, and they had little to do, were taken by two old Portland favorites, Mrs. F. M. Bates and Mr. James M. Ward. Prof. R. C. White and Mr. Charles Norris, also known in Portland, were in the cast. But the play tired me and I looked about at the people. I was struck with the informality of the audience. With modest consideration for my every-day clothes I had secured a back seat, but I might have gone to the front row without notice. The people looked well. San Franciscans always look well—but they looked just as they do on the street. The ladies wore their walking suits—hats, jackets, etc.—the gentlemen were in business dress and wore their gloves in their pockets. I was chiefly interested, of course, in the people from home, and a good deal of rather rude gazing about discovered a goodly number. Mr. Thomas Richardson and wife sat on one side. Mr. Wilkie Dunnway was there, Gov. Woods, an Oregon man of old, occupied a box with a party of ladies and gentlemen. Miss Lizzie Story, niece of Mr. Geo. L. Story, and whose visit to Portland a year ago will be remembered, was there. Miss Mattie Cole, who spent several weeks last summer with Mrs. H. J. McDonald, was there. Mr. Morrison, of hotel fame, and Miss J. Witt and Miss Munson, of Astoria, were there. But when I had viewed all the Oregonians I had exhausted the show, and before the performance was two thirds over I left.

A. H.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

A Record of Recent Doings at the Bay City.

REFLECTIONS ON MINING STOCKS.

Increased Commercial Relations with Mexico—French Capital Seeking Investment in Oregon Lands—Political Problems—Theatrical, Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 10.

In accord with that spirit of uncertainty which invariably follows hard upon promiscuous speculation, it is evident that local capitalists have in the near past turned their attention to fresh fields for the investment of their collateral. Whether the tendency of the times is to expect more for ready money than could formerly be expected, or that the allurements of other states are such as to induce our staunch citizens to transfer their investments in other directions, the fact remains uncontrovertable that within a short time a large number of representative Californians have emigrated eastward. Others have been content to remain at the scene of their financial achievements though their efforts have been exerted to invest their money where more profitable inducements are said to be offered. The causes leading to this state of affairs are variously given, some attributing this migratory desire to the evil effects

RESULTING FROM STOCK GAMBLING.

Others pointing significantly to the rapid developments made in the northwestern and southern districts. More recently, however, a regenerative influence has pervaded business circles so that affairs have assumed a much brighter and certainly more promising aspect. Confidence has been in a great measure restored, and valuable improvements in real estate are in consequence numerous. During the calm which existed some years ago and which continued with but little variation until the fall of 1882, considerable difficulty was encountered in perfecting loans at even the modest interest of three or four per cent. To such an extent has the situation bettered, however, that the local banks recently experienced a dearth of available collateral, notwithstanding a tempting offer of six and even seven per cent on the investment. Naturally enough, with the noticeable absence of the stock craze which will preclude the possibility of any further investments in that direction, capital will find an easy way into other channels. It has long been contended that the stock market had raised "jocular hades" with the material advancement of the metropolis, and the state generally, but without entering into an interminable argument of the assertion, it will be admitted without controversy, that the stock market is of yore. A gentleman of this city who is in a position to speak advisedly in the matter recently told your correspondent that the efforts of the presidents of the Comstock mines under the control of the bonanza firm, to reduce expenses, would have little or

NO EFFECT UPON PRESENT PRICES.

In his opinion the proposed reductions were of little consequence, as the amount of salaries was but a mere trifle to the exhorbitant charges for furnishing material to the mines. Interested parties would prevent any interference with cherished contracts, the duration of which was the most potent argument for their continuance. He also alluded to another matter as explanatory of the utter impossibility of obtaining any speedy relief from decidedly obnoxious assessments. The cost of handling the ore increased proportionately to the depth of the mine. As greater depth was attained, the heat increased until finally it became necessary to erect costly machinery with a view of supplying pure air to the miners, none of whom at the average depth of the Comstock mines could do one half the work of a man at a more reduced temperature, or in other words, in the open air. This drawback gave rise to others. The ore passed through crosscuts into winzes up the shaft and perhaps the operation was several times repeated before the surface was reached. This was another important consideration which gave rise to fat contracts. Then again the present work on the Comstock is merely prospective and assessments naturally follow. Taking this view of the situation as correct, surely it is to say the least plausible enough; the prospect of future excitement in the stock market is rather nebulous. It is doubtless to an earnest consideration of the present state of affairs that the Pacific Stock and Exchange Board has for some time given signs of internal dissolution, though an outward existence may possibly be assumed yet awhile. The cause assigned by David Bush, a member of the board, for the proposed sale of the building is the

GENERAL DEBILITY OF THE STOCK MARKET

Coupled with unmistakable symptoms of cerebral apoplexy, with which the business is affected. The board found itself in a curious predicament. The building and some additional property was originally purchased for $325,000 cash. The lot on which the new Dividend building at present stands, was subsequently sold for $105,000, and in addition to this the board received an indemnity of $13,000 for the opening of Leidesdorff street, one end of which is popularly known as Pauper alley. The exchange building itself sadly deteriorated in value, but even then the price at which it is supposed it will be sold ($85,000) is wholly disproportionate. The members of the board despairing of any future bonanzas insisted on a sale as the only means of realizing ultimate benefit from their investment, and thus the matter stands at present. While there is no dearth of ready capital for home investment on good securities, considerable money is also finding its way into undeveloped resources of other states. The near approach of the completion of the southern railroad lines has undoubtedly increased our commercial relations with Mexico and opened a new field for profitable and at the same time legitimate speculation. The great northwest—Oregon, Washington Territory and even Alaska—have excited the cupidity of those with an eye to business, and the result is that investments in those localities are rapidly growing in favor. THE OREGONIAN has already noted the existence of

A SYNDICATE OF FRENCH CAPITALISTS

Who propose buying lands in Oregon. Since mention of that fact was made, your correspondent has been credibly informed that the venture was something more than merely speculative in its nature. The original idea entertained by the projectors of the scheme has been in a measure modified. It was at first supposed that a tract of land would be purchased and cultivated until such time as the lands could be disposed of at a greatly increased value, the promoters in the meantime satisfying themselves with a reasonable interest on the amount invested. The interest was to be realized from productions of the soil. In this particular instance from the sale of fruits. It can be, however, the plan was modeled after that of the Italian colony in this city, which has purchased a large tract of land in Alameda county to be cultivated on joint account, each member of which receives profits proportional to his investment. The scheme has worked admirably and exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of the projectors. It is now proposed to establish a colony representing French capital in Oregon. The measure of course has much to recommend it, as it offers material inducements to persons of limited means, and if rightly conducted cannot fail to be remunerative. In the event that subscriptions are insufficient to carry the project into execution, the venture will partake of a more individual character. The matter has not yet assumed tangible proportions, and much of the present idea is merely speculative and preliminary. In other directions investments and notably local affairs have for the nonce given way to

POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

Unlike other legislatures the gathering of the clans was not announced by the usual flourish of trumpets. An unbecoming solemnity pervaded the every movement of the legislators elect. Ancient stamping grounds were shockingly ignored, and even the San Francisco delegation, which was reasonably expected to form part and parcel of the Mace Slade audience, was represented at the glove fight by hardly a corporal's guard. That the less weighty affairs of state should be given precedence over a fistic encounter was sufficient to excite caustic comment upon such unstatesmanlike conduct. This wholesale onslaught upon the traditions of old is, however, susceptible of easy explanation, as the principals in the recent encounter have been induced to give an exhibition at the Capital for the delectation of these self sacrificing public servants. It might be well to remark parenthetically that we are fast incorporating in our modern civilization much of the athletic spirit which made the Greeks famous for their skill at the Olympian games. With us, muscular Christianity is a rage. A number of other innocent amusements have been carefully selected by the disgruntled legislators, in their frantic endeavors to while away the tedium of grinding out laws. Con. Mooney, with a keen insight to the weaker nature, has arranged a series of chicken fights at which these unsophisticated politicians may be surely counted upon to attend. What a

HIGHLY DELECTABLE ATMOSPHERE

For these guardians of the public weal. In pleasing contrast to this spirit of *abandon* are the scenes enacted at that consecrated edifice, the Metropolitan temple, on the night of the glove fight. The organ which had pealed forth its accompaniment to the supplicating voices of a vast and influential congregation was rudely churned to jigs and break downs while the good old sexton of the church watched the pugilists with reverential awe from behind an enclosure. The scandalized elders of the church were at that very hour expressing their virtuous indignation at Kalloch's temerity in not opposing the leasing of the building, and the climax was capped by granting him a year's leave of absence with full salary attached. There is scarcely anything of note in

THEATRICAL CIRCLES.

The unprofitable run of the "Naiad Queen" has been cut short by "Michael Strogoff," with the original scenery and a much improved ballet. The attendance has increased and the management glories in a well filled house. One of the chief attractions in connection with the piece is graceful Ariel, a young lady of apparently 22, who floats about the stage, over the orchestra, into the flies, and alighting at the starting point in a most mysterious manner. Her movements are decidedly graceful, and the perfect regularity of her motion leaves the spectators in a quandary as to the *modus operandi*. Having taken her flight into the air her assistant holds out his hand, and with mathematical certainty the little fairy descends in full view of the audience and perches herself now on his hand, then on his shoulders and again on his head. The flights are made in circles, or from one side of the stage to the other, concluding by a flight towards the audience and over the orchestra. At the Grand Opera house, "Youth" still holds the boards and proves quite an attractive card. The minstrels are in the hight of their season. The announcement is made that the Madison Square theater company will shortly open at the Baldwin, where the latest New York successes will be played and then placed on the road, including Oregon and British Columbia.

HYP.

PORTLAND PULPITS.

Scandinavian M. E. Church—Third St., bet. B and C. C. J. Larson pastor. Preaching 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30.

Unitarian Church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh. Charles Noyes acting pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Morning subject: The Progressive Nature of Religion. Evening subject: The Relation of Doctrine to Duty.

Scandinavian Service—There will be service in the Baptist church in the Scandinavian language, Sunday the 7th of January, at 3 o'clock P. M., and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited to come.

First Baptist Church, cor. Fourth and Alder. Rev. J. A. Gray, pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Subject for morning—"Has Fear a Place in Religion?" and for the evening, "Popular Sins." Seats free. Sunday school at 12:30.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, Portland, B street, between North Ninth and North Tenth streets, next Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Services will be held in the Swedish language. P. Carlson, Pastor.

Hall-street M. E. Church, H. K. Hines, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. Clark Davis, of St. Jo, Missouri. Lecture at 7½ P. M. by Ex Gov. A. C. Gibbs. Subject—"The Great Northwest and its Missionary Work." All welcomed.

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets. Services every Tuesday by Henry Shadle, pastor. Morning subject: "Christ's Mission;" evening: "Gaining the World and Losing the Soul." All are invited.

Taylor street M. E. Church. Preaching morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Izer. 11 A. M. subject—"Christian Stewardship." 7:30 P. M. subject—"Search the Scriptures." Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M., in the lecture room. The public is cordially invited to all the services.

First Congregational church. Service to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Frederic R. Marvin. Morning subject—"The Nature and Efficacy of Prayer." Evening subject—"The ... Home." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young People's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

The Church of Sea and Land, corner Third and D streets—Regular Sunday School at 9:30 for one hour. Bethel services on board the City of Carlyle at the foot of Washington street at 2 P. M. Preaching in Bethel Hall at 7:30 P. M. by the chaplain. Prayer meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7:30 P. M.

First Presbyterian Church—Corner of Washington and Third streets. A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Services Sunday morning and evening. The morning subject assigned by the World's Evangelical Alliance: "The Second Advent." Evening subject: a popular lecture. Sabbath school at 12:30. Strangers and especially young men cordially welcomed. Ushers provide seats.

Episcopal Church Service—Trinity, Oak and Sixth. Sunday 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. St. Stephen's chapel (Jefferson and Fifth), Sunday 11 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. St. Matthew's chapel (First and Caruthers) 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. Trinity mission chapel (Watson's addition), 3:30 P. M. St. Timothy's chapel (Grammar school), Sunday 3 P. M. Good Samaritan hospital (Twenty first and L), Thursday 3:30 P. M.

East Portland Pulpits.

St. David's Episcopal Church—Rev. J. W. Sellwood, rector. Services morning at 11 A. M. Evening at 7.

Baptist Church, corner of Seventh and G streets—Services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7 P. M. Seats free. All are welcome. G. J. BURCHETT, Pastor.

United Brethren—J. H. Watson, pastor; services held in Good Templars hall, on L street, near Fourth, over Dr. Coley's drug store. No evening service.

First Congregational Church—Holladay's addition to East Portland. Regular Sabbath service at 11 A. M. and at 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. Amos W. Bower, pastor.

Presbyterian Church, Odd Fellows building, corner of J and Tenth streets—Sabbath services. Preaching by pastor Rev. D. O. Ghormley at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:15 P. M. Strangers invited to all services.

Service in the Scandinavian language—There will be service in the Scandinavian language in the Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. All are welcome. O. Okerson, missionary.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been added to the Library during the past week:

- ...me Women of To-day.
- Measure for Measure, by Mary Stanley.
- Miss Beck, a novel, by Tilbury Holt.
- Earl Wayne's Nobility, by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.
- Autobiography, by John Stuart Mill.
- The Early Days of Christianity, by F. W. Farrar, D. D.
- A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a connected view of the principles of evidence and the methods of scientific investigation, by John Stuart Mill. Eighth edition.
- The Chess Player's Handbook. A popular and scientific introduction to the game of chess, exemplified in games actually played by the greatest masters and illustrated by numerous diagrams of original and remarkable positions, by Howard Staunton, Esq.
- Chess Praxis. A supplement to the Chess Player's Handbook, containing all the most important modern improvements in the openings illustrated by actual games, a revised code of chess laws and a collection of Mr. Morphy's matches, etc., in England and France, by Howard Staunton.
- ... Practical Book ... and Business Man...
- Hill's Manual ... edition ... J. K. Gill & Co.

Kind Mrs. Grant.

Speaking of doing kind things, a lady friend of mine who lives in Washington has only words of admiration for Mrs. Gen. Grant. "She was always so simple and so genuine when she lived at the White House," said my friend, "but she somehow always said the right thing in a way to make you feel that she was glad to see you. She was always ready to go out of her way to do you a favor. I remember one time when the husband of a lady of her acquaintance—a paymaster—got into serious financial trouble. His money was gone. He could not account for it. He was court-martialed. Mrs. Grant interposed to save him, for while in the eye of the law he was guilty, morally she believed him innocent. Mrs. Grant sat up till midnight to send a dispatch to the officer's wife to let her know that she had succeeded and that her husband was saved. She was all the time doing such things."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Wild Goats as a Result of the War.

As showing the instinct of the goat, which is not generally credited with much intelligence, visitors to Harper's Ferry, Va., are informed that when the war broke out and the sound of the cannonading was heard in the valley large numbers of tame animals of this description took refuge on the Maryland Heights, and have never returned. Even now they can be seen on the top of the mountain. Their young have been reared on the summit, and have never become domesticated. Occasionally hunters kill the wild goats, as they are called, and the tame ones from the valley frequently go up to visit them, but they persistently refuse to descend, and the sense of danger experienced by the goats of 1861 and 1862 seems to have been transmitted to their posterity.—*New York News.*

GLIMPSES ABOUT HAARLEM.

Changes that are Going on in Quaint Old Dutch Town.

Although Holland abounds with the most delightful specimens of domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they seldom care to revive it when they build a new house. There seems to be but *one* approved style now, and that the very worst style of French villa, with its dull, dark Mansard roof. There is also an almost universal run on a certain garden statue in plaster, the most ill-modeled child, with a short tunic, holding a basket of chalk fruit on its simpering, idiotic head. No garden is complete without that, and if the means of the owner permit, a large globe or shining quicksilver glass, in which is reflected the most awful contortions of every surrounding object. Those who are tired of hearing of "high art" and "esthetics," of harmonies and symphonies of color, of dadoes and old bric-a-brac, should come here to rest their troubled brain. If one could only stay a few months with the owners of one of these villas! The people are by no means reticent in displaying their objects *de luxe*—mostly wax flowers or French vases, Gilt edged books bound in good old fashioned positive colors, a "magenta" tint that now and then seemed to have been distilled from long pent up and suffering canal water, these massed in brass-bound book slides, and tended by a muse or two in plaster of Paris, are on a veneered table between the parted curtains of every one of these new abodes. Wandering along one of the canals, we stopped to admire a crow stepped gabled house of time toned velvety brick. We read on a tablet high up the name of Ph. Wouvermans. Yes, that must have been his studio window—that large one. A pleasant house, and a substantial well-to-do air about it. A pleasant spot, too, by the tree-shaded canal. Wonder if it is still a studio? It looks like it. It almost tempts one to ring the bell and ask if Herr Wouvermans is at home.

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There are still in Haarlem a goodly number of old houses of the seventeenth century. Some of their gables lean rather forward toward the street or sideways toward their next door neighbor in a way suggestive of fundamental debility. At first sight it seems safer to walk on the middle of the road, and look out for falling bricks. But one soon gets over the tottery character; in fact, some one told us that they were built originally at that angle forward. When they lean sideways they admit the mouldering pile beneath and own to the shrinkage. The fine old city walls and ramparts that withstood the famous siege have been pulled down all but one old gateway, a splendid specimen of its kind, picturesque to the last degree. That is all there is left to illustrate one of the greatest chapters in the history of Haarlem. The boulevard and the tram car have risen over the dust of all the rest. I should like to say something more worthy of this memorable siege, there is such a splendid opportunity, but on second thought perhaps it is as well to refer the reader to Motley, and not seek to supersede that admirable history.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The Universe.

The most successful and popular writers and speakers of to-day are those who express themselves in the fewest and simplest words. There was a time when one was considered a brilliant writer or speaker if he used lengthy and high-sounding words. The intricacies of language were then considered, now it is the idea and sentiment which claims the admiration, and the most comprehensive manner of expressing one's sentiment is the most approved method. Nor is it a simple and easy matter to express oneself simply and correctly. It is as much of an art to acquire brevity in language as it is to extend it by high flown terms. The rapidity of the age has done much toward the simplifying of language. We have just discovered that life is short—much shorter than it used to be, for the number of our days is decreased in consequence of our headlong race through life in competition with each other, and thus it becomes necessary to abbreviate in all things in like proportion, and especially in language. Thus the habit of abbreviation has gradually grown upon us, but we still find those who remain devotees to the old style of "going around Robinson's barn," according to the old saying, to express a simple idea—a thought which perhaps may be of little consequence, if any, and yet a simple thought may convey a world of meaning when forcibly presented, but it never can be clearly expressed when the quantity and the nature of the language tends to complicate it, and attracts the mind more to the terms than to the subject. In the greater number of books of recent issue the language is terse and the matter is not strung out to such unnecessary length as formerly, as may be seen by comparing them with works of only a few years ago. If such were the case there would necessarily be fewer books read, and still it is an undisputed fact that the general literature of the day is far more brilliant on the whole, than that of a decade past. This is progress, educationally, and to the simplification of the language this improved state of society is chiefly due. While therefore the modest and simple Anglo-Saxon is to be favored in all written and spoken language, there is a limit to abbreviation and condensation; there is no necessity for making oneself incoherent in an endeavor to speak briefly and to the point; one extreme, in this matter, is as undesirable as the other, and should be carefully guarded against. For this reason, then, simplicity of language is an art, and it requires study, practice and a keen discernment to estimate, to a nicety, as to what may constitute the happy medium—it is not taught, but is the result of observation and judgment. Amateur writes and novices generally endeavor to see how grandiloquent they can make their writings, and the writings of this class are often amusing to sensible people.

The Church Mechanical: The Church Spiritual.

There are two great churches—the church mechanical and the church spiritual. The one is materialized, has forms, order, regulations like a kingdom; the other is living, lambent, invisible, of no shape, with no creed but holiness, with no ordinances, with the real, personal ministry of the Holy Spirit always present, and the light, life and the power of God. The church mechanical has no right of existence except as a servant of the church spiritual, but it has usurped the authority of its superior. It demands obedience of all men, it prescribes their beliefs, it organizes their worship, it determines their merit, it stands at the end of the way with the radiant key of heaven and the flaming key of hell, making the whole world crouch at its golden promises or lurid threatenings. To this earthly and mechanical conception of the church belong all mediæval creeds, which have turned the goodness of God into a dry herbarium which have left out of account the one chief element of power in religion—the power of a living soul on a living soul. The only orthodoxy on earth is the creed of right living. God and the human soul are the only forces that the world knows. All others are derivative, subservant, auxiliary.—*Henry Ward Beecher in North American Review.*

A Stone With a History.

Ben Milan, who resides in Mississippi near the Marshall county line, and who is owner of the wonderful madstone of which we made mention some months ago, dropped in to see us on Saturday last while on a business trip to our city. Mr. Milan informs us that since the stone has been in possession of his family 1220 cases have been treated in all, not one of which failed to recover. An average of fifteen patients test the curative powers of the stone annually, which number is about three times as great since as before the war. The history of this wonderful stone, as we get it from Milan, is that in 1810 a Dr. Barker, of Alabama, brought the stone from China, where it was known as the "snake stone," being used by the Chinese to cure snake and spider bites and those of other poisonous insects. Soon after Dr. Barker returned to Alabama he began to test the stone on persons bitten by mad dogs, and with great success, and so used it until his death, which occurred several years afterward, when with other effects the stone was sold and became the property of Garvin Milan (father of Ben) and three of his neighbors. One at a time the joint owners sold out until Mr. Milan became proprietor of the stone, and at his death willed it to his son, the present owner, who only a few days ago refused for it $7,500.—*Oxford Patron.*

She Wanted Some Fun, Too.

The Lowell, Mass., Citizen says: "A ten year old lad called at our office day before yesterday morning, saying 'Mother's got a lame back, baby has the mumps, sister is laid up with neuralgia, and father's in bed with rheumatic, and Aunt Mary, who is keeping house, sent me over to subscribe for your paper, as she says it is full of joy and wisdom. She wants some fun too.' After noting the subscription we marked a copy of the paper to our youthful visitor and ... round, wrote on the margin 'To Aunt Mary ... the Citizen, regards ... and use St. Jacobs Oil ...' Shortly after noon to-day the boy appeared again with the following note: 'Mother ... grandmother is flirting with my ... baby is all hunky, and Aunt Mary is happy; she says the paper and St. Jacobs Oil are the bulwarks of home comforts.'"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Seasickness.
FROM ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, among the passengers, during a passage to Atlantic. In the majority of cases I ...

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883

H. W. S.

SUNDAY'S REST

England as well as America is discussing the Sunday question with vigor and animation There is a strong sentiment among the laboring classes in favor of opening museums and art galleries on the first day of the week, and the plea is adduced that such action would lessen Sunday drunkenness Kindred opinions have at different times been held by prominent clergymen A minister in New York complained in a recent sermon that on Sundays the best places of amusement were always closed and the worst ones always open Birmingham, Manchester and other English towns have it is said, found that the plan of allowing art galleries to be opened on Sunday worked excellently and many Londoners demand that a similar policy be pursued in the metropolis The day of rest is a blessing to all classes, but especially to the poor A man of leisure derives comparatively little benefit from it, but to a laborer it is a priceless gift. The holiday Sunday goes hand in hand with the workday Sunday, and the workingmen will find that of the two extremes, undue strictness is preferable to undue laxity. If irreligious workmen demand a day of unlimited amusement, irreligious employers will exact a day of unlimited labor The rigid Sabbatarianism of the old Banbury Puritan, who was said to have hung his cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday, meets with little favor nowadays, but any attempt to change rational liberty into license is a terrible error from which, if successful, none will suffer more than the workingmen

H. W. S.

POPULATION OF CHINA

A correspondent of the London *Times* writing from Shanghai, says there is every reason to believe that China has fallen off enormously in wealth and population during the last fifty years The last complete census of the empire, taken in 1812, gave a total of 360,000,000. Since that time there has been an internecine civil war, which has caused the death of 30,000,000 of people while other wars have also made serious inroads, so that it is thought by many that the population cannot now exceed from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000

By law every province ought to make an annual return of population, but this seems to have fallen into desuetude. Only one province so far has resumed the practice, viz Chekiang In 1812 this province stood for 26,257,000, and it is now reported as containing only 11,570,000 inhabitants Chekiang is a very fertile province, and the center of the silk industry, so that the population might be expected to fill up by emigration more rapidly than in other places. If, therefore notwithstanding all these advantages, the population in this one province has decreased by 15,000,000, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the falling off over the whole eigh or ten which are known to have suffered, is at least 100,000,000 and that the present population of China does not exceed over 250,000,000 The returns of land tax payable are further confirmatory of this conclusion In 1812 the land tax payable in Chekiang was 5,350,000 taels, now it stands at only 2,120,000 taels It is said that ever since the Taeping rebellion the financial prosperity of the country has steadily declined Though the officers of the government have striven in every way to raise revenue, the receipts of the public exchequer are more insignificant than ever and the people are in a state of poverty that has no precedent in the history of the empire Under these circumstances we cannot wonder at Chinese emigration

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS

There is more than ordinary disposition on the part of the press to discuss and prophecy as to who may be the next republican candidate for the presidency, and the discussion brings to the front a half dozen of names, as follows General Sherman Senators Logan Edmunds and Harrison, Secretary Lincoln, and ex Secretary Windom The names of Senator Sherman and Mr Blaine are not especially mentioned, it being understood that they, as men once stricken by the incurable fever are always candidates

But there is one thing which, from year to year, seems constantly to escape these presidential prophesiers, to wit the history of their country With the exception of General Grant—whose military achievements lifted him out of the ordinary category—no man since the republican party became a living entity, who was prominent in the presidential scramble has been nominated by it Prominence has, of itself, proved fatal to success Previous to the Chicago convention of 1860 the drift was all towards Mr Seward Among other possibilities Simon Cameron, Salmon P Chase and Edward Bates were freely talked of It is doubtful if Mr Lincoln's name was ever heard of in that connection a month before the convention met 1st Mr Seward's prominence dragged him down, and Mr Lincoln was nominated not because he was the choice of the party, but because he was the most available man with whom to beat Seward There is a little woman down at our house, said Mr Lincoln, when the news came to him who would like to hear this—I'll go down and tell her

In 1876 Mr Blaine by one of the most brilliant and powerful personal efforts for the presidency ever made in this country held as was generally supposed the winning cards There can be no doubt that a decided majority of the delegates in the Cincinnati convention were in favor of his nomination, and though the highest vote received by him at any one time was 351 (28 short of a choice), yet if all the delegates who voted for him on different ballots had done so on the same ballot he would have had considerably more than enough Among all the candidates the least thought of was Gov Hayes of Ohio He was in the race at all simply because his own state had agreed to present him—a favorite sonny movement much jeered at We presume it to be a fair statement that at least three fourths of the Ohio delegation were not for him and considered the Hayes movement only in the light of an empty compliment and as a means of holding the delegation together until it could be placed where it would do the most good Yet on the seventh ballot Mr Hayes 61 votes had swelled to 384 and he was nominated not because anyone wanted him but because he was the only man they could unite upon in the effort to defeat Blaine

The Chicago convention of 1880 is so fresh in mind that few details need be given Up to the thirty fifth ballot Mr Garfield had received but two votes On the thirty sixth he had 399 It was not manifest that anyone especially desired his nomination, but this desired to defeat Grant, and Garfield was the only man they could unite on for that purpose

It will be thus observed that if precedents are worth anything, prominence in the scramble for the republican nomination is not especially desirable It is possibly a keen knowledge of this which keeps Mr Sherman so persistently quiet, and leads Mr Blaine to announce that he is not a candidate Even in 1876 Mr Blaine was no unaware of this peculiarity of American politics and, when asked which of the other candidates he most feared, replied "The Great Unknown" And The Great Unknown is very likely to carry the next republican convention as he has so many before It is of course possible that his name is to be found on the list given at the outset but prominence in the connection, at this early period, is about the worst thing that could happen to them. They and their friends would be much better employed, so far as their own interests go, in letting the nomination alone, and in helping to make things possible for a republican election.

FAIR TREATMENT

The Chicago *Tribune* thinks the Northern Pacific was not treated too generously, and says The Northern Pacific railroad had nothing but its land grant from the government and most of the land when granted was supposed to be worthless, as much of it has since proved to be. The Central and Union Pacific not only had enormous grants of land, but they also had a cash subsidy of $45,000,000—a sum sufficient to build the roads without the sale of an acre of land or the expenditure of a cent of private capital. The Northern Pacific, by comparison was not too generously treated It should be remembered, too that the latter road has opened up to settlement a new and fertile portion of the public domain, and has already made immense additions to the national wealth The feeling is very general in this section of the country at least that no substantial injustice will be done if the Northern Pacific shall be permitted to go on and complete its road under the terms of the original contract

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"Necessaries" is a term of indefinite meaning—but figures very largely in the law regulating the martial relations It may be necessary" for a wife to have a sealskin sacque, and under certain circumstances it may not be proper to go beyond a calico gown A curious case has just been decided in Massachusetts A husband whipped his wife who employed a lawyer to prosecute him Then he took proceedings against her on the charge of common drunkenness, and she engaged the same counsel to defend her This lawyer sued the husband for the value of his services, relying upon the rule of law that a husband is liable for "necessaries" supplied to his wife The supreme court accepted this view so far as pay for her defense was concerned but ruled that the charge for prosecuting the husband could not be allowed

The *Wood River Times* says that exactly midnight when the old year went out and the new year came in the slopes along the Wood river towns were alive with miners bent on securing to themselves a few new mining claims Over 200 good locations in that vicinity made last year were not represented They had been watched throughout the fall by nearly as many men who in case the locators did not appear in time were prepared to relocate or jump them for themselves Many had gone onto the claims they intended to jump the week before with tents, blankets tools and grub, so as to be the first claimants Over 300 men had left the towns on the river to make locations and most of them returned on the afternoon of the first

An agent of King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands is in London to buy a crown to be used at the coronation of his royal highness in January This is a good market, as England is supposed to have several second hand ones in her stock the original proprietors having no further use for them There is a great difference in tastes as to the style of crowns An African traveler reports that he was received by a native sovereign in full regal rig [illegible] for his crown an empty tin can, on which was still visible the original label, concentrated gravy" This would probably not suit Kalakaua, but it answered every purpose in the interior of the Dark Continent

Miss Kate Field, who is a noted woman in many ways got up a co operative dress association in New York, the object of which was not so much to introduce reform in dress as to furnish ladies with dress goods at cheaper rates and to protect them from supposed extortioners in the dry goods trade This association became Miss Field's hobby and she strove hard to make it successful, but it has failed Here is another proof that amateurs in any business have not much show of success when they undertake to compete in any line of trade or business with those who know what they are about

A Cincinnati judge has decided that parties uttering messages over telephone wires must not use the word damn" "The telephone" says the judge "reaches into all classes of society—not only into business circles but into many family circles It must be remembered that it is possible from the peculiar arrangement of the instrument to have a communication that is intended for one individual reach another All communications therefore, should be in proper language" A very proper decision Paste it on the wall over your telephone

Wiggins has been interviewed again by a correspondent of the New York *Herald* in regard to his great zephyr and he states that it will come on time He says that he has foretold several other great storms which have never failed to materialize when due In January he anticipates a storm which will be much above the average" Upon the 9th of February a great storm will strike the Atlantic But these will be mere bagatelles in comparison with the storm which is coming in March Wiggins proposes to make it a test case of veracity between him and the chief signal office at Washington

Gen John B Gordon of Georgia formerly United States senator comes home from Europe proud of his country He said to a reporter It is enough to make an American proud to ride through the streets of London with its civilization of two thousand years and see American implements American sewing machines American tools and American goods displayed on every hand and know that American watches are being sold in the stores and American fields are feeding the English people and American factories beginning to clothe them

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Dr Holmes in the *Atlantic* I look across the Atlantic and see Mr Gladstone only four months younger than myself standing erect with Patrick's grievances on one shoulder and Pharaoh's pyramids on the other an atlas whose intervals of repose are paroxysms of learned labor

For the benefit of the curious the following information is given The entire business of the St Paul post office during 1882 was $148,896 The Portland office did a business of $[illegible] or $110,000 more than that of St Paul St Paul has 75,000 inhabitants and Portland 50,000

Liquid Damnation in Frozen Sticks.

A St Louis genius makes icicles out of pure whisky and finds plenty of customers for all he can turn out Frozen whisky tastes like the best imported champagne —*Detroit Free Press*

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"The George Eliot Birthday Book" and the "George Eliot Calendar for 1883," published by Hall & Whitney, of Boston, are now ready, and to be admired and appreciated need but to be seen They are by a lady of Boston, whose rare literary acquisition and rich culture bespeak for her high commendation. The birthday book in its exquisite binding of drab and blue with letterings and designs in gold, contains a portrait of George Eliot, and illustrations by J Appleton Brown On the left hand pages are the quotations and on the right are the name and date of birth of some eminent women, among them Charlotte Bronte Lady Jane Gray, and the beautiful Heloise And the author has shown a rare and delicate insight into character and condition by fitting, so to speak, the quotation to the woman "The Calendar" is superb and artistic in design, being quite independent of "The Birthday Book," and containing a quotation for every day in the year

Messrs. D Appleton & Co have just published the second volume of their exquisite Parchment Library Edition of Shakespeare—an edition which it is a pleasure to read the paper is so white, the ink so black, and the type so clean and sharp But there is a deeper pleasure in it than this which is chiefly mechanical, the pleasure of reading what Shakespeare wrote (if Judge Holmes and Mr Morgan will allow us to think that Shakespeare wrote anything) without being distracted by what the commentators have scribbled upon it, Historical Introductions Sources of Plot, and so on *ad infinitum*. That these have their value we are prepared to admit but not in such an edition as this, which gives us the text of Shakespeare as his contemporaries had it either in the quarters or the first and second folios and which we ought to understand quite as well as they did divining the meaning of corrupted passages and feeling the greatness of the whole We have four plays of the young Shakespeare here The Comedy of Errors Much Ado About Nothing Love's Labor Lost and A Midsummer Night's Dream, any page of which, the poorest, is worth all the dramatic writings of the Laureate or indeed, of any living English poet Write down, that they hope they serve God and write God first, for God defend but God should go before such villians! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false villains and it will go near to be thought so shortly"

John C Reed has published through Little Brown & Co, of Boston, a book entitled "American Law Studies or Self Preparation for Practice in the United States" It commences with suggestions in aiding the young man to decide whether he is fitted for the legal professions, takes him through a course of study with and without the aid of the law school, giving directions as to the best mode of acquiring a knowledge of the law, and applying it practically giving a list of books and a synopsis of the works that should be read and studied and a method of getting a good knowledge of reported cases up to the time of his admission to the bar and through his early practices It is divided into five books Book I is rather preliminary, and discusses the different methods of pursuing legal studies Book II gives a working knowledge of general laws junior and senior course in contracts and in torts and also in criminal law civil procedure and kindred subjects management of law suits and advocacy importance of statutory construction, works on domestic relations and bailments, real and personal property and equity and guides to reports and statutes Book III federal and state laws, and directions as to best methods of gaining familiarity with forms of every class Book IV treats of subjects which in the main concern the young lawyer after admission and are accessory to the strictly legal course such as necessary non legal knowledge law periodicals, libraries etc Book V treats of the Roman law and jurisprudence giving a long list of books and authors

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr Stedman's essay on Emerson as a poet will appear in an early number of *The Century*

The February *Century* (the Midwinter number) will contain a frontispiece portrait of Mr George William Curtis which is said to be one of the most successful engravings that Mr Cole has yet made The accompanying article will be from the pen of Mr S S Conant, of *Harper's Weekly*

Mayne Reid the well known writer of boys books is quietly living on his farm in Herefordshire His farm is his hobby and yields him a handsome living Its chief product is wool and from that material grown upon the backs of his own sheep he recently ordered to be made cloth for a suit of clothes which he has presented to General Gordon of confederate army fame

No man says an English writer, ever enjoyed life more than Anthony Trollope He was full of common sense yet ludicrously obstinate and perverse, roaring and spluttering, and wholly incapable of argument, Once he and a party of friends were in conclave at Henley Some subject of importance was being considered and some one made a suggestion Trollope engaged in conversation at the other end of the room at once raised his head and his voice I differ from you entirely," he roared like a bull at a red rag I differ from you entirely! What was it you said?

THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

The Hotel des Invalides in Paris was established in 1670 by Louis Fourteenth as an asylum for invalid soldiers and it has since been used for that purpose Around it cluster glorious memories of the great military achievements of the past, and under its dome in a magnificent tomb rest the remains of the great Napoleon A year ago fourteen of the survivors of Napoleon's campaign were among the inmates of the hospital Originally designed to accommodate 6000 invalids it now contains but 400 the remainder of the vast building being occupied as a military museum galleries for plans in relief commission offices while eighty of the rooms are used as quarters for staff officers which is claimed to be an abuse of privilege and the cause of much dissatisfaction

As a symptom of the growing disposition of the French republican government to gradually destroy many of the great institutions which have grown up under former dynasties an effort was made in the French chamber of deputies to abolish the Hotel des Invalides as an asylum for invalid soldiers and substitute therefor to those entitled to its privileges a pension of 1000 or 1200 francs The debate on the question which we find in a recent French paper shows that a feeling in favor of the discontinuance of the asylum has been steadily increasing for some years and when the question came up a few days ago there were 212 votes in favor of its abolition to 242 against it Unless a revolution or some foreign war should occur to turn the attention of the people to military affairs the asylum which one of the deputies in the debate called this shrine this temple this Pantheon of the military virtue is probably doomed

The Better the Levees the Worse the Floods.

English reports state that in 1858 the influx of water into the lower valley of the Mississippi at Cairo was 1,475,000 cubic feet per second while the discharge at or below New Orleans was only 1,100,000 cubic feet per second In other words the influx was 375,000 cubic feet per second greater than the outflow This excess multiplied into 147 days an average high water period as stated by Gen Humphreys would show four trillion and seven hundred trillion cubic feet more inflow at Cairo than outflow at New Orleans and constitute a volume of water averaging 9 feet in depth and 47½ miles wide extending from Cairo to the gulf This vast sea would be created by a water shed above Cairo of 313,436 square miles having an average rainfall of 31 5-8 inches to the square mile To be added to this is the rain fall of the southern water shed of 348,110 square miles of an average depth of 39 inches to the square mile This constitutes a volume of three trillion cubic feet more or a body of water 12 feet deep by 47½ miles wide extending from Cairo to the gulf Such was the area and depth of the overflow of 1858 which Gen Humphreys says lasted 199 days and as stated by him was the year the levees were perfected from Cape Girardeau to New Orleans To discharge this volume of water through the single channel passing New Orleans with its present velocity would require 60 days if there were not a single drop of water flowing into the river between Cairo and the mouth of Red river the lowest tributary Even more absurdly advocates of levees and jetties would force all this vast mass of pent-up waters through the south or jetty "pass," which does not discharge 100,000 cubic feet per second, or one-tenth the volume of water that they tell us flows in front of the Crescent city In 1858 when, as Gen Humphreys says, the levees were perfected from Cape Girardeau to New Orleans, the overflow was more disastrous than ever before. In other words the better the levees the worse the floods and incidental disasters The river became 47½ miles wide and 12 feet from Cairo to the Balize The submergence lasted 199 days —the longest on record Noah's flood wasn't a circumstance. This year as Captain Leathers states, "the river went it blind, climbing over the tops of the levees" —*The American Register*

AN OLD NEW-MEXICAN CHURCH.

The Zuni Indians—Cortez' Priests Introducing the Olive the Pear, and the Grape.

An interesting paragraph is going the rounds of the press of Mexico, in regard to untold wealth concealed beneath the ruins of the ancient palace of King Tenamaxcenicali As the story goes, this ancient monarch, hearing of the approach of Cortez hid his valuables in a subterranean passage leading to the palace Workmen digging in that vicinity have recently unearthed a tunnel and have already brought to light some images in use at that period The more sanguine think the treasure itself will be shortly reached, and are digging for it with the energy of treasure-seekers At last accounts the untold wealth has not been reached

The foregoing clipping suggests to my mind says Phillip Reade of the United States army the old church in New Mexico near Koslowsky's ranch called the Pecos church from the stream of the same name close by

Over forty years ago Lieuts Abert and Peck, of the United States army, were sent by the chief of engineers of the United States army to make explorations in New Mexico Their report included a pictorial sketch and a very elaborate description of the Pecos church

I first saw the ruins of the building in 1873 It was then in a ruined condition because unroofed but the site of the original edifice was plainly visible Many interesting traditions and some facts were told me regarding the structure by old Koslowsky and others It is believed that the Zuni Indians lived generations ago on the lowlands of New Mexico, and not, as now in mountainous regions The Zunis built the Pecos church under the supervision of the Jesuits When detached parties of adventurous soldiers of fortune followers or descendants of Cortez journeyed northward from old Mexico they were accompanied by priests Wherever it was possible missions were established and the holy fathers began their work of conversion These missions marked the route of the expeditionary forces, and to this day many of the adobe buildings are in a good state of preservation The Pecos church is one The priests introduced olive and pear trees and particularly grape vines To the fruit from the latter was thus given the name of the Mission grape Every church had its patron saint, thus near Fort Union New Mexico is the church of St Guadalupe near Fort Bayard, New Mexico the Mission of Santa Rita, near Fort Lowell, Arizona the Cathedral of St Xavier etc Southern California is filled with these missions and gigantic olive trees six feet in circumstance and grape vines a foot in diameter still bear fruit in San Diego, Cal close beside the beautiful palm trees also planted long before our day by the holy fathers of their native proselytes

The once famous Santa Rita copper mines were worked by those zealous Catholics The productiveness of the mines of precious metals more than a century ago is attested to by the parchment records still perserved at Madrid at the City of Mexico at Santa Fe and many other places of lesser note At one time the county clerk at Silver City New Mexico had in his possession the parchment records showing the shipment from the church of the Kneeling Nun per pack mule train, to the City of Mexico of a large amount of precious metal and pure copper the yield of New Mexican mines contributed by missions for the good of the church

The records and missions mark an area in the history of this country and afford abundant study for the archæologist The oldest settlement in the United States is not St Augustine nor are the oldest buildings of recorded history located in Florida

The Pecos church was built by the Indians belonging to that mission and they builded better than they knew The adobe bricks have been exposed these forty years to wind and weather The erosive action of the rain is manifest in the guttered sides but a portion of the walls still stand In 1873 a part of one side say sixty five by thirty feet was standing and the solid wooden sills were larger than could be hewn from any trees now growing in New Mexico soil How such pieces of lumber were transported to the place where used and indeed where they came from, are matters for conjecture only The sills were all quaintly ornamented appearing as if red hot ax shaped stones had been used to burn irregular curves upon their surface The adobe bricks were each 40x24x12 inches and harder than most kiln burned bricks

Koslowsky told me that within his remembrance the mission bell had been stolen but it is more than probable that he was the depredator as, by his own confession he had spent much time in undermining the church searching for treasure In fact, his only son was killed by lightning while digging for vessels of gold and silver fabled to have been buried beneath the altar by the priests at a time when the Navajoe Indians raided the pueblo

Near by the church are the remains of a pueblo or village of Indians believed to have been Zunis and a circle of stones is pointed out as the location of their sacred fire, once kept constantly burning awaiting the coming of Montezuma when he should have worn out the golden slippers donned by him when he according to their traditions departed from their midst centuries ago These Zunis were not a warlike people, and suffered greatly from the incursions of the fierce Navajoes The raids became so incessant that they finally abandoned the Pecos pueblo and migrated about three hundred miles westward near to what is now Fort Wingate The instinct of self preservation caused them like the Moquis or cave dwellers to change also their mode of habitation Just how this came about I endeavored to tell you in my communication written last May

The demolition of the Pecos church is due more to the cupidity and vandalism of such as Koslowsky than to the natural ravages of time The present preserved condition of the ruins is due to the superstition of such men The death by lightning within the church walls of Koslowsky was followed by the death of a repairman on the United States military telegraph line while engaged in repairing the line immediately in front of Koslowsky's ranch The superstitions and fears of the old man were so excited by the occurrences that thereafter he shunned the church as the devil is said to shun holy water It is still believed, however, that near to where the chancel was are hidden metallic treasures deposited by the descendants of the Aztecs or their contemporaries

Effect of Alcohol on the Brain.

Hyrtl by far the greatest anatomist of the age used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room by one stroke of the scalpel the brain of the inebriate from that of a person who lived soberly Now and then he was in possession of a drunkard's brain admirably fitted from its hardness and more complete preservation for the purpose of demonstration When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects that object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol From a soft pulpy substance it then becomes comparatively hard, but in the inebriate anticipating the anatomist the brain begins the indurating process—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul while its delicate and gossamer like tissues still throb with the pulse of heaven born life Strange infatuation that thus desecrates the god like Terrible enchantment that dries up all the fountain of generous feelings, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!

Mrs Garfield is entertaining a few friends of the late president at her home in Cleveland A correspondent writes from that city to the Louisville *Courier Journal* Mrs Garfield looks much better than she did early in the summer There is a better color in her face and she is more fleshy She looks older and is more careworn and numerous wrinkles have appeared in the face since I last saw her Her dress is wonderfully plain as is that also of her husband's mother

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Life is but short, therefore, crosses cannot be long —*Flavel*

The way to get out of self love is to love Christ.—*Augustine*

Thanksgiving, in substance should be often written thanks*giving* —*Matthew Henry*

A true reform is a reform of the heart and in that and that only, there is safety —*The Criterion*

The soul of John must have been pervaded by eternal, childlike Christmas joys!—*Schleiermacher*

We implore the mercy of God, not that He may leave us in our sins but that he may save us from them —*Pascal*

There is nothing greater than the name of Christ, but nothing more to be feared than to bear it unworthily —*Quesnel*

Can we be unsafe where God has placed us and where He watches over us as a parent a child whom he loves? *Fenelon*

When the day comes that Christians are Christians, then will the great mass of mankind be convinced of the truth of Christianity —*Spurgeon*

As the sea bird sleeps calmly on the bosom of the ocean billow, so in all trying circumstances sweetly rests the soul that is stayed on God —*Rev J E C Sawyer*

Not a single faithful word is ever uttered that does not repeat itself in echoes till it reaches the throne of God Not a noble deed is ever done, however obscurely that is not chronicled in heaven

Chrysostom said beautifully so beautiful that the words have been preserved like a fly in amber God has given a man two eyes if he lose one he has another But man hath only one soul, if he lose that the loss to him can never be made good again"

Faith without repentance is not faith but presumption, like a ship all sail and no ballast, that tippeth over with every blast And repentance without faith is not repentance, but dispair like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight—*Sanderson*

Conscience is your magnetic needle Reason is your chart But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle, and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart than a crew that had ever so great a chart and no needle at all —*Joseph Cook*

Know dearest brother says St Francis of Assisi that courtesy is one of God's own properties Who sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust out of his great courtesy is the sister of charity who banishes hatred and cherishes love.—*Moretti*

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude, for oblivion is a kind of annihilation, and for things to be as though they had not been, is like unto never being Make not thy head a grave, but a repository of God's mercies —*Sir Thomas Browne*

We hold reunions not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help, and past our praise We can add to them no glory we can give to them no immortality They do not need us, but forever and for evermore we need them —*Garfield*

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it, No it is not conformity that we want, it is not being able to beat the world in its own way, but it is to stand apart and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life —this only can give us a true Christian power —*Bushnell*

Christ is risen and is a living presence in the household of his disciples, more a presence in his visible church to-day than he ever was in the synagogues of Palestine or even the upper chamber of Jerusalem and that the resurrection the uprising of the spirit when he has made it to live in him, endowed with a new being and already, here and now in fellowship with the father and his son Jesus Christ entering into life eternal —*Lyman Abbott*

The crusaders have passed into history and serve now to fill only a few of its pages The scarlet cross on the mantle has perished with the wearer, but the cross in the heart abides still in the souls of the justified And now abideth faith hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity The blossoms and fruit from those branches cannot be mistaken Whenever wherever they may be found whoever cultivates these Christian graces in the heart bears the sign of the cross for the Saviour said, By their fruits ye shall know them —*Rev T Taylor*

How few read Fenelon and Pascal now What a contrast all this presents to the spirit of the Christian life! The genius of the gospel is in harmony with the still moments of the spiritual communion and elevated taste and heavenly affection It says Not in the feverishness of excitement not in the tumult of passion, not in the noise of faction, not in the conflicts of ambition not in proud pre-eminence and brilliant assemblage is your true life Enoch walked with God " "Go forth into the wilderness, and I will there talk with you" "Every man went to his home, Jesus went to the Mount of Olives"

Without action we grow stagnant or retrograde in things pertaining to morals as in mental acquirements It is easy to say we can worship God by reading a good sermon at home The cares of the household often crowd out the book we mean to read. The spirit of worship promoted by the sanctuary the rest that the house of God gives, the taking of the mind from every day duties and surroundings, the inspiration to better living the influence upon others in keeping the day sacred, all make regular church going a necessity to those who would keep their Christian hope and life in a condition that shall be a joy to themselves and an inspiration to others —*Congregationalist*

Moral decay in the family is the invariable prelude to public corruption It is a false distinction which we make between public integrity and private honor The man whom you cannot admit into your family whose morals are corrupt, can not be a pure statesman Whoever studies history will be profoundly convinced that a nation stands or falls with the sanctity of its domestic ties Rome mixed with Greece and learned her morals The Goth was at her gates, but she fell not until she was corrupted and tainted at the heart The domestic corruption preceded the political When there was no longer purity on the hearth stones, nor integrity in her senate, then, and not till then, her death knell was rung —*Robertson*

St Paul wrote to the Thessalonians When we were with you thus we commanded you that if any would not work neither should he eat He himself refused to give and he authoritatively forbade others to give where giving would do more harm than good Wise charity must often wear this stern aspect but its genuineness is no more to be called into question on that account than the reality of the apostle's religion He refused to support out of church funds those who though able to eat their own bread preferred to live upon their neighbors His language is strong and his tone so very decided in treating of this matter because his religion was real and fervent conviction and not mere effusive sentiment It was to him a sad sight to see men destitute but their idleness and lack of self respect was sadder still, and if the sharpness of want alone could rouse them to effort the pangs were salutary and true charity could not wave them off —*Monthly Register*

Cutting Jewish Women's Hair.

There is a remarkable mystery surrounding the origin of the custom of the Jewish women cutting off their hair and donning a wig on their marriage Even in the present day the custom is still observed by the ultra orthodox The effects of the custom were supposed to give a clue to its origin There was undoubtedly too much reason in the middle ages for Jewesses to be eager to make themselves as unattractive as possible The custom of cutting off the hair of the bride on the wedding day is not mentioned in the Talmud According to Mishnah Ketuboth vii it is contrary to Jewish custom for married women to appear in the street with head uncovered Out of modesty the custom was also observed in the house and in order to remove the possibility of yielding to temptation the hair serving no longer as an ornament, but being a superfluous weight on the head was entirely cut off According to Mishnah Nazir ii 5 the cutting off the hair is considered a disfigurement which the husband could veto in case of his wife being a Nazarite Some few believe that the custom dates from the very earliest times, and they found their opinion upon the allusion thereto in Deuteronomy chapter xxi 12 Referring to the mode prescribed for taking a captive woman for a wife the text says "Then thou shalt bring her home to thine house and she shall shave her head" —*Jewish Chronicle*

Mice can live anywhere comfortably except in a church This proves that they can't live on religion any more than a minister can

THE HOLLANDERS.

A Persevering People Wresting Their Holdings from the Ocean.

Extract from Nasby's Letter in Toledo Blade.

The American notion of a Hollander is largely derived from dear old Washington Irving, the same as the world's idea of Richard III is taken from Shakespere. A Dutchman in our mind is a man with broad beam, his natural width being increased by a multiplicity of breeches, and his squat figure topped off with his enormous hat, and bottomed with large square shoes with buckles, and finished with a long pipe always He lingers in the American mind as a dull, plodding, persevering, phlegmatic man The persevering part is all that is correct of the Dutchman now, in the cities, at least. No matter what he was in the time when New York was occupied by them, you find him at home to be one of the handsomest men in the civilized world—keen, shrewd, exceedingly active, and as smart as the best business man anywhere He is dressed always with great neatness and precision. His women are even extravagant in their love of dress and ornament, and his cities, instead of being dull and sleepy are the most noisy and bustling places of their size in all Europe.

Persevering! A race may well claim that quality that can fence out the sea and keep it fenced out as the price of its existence. Every foot of land of almost the whole of the Kingdom has been wrested from the ocean, and it is even now as much as ever a constant struggle with the Atlantic for its possession. Let anyone of the vast dykes break, and the whole country, cities, farms and villages would again be under water, and the ocean winds would howl over what is now the richest agricultural country in the world To get some idea of what Holland is and what labor it has cost to make it what it is, imagine a country centuries ago near all of which was many feet below the level of the sea, and the sections above the level merely low-lying islands, marshes and swamps and a vast area a part of the sea itself, the interior being lower than the line of the shallows of the coast. Imagine, then, the building of a wall on a coast where the tide rises sixteen feet, strong enough to resist not only the rush of the tide, but the added fury of the severe storms which prevail in the northern countries After this embankment was built, the water had to be removed, pumped out, that the land might be habitable As the elevation from the lowest levels of the land to the level of the sea is too great for the water in the interior to be raised at one operation a series of dykes had to be built, with a canal on the exterior of each, the water from the interior level pumped by means of wind-mills to the canal outside the first dyke from thence to the canal on the second, and so on for many miles, till it is finally discharged into the highest level, the ocean. Small canals or ditches are dug every sixty feet in which the water is drained from the land, collected, as it were to be pumped from one to the other of the main canals, which are sixty feet wide and six to eight feet deep.

And this work has been going on for centuries—this constant fight against the elements It justifies the old Dutch saying "God made the sea, we made the shore"

The country must be protected by dykes against the rivers as well as the ocean, for the deposits brought down from their sources have raised their beds above the level of the country, and but for costly embankments, would inundate the country and convert it again into the swamp it was Holland is a country of dykes and ditches With so much land in the world unoccupied, it is a mystery why reclamation on such a vast scale was ever attempted, and why it is maintained at such enormous cost, but it was and is and the country is the richest and most prosperous in Europe

The dykes are constructed of earth stamped and compressed to make them as hard as possible and then planted with willows and trees, the roots of which make more solid the earth In places immense walls of solid masonry are found necessary to make them proof against the action of the fierce waves

The pumping is done at the expense of the government the service costing 6,000,000 florins a year

The extraordinary fertility of these "polders" as the reclaimed land is termed, is accounted for by the fact that when there is too much water in the soil it can be drained in a very short time and when there is a drouth the land may be irrigated without trouble or expense. The land is everywhere many feet lower than the canals

If the sea wall should break it would inundate the first level, if the volume of water should break through the second dyke it would rush on to a third, and so on till the whole country be inundated It is this ever-threatening danger which calls for the care which is taken of the dykes, and the vigilant watch that is kept over them The safety of the whole kingdom depends upon their strength

It is now proposed to reclaim the whole of the Zuyder Zee, which will give Holland a new province of 987 square miles, at an estimated cost of 120,000,000 florins, making the land cost nearly $175 an acre It is well worth it, however, as the crops grown on these lands are enormous, and from their contiguity to the great consuming cities of the world, everything grown in Holland brings a very high price. Besides this, owing to their facilities for irrigation, dry seasons do not affect them, and as they can pump all the water off they choose to, wet seasons are of no damage As the climate is very regular, good crops are the rule. In Holland art has triumphed over nature Give a Hollander a sea and a windmill, and he will make a farm anywhere, providing it is wet enough After what they have done, it would not be singular if, after finishing the Zuyder Zee, they should tackle the great German ocean They are capable of anything in this direction

The windmills are cumbrous, but very effective The machinery used to pump the water is a long screw propelled by the windmill, which raises a steady stream, and a very large one any hight desired The crown of the dykes makes their principal roads, and, as they are paved with the conscientiousness that characterizes the work of the Dutch in everything, very delightful roads they are It is a novel sight to be riding along them and looking down from your carriage upon immense barges not five feet from you Then your sight ranges over the perfectly flat country as far as the eye can reach, ships, barges and boats of all kinds, sometimes above you and sometimes below sailing in every possible direction As you cannot see the water under them, it looks as though they were making way by some invisible power across lots and going wheresoever they pleased One is reminded of the captain of an Ohio river boat who, boasting of the little water she drew, claimed he would sail the Mary Ann' across a meadow if the dew was on the grass.

Everywhere you see cows all black and white and magnificent animals they are The peculiarity of a Dutch landscape is cows and trees, and a picturesque landscape they make The country is perfectly flat—if there is any difference it is that one section is flatter than another, but as the eye takes in miles of territory and as the canals and roads are all bordered with trees and as the houses all have enormous steep roofs of red tiles, and as the fields are full of cows with villages very thickly dotted over the country, there is no lack of beauty in it It doesn't require a cold gray rock to make beauty A mountain is beautiful only in one way and beauty has many forms There is beauty of one kind in a red headed woman After you have been surfeited with the Rhine with its vine-clad hills and naked ruin crowned rocks flat Holland with its green fields red brown houses and black and white cows is a positive relief

JOHN G SAXE.

Rumor That The Great Yankee Humorist Has Softening of the Brain.

Mr John G Saxe the poet still resides in Albany, at the home of his son, and is an invalid The disease from which he suffers is neuralgia, and affecting the great nerve centers and accompanied by chronic dyspepsia The result is considerable physical pain and a degree of emaciation As exaggerated statements have been made concerning the gentleman's condition it is well that the facts be thus correctly given It should be added that no impairment of mental strength is characteristic or a consequence of the disease and that of course the reports of Mr Saxe having experienced a softening of the brain have no foundation in fact The poet reads regularly, but feels indisposed to writing still in conversation his logic fancy and analytic abilities are shown to be as marked as at any time His many friends and admirers regretting to learn of his illness will, nevertheless be gratified to know that the impressions concerning any disorder or decay of the mind of the sufferer, are totally devoid of truth

[illegible]

SANTA CLAUS IN THE MINES.

A [illegible] mining town [illegible] up amid [illegible] rock-bound peaks of the Sierra [illegible] mountains.

[illegible] town was [illegible] and was [illegible] on a creek which emptied into the [illegible] river [illegible] miles below. Both the dwellings and business houses [illegible] strictly speaking, cabins, were constructed of unhewn pine logs, the crevices between the timbers being "chinked" and plastered with mud. The town consisted of [illegible] and gambling houses [illegible] The dwellings of the [illegible] were scattered along the creek or built on the adjacent mountain, the majority of them [illegible] "[illegible] for dust" [illegible] newly discovered diggings.

In a small cabin near the upper [illegible] of the town sat a woman in widow's weeds, holding [illegible] a bright eyed, [illegible]-faced little girl about five years old, while a little [illegible] of a boy lay upon a bearskin before the open fire-place. It was Christmas Eve, and the woman sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. She was yet young, and as the glowing flames lit up her sad face, they invested it with a wierd beauty.

Mary Stewart was the widow of Aleck Stewart and but two short years before they had lived comfortably and happy in a camp on the American river. Aleck was a brawny miner, but the premature explosion of a blast in an underground tunnel had blotted out his life in an instant, leaving his family without a protector, and in straightened circumstances. His daily wages had been their sole support, and now that he had gone, what could they do?

With her little family Mrs. Stewart had emigrated to the camp in which we find them (all western mining towns are called "camps,") and there she earned a precarious livelihood by washing clothes for the miners. Her's was a hard lot, but the brave little woman toiled on, cheered by the thought that her daily labors stood between her darling little ones and the gaunt wolf of starvation. Their clothes were patched and shabby, and their food plain, and sometimes scant, yet they were never reduced to absolute starvation.

Jack Dawson, a strong, honest miner, was passing the cabin this Christmas Eve, when the voice of the little girl within attracted his attention. Jack possessed an inordinate love of children, and although his manly spirit would abhor the sneaking practice of eavesdropping, he could not resist the temptation to steal up to the window just a moment to listen to the sweet, prattling voice. The first words he caught were:

"Before papa died we always had Christmas, didn't we mamma?"

"Yes, Totty, darling, but papa earned money enough to afford to make his pets happy at least once a year. You must remember Totty, that we are very poor, and although mamma works very hard she can scarcely supply us with food and clothes."

Little bright faced Benny raised his curly head from its soft rest in the warm bear-skin and cheerily said:

"Des' wait till I dit to be a man, mamma, an' 'ou won't have to work. I'se doin' to be a dreat big miner, like papa was, an' dit 'ou ever so much money, but I wouldn't do near 'em hateful blastin' things an' dit tilled 'like papa did."

Jack Dawson lingered upon the outside. He could not leave although he felt ashamed of himself for listening.

"Why, bless my little man, what a brave future he has planned! I do hope and pray, darling, that you will grow up a strong and good man and one who will be a blessing and a comfort to mamma when she gets old."

"We hung up our stockings last Christmas, didn't we mamma?" questioned the little girl.

"Yes, Totty, but we were poor then and Santa Claus never noticed real poor people. He gave you a little candy then, just because you were such good children."

"Is we any poorer now, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, much poorer. He would never notice us at all, now."

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of sadness in the widow's voice as she uttered the last words, and he wiped a suspicious dampness from his eyes.

"Where's our clean stockings, mamma? I'm going to hang mine up any ow; maybe he will come like he did before, just because we try to be good children," said Totty.

"It will be no use, my darling. I am sure he will not come," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she thought of her empty purse.

"I don't care, I'm going to try anyhow. Please get one o' my stockings, mamma," pleaded the little girl.

"Your clean stockings are on the line outside, and I cannot go out and hunt for them this bitter, cold night. You may hang up your old ones, but oh, darling, I fear you will be so terribly disappointed in the morning? Please let it go until next Christmas, and then we may be richer."

"No, mamma. I'm going to try anyhow."

Jack Dawson's great generous heart swelled until it seemed bursting from his bosom. He heard the patter of little feet upon the cabin floor as Totty ran about hunting hers and Benny's stockings, and after she had hung them up, heard her sweet voice [illegible] as she wondered over and over if Santa Claus would forget them. He heard the mother in a choking voice tell her treasures to get ready for bed; heard them lisp their childish prayers, the little girl concluding:

"And, O Lord! please tell your Santa Claus that we are very poor, but that we love him as much as the rich children do, for dear Jesus' sake. Amen."

After they were in bed, through a small rent in the plain white curtain Jack saw the widow before the fire, her face buried in her hands, and weeping silently. On a peg just over the fire-place, two little patched and faded stockings, and then he could stand it no longer. He moved softly away from the window to the rear of the cabin, where some of [illegible] fluttering in the wind met his eye. Among these he searched until he found a little [illegible] which he removed from the line, folded [illegible] and placed in his overcoat pocket, and then set out for the main street of the camp. He entered Harry Hawk's gambling [illegible] the [illegible] where a host of miners [illegible] were at play. Jack was well known [illegible] and when he got up on a chair and called for attention the hum of voices and [illegible] of [illegible] checks suddenly ceased. Then in an earnest voice, he told what he had seen and heard, repeating every word of the conversation between the mother and children. In conclusion he said:

"Boys, I think I know every one of you, an' I know jist what kind o' metal yer made of. I've an idee that Santa Claus knows jist whar the cabin's situated, an' I've an idee he'll find it afore mornin'. Hyar's one of the little gal's stockings that I yanked off'n the line when I heard the widder say she didn't [illegible] with the washin'. The daddy o' th' little 'uns was a good, hard workin' miner, an' he crossed the range in the line o' dooty jes as any of us is liable to do in our dangerous busin[illegible]

[illegible]

Mrs. Stewart arose [illegible] little [illegible] She cast [illegible] a hurried glance toward the bed where the [illegible] lay sleeping, and whispered:

"Oh, God, how bitter is poverty!"

She built a blazing fire and set about preparing the frugal breakfast. When it was almost ready she approached the bed, kissed the little ones until they were wide awake, and lifted them to the floor. With eager haste Totty ran to the stocking only to turn away, sobbing as if her heart would break. Tears blinded the mother, and clasping her little girl to her heart she said in a choking voice:

"Never mind, my darling; next Christmas I am sure mamma will be richer, and then Santa Claus will bring us lots of nice things."

"Oh, mamma!"

The exclamation came from little Benny, who had opened the door and was standing gazing in amazement upon the wealth of gifts there displayed.

Mrs. Stewart sprang to his side and looked in speechless astonishment. She read the card, and then causing her little ones to kneel down with her in the open doorway, she poured out her soul in a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God.

Jack Dawson's burly form moved from behind a tree a short distance away and [illegible] off up the gulch, great crystal tears chasing each other down his face.

The family arose from their knees and began to move the stores into the cabin. There were several sacks of flour, bacon, canned fruits, pounds and pounds of coffee, tea and sugar, new dress goods and a handsome, warm, woolen shawl for the widow, shoes, stockings, hats, mittens, and clothing for children, a great big wax doll that could cry and move its eyes, for Totty, and a beautiful red sled for Benny. All were carried inside amidst alternate laughs and tears.

"Bring in the sack of salt, Totty, and that is all," said the mother. "Is not God good to us?"

"I can't lift it, mamma; it's [illegible] to the step!"

The mother stooped and took hold of it and lifted harder and harder, until she raised it from the step. Her cheek blanched as she noted its great weight, and breathlessly she carried it in and laid it upon the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she loosened the string and emptied the contents upon the table. Gold and silver, more than she had ever thought of in her wildest dreams of comfort, and almost buried in the pile of treasure lay Totty's little blue stocking.

We will not intrude longer upon such happiness, but will leave the joyful family sounding praises to heaven and—Santa Claus.

The whole story reached Mrs. Stewart's ears. She knew Jack Dawson by sight, and when she next met him although the honest fellow tried hard to push by her, she caught hold of his coat and compelled him to stand and listen to her tearful thanks. The tears shed were not all hers, for when Jack moved away there were drops of liquid crystals hanging to his ruddy cheeks.

Four months from that "Merry Christmas," Mrs. Stewart became Mrs. Jack Dawson and every evening when the sturdy miner returns from his daily labor to his comfortable home, Totty and Benny will climb upon his strong knees and almost smother him with kisses, while they lovingly address him as "our Santa Claus papa."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

How an Ever-Popular Melody Brought Tears to an Old Drunkard's Eyes.

Providence Journal.

About ten o'clock Tuesday evening three persons stood together under a gaslight on High street. A few doors adjacent was a saloon, and through its half opened door came snatches of coarse laughter and licentious songs, interjected with occasional oaths. Of the three figures standing near at hand, one was a man apparently of middle age, well formed, and bearing upon his bloated and rum-suffused countenance memories of better days. The other two were females, apparently his wife and daughter. The face of the elder woman was pale and anxious, while that of the younger was pitiful and sad. Only fragments of their conversation could be heard, but it was clearly evident that the wife was eagerly imploring the partially intoxicated husband to go home with them, but he refused, and tried in a maudlin way to induce them to leave him alone.

Just then there were [illegible] trooping around a corner close at hand a group of young persons of both sexes, who were evidently returning from some festival or entertainment. As the party came into High street they commenced singing, [illegible] the street. Their voices, well blended, poured forth a flood of harmony upon the still night air, and as the group of singers gradually disappeared in the distance, snatches of melody came floating back upon the ears of the listeners, including the group of three before referred to. They ceased talking and listened. The sodden, [illegible] features of the man worked convulsively as the sweet cadences wafted back to his ear from the increasing distance, growing fainter, then merging in echoes, and finally [illegible] away.

What was the thrilling air? What hidden chord of memory had been thus evoked [illegible]

[illegible]

"No, [illegible] you know my salary is small and the [illegible] with a year's rent in advance took nearly all the money I had saved before our marriage. Since then I have [illegible] a hundred dollars. So, little one," [illegible] smiling fondly down upon me, "where would I get the other two hundred?"

"Dear me," I replied, pettishly, "can't you make it some way—speculate or something? Other men make money faster than you do."

My husband's face grew very grave as he inquired:

"Lulu, do you think I would deny you this, if I could get it for you?"

Oh, heaven forgive me! I knew I was wrong, but I replied sulkily:

"If I had married Edwin Armstrong he would have bought it for me."

I was frightened at Leon's white face as he rose to his feet, pushing me from him when I tried to detain him.

"Has it come to this?" he said hoarsely, "that you regret having refused a richer man for me?"

Without a word more he left the room and a moment later the house shook as he slammed the front door after him.

I sat where he left me and cried awhile, then I grew resentful.

"I don't care," I said, "I want the cloak so much and I do believe he could get it if he would, besides that, I might as well show him first as last that I am not going to be ruled by his tantrums."

I retired early. Leon seldom stayed out late, [illegible] but that night it was one o'clock when I heard his latch key in the door, and when he came and stood beside me I pretended to be asleep.

The next morning Leon was very grave. He kissed me as usual, but all the warmth had gone from his kiss; my temper rose and I sulked.

"He shall see that I don't care," I thought.

Very little was said at the breakfast table and I grew more and more uncomfortable.

At length the tedious meal was finished. He came and stood beside me. I thought he was going to put his arms around me and take his good-bye kiss as usual, but he did nothing of the kind. He only said:

"Lulu, I have found a way to make some extra money, and you shall have the cloak; but unless you want to drive me mad, never repeat what you said last night."

He stooped, kissed my forehead and left me, but somehow the prospect of obtaining my wish failed to elate me.

The days dragged along. Leon seemed utterly changed. All the buoyancy and laughter was gone; instead he was silent and cold; never cross; always gentle and kind, but so cold!

Perhaps his love had been warmer than mine at first, but now, when I felt that his affection was waning, I began to value it, loved him better, and grew wretched accordingly. He was frequently absent at night, and when I asked what detained him he said briefly:

"Business."

Christmas morning at last. I went down early to the dining room. A large box stood on a chair. I opened it eagerly, and lifted out the most lovely sealskin cloak I had ever seen; far surpassing Miss Aylmer's.

"It must have cost four hundred dollars," I said under my breath, "it is superb!"

In the bottom of the box was a card on which was written:

"I have fulfilled my promise. LEON."

Not a word of love, not a Christmas wish. With a heavy sigh I laid the cloak back in the box as my husband entered.

"Does it suit you?" he asked quietly.

"It is very beautiful, where did you get all the money, Leon?"

"Never mind where," he said, more harshly than he had ever spoken to me. "You have the cloak; are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes," I replied lightly, driving back the tears that filled my eyes. "Only you are getting to be a regular bear."

That evening there was a concert. I went with Mrs. Aylmer and her husband. Leon said he had business.

"Christmas night?" I asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, Christmas night. Business that must be transacted," a bitter smile curving his lips as he replied.

We sat early. Two of those women who perpetually canvass their neighbors affairs at all times and in all places, sat behind us. Presently one of them mentioned my husband's name, and willingly or not I was forced to hear.

"Did you know Leon Ray before his marriage?"

"Yes, I met him several times, but I never saw his wife."

"Nor I; but at one time I knew him quite well. He is clerk in Allen & Gray's wholesale house. The other day I was down at Lord's and saw him pay four hundred and fifty dollars for a sealskin cloak for his wife. I knew his salary wouldn't allow him to do such a thing, and yesterday I asked my husband where he supposed the money came from. My husband says [illegible] has taken to gambling lately."

My heart almost stood still. My husband, Leon Ray, of whom I had been so proud; my husband, who had always been looked up to by his associates as a model of what a man should be—Leon, a gambler!

Mrs. Aylmer was shocked and when I turned to her with "Take me home," she rose, explaining to her husband that "Mrs. Ray is ill," and we passed out.

She tried to say something to console me, but I stopped her, crying vehemently:

"It is all my fault! Leave me alone!"

[illegible] my own door, and [illegible] down [illegible] in an agony of remorse and self abasement.

May I never suffer again as I did then! I saw at once the precipice on which my husband stood, the weakness of his nature, his overwhelming love for his unworthy wife, and that I had [illegible] his love to bring about this [illegible].

After a while I rose, removed my wraps, [illegible] my dress, folded away the cloak [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Allen [illegible]

"Twenty-four hours before [illegible] it impossible to do what I did [illegible]

I opened the subject abruptly.

"My husband," I said, "Mr. Allen, [illegible] dismissed him because he was a gambler?"

[illegible] word.

"I am very sorry," he replied courteously, "but it is an invariable rule with us never to retain an employe after we know that he frequents such places, and unfortunately we know this of your husband."

"But Mr. Allen," I said, "it is all my fault every bit. He has never denied me anything, and when he refused me a sealskin cloak I taunted him with the fact that I could have married a richer man. I drove him nearly frantic. I told him he might make the money some way if he would—I never thought of this. I came here without his knowledge to beg that you will take him back and give him a chance to regain what he has lost through my vanity and wickedness."

Then I told him how I had returned the cloak, and that I was going to give Leon the money to return to the men whom he had won.

Mr. Allen was visibly moved, and finally said:

"Well, Mrs. Ray, it is an uncommon case. Your husband has been one of our most trusted employes, and we have regretted his downfall greatly. It is better that he should not [illegible] of your having been here. He may come to me voluntarily; if he does I will consider what I told him."

I drew my veil down to hide the blinding tears that would come and went home.

Leon was [illegible] waiting for me. He sat by the fire and I knelt down beside him.

"Oh, my husband," I cried, "if you will forgive me for all I have made you suffer, for all the evil that I have led you into, and take me to your heart again, I will be a good true wife, a helpmeet, not a hindrance. But love me as you used to, or I shall die!"

I broke down and sobbed bitterly. He lifted me in his strong arms, and his lips trembled as he said:

"Oh, my dear little wife, I have always loved you. What about the disgrace I have brought upon you? If you forgive me, do you suppose I can ever forgive myself?"

"Hush!" I replied. "Your great weakness has been that you could not bear to deny me anything, and I [illegible] the blame of this miserable affair."

"Oh, my love," he said, "as if I did not know wherein I have sinned and how low I have fallen!"

After a while I told him about the cloak. It was a bitter humiliation to both of us, but we knew we were right. He wrote a note to each of the men of whom he had won, enclosing the amount. Doubtless he had only been permitted to win in order that they might ruin him afterward. Then he said:

"Lulu, I am going down to the office to see Mr. Allen. I don't expect to be reinstated but at least I can let him know that I am fully sensible of my disgrace."

I never knew what passed between the two men, but Leon was given his former place, and he told me that after that long interview in Mr. Allen's office the matter was never referred to again.

It was not till long afterward that he learned that I had been there before him.

It was a bitter lesson for us both. Leon never yielded to temptation again; and I was cured of my vanity, selfishness, and temper.

That was ten years ago. A year afterward he said laughingly, one day, looking into my eyes as he kissed me tenderly:

"It is fortunate, little wife, after all, that you did say 'no' to Edwin."

Then I knew that my bitter words had ceased to wound him.

Since then he has been taken into the firm, and has made money enough to buy me a dozen sealskin cloaks if he wished; but, to this day the sight of one recalls what I went through the only time I ever wore one, and I prefer something else.—*Paul Carson.*

A CHURCH ROW.

Discreditable Scene at a Funeral in a Canadian House of Worship.

The trouble at Christ Church, Hillier, assumed a disgraceful phase a few days ago on the occasion of the burial of the late Wm. Wilson. Rev. John Halliwell, who has for a long time been at variance with the members of his congregation, was recently deprived of all right to officiate in Hillier by his bishop. On the death of Mr. Wilson Rev. Mr. Loucks, rector of Picton, who had frequently visited the deceased gentleman during his illness, promised to conduct the funeral service. As the procession entered the church they found Mr. Halliwell there with surplice on and book in hand. Mr. Loucks commenced to read the burial service, as also did Mr. Halliwell, the latter gentleman continuing the lead down the aisle. At Mr. Loucks' request the procession turned quickly about and proceeded to the grave, leaving Mr. Halliwell to read to the walls. In the course of his remarks Mr. Loucks read the bishop's letter deposing Mr. Halliwell, and afterwards all returned to the church, where the letter was again read in presence of Mr. Halliwell, a [illegible] Mr. Halliwell endeavored to reply, but the audience refused to hear him and left the church.—*Toronto Globe.*

Hooked with Rattlesnake.

[illegible] mountains was out hunting recently. As he was crossing a small clearing [illegible] to fire the gun, which was loaded with powder and shot. The day was very successful, [illegible]

[illegible] Expedience.

[illegible]

[illegible] MANUSCRIPT.

[illegible]

actually comprised only [illegible] and discoveries during the eight years in which I had conducted my Persian explorations. It made a bulky roll of paper, and I had swathed it round in so many wrappings that it had the appearance of an infant mummy from the land of sacred ibis.

I rattled across Europe as fast as I could, after disembarking at Brindisi from Alexandria. Feverish anxiety had taken hold of me, now that my task was really completed, to place the results of my patient toil, and the toil of hundreds of native workmen, in the hands of a distinguished British publisher. Through the [illegible] was my road to immortality, as I [illegible]. No wonder I treasured up that roll of manuscript.

My plan was to go straight to a well-known publishing firm with my manuscript, even before presenting myself to my aged mother and the other members of my family. My publisher I fancied I had chosen with great skill. I knew he was the head of an equally famous firm who had recently issued a book dealing with Nineveh and quite entitled "The City of Jonah." His good nature and the laws of commercial competition would, of course, prompt him to desire to publish another portion of Persia—that which I had explored. Why should I not call it "The Tomb of Alexander?"

I confess I was triumphant. Not in vain had I toiled personally, up to my neck in sand, and in the "ruins" as deep in mud, in Persian trenches, underground galleries and caverns. Not in vain had I superintended armies of lazy, contemplative, quick-witted Asiatics. Not in vain had I squandered my private fortune on Persian deserts. Now I should become renowned! I knew my knowledge was new, solid, precious. My book had cost me eight years of original research. It was the condensed essence of discovery. It was a mine of unique information, which I longed to spring on the learned world of Europe.

You can imagine how, feeling all this, all my previous life seemed merely a preparation for that journey, seemed eventful. The prosaic scenery became poetical. There was a romance about the railway stations. The porter at the terminus seemed more than human. Was he not taking the treasures of Assyria to the cloak-room?

Such were my thoughts, when I found tickets being taken, and I was cast adrift on a London platform. Holding my precious bundle of manuscript in my left hand, and my right clutching the umbrella which I had not used in Persia, but had bought in Paris, I rushed to the van whence my luggage was being ignominiously shot out. The treasures of Dariades were handed about with scant ceremony. I found a massive gold capital—one of my greatest prizes—for which I had had a special portmanteau manufactured, on the point of being pitched head foremost out of the van. I stopped the sacrilege, had all my numerous packages collected—ten in all—and followed the porters to leave the station and hire a cab. I fancy the guard treated me with a good deal of extra attention; so did the porters. My luggage was enough to supply the wants of an eastern potentate on his travels.

Pardon my dwelling on such details, but every slightest event at that moment is of importance to understand what follows. I had seen the first load properly adjusted, and wheeled off toward the van [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] I would wrest fame from [illegible] though at the eleventh hour! [illegible] I found myself at [illegible]. The canal was not yet quite completed [illegible] the old land route to Suez. I stood on the landing stage watching the boxes of luggage being disembarked.

[illegible] brought it back with me. These at [illegible] I had said to myself shall not be lost. And I had mentally determined, when [illegible] I reached England, to carry back with me double and treble the number of relics and valuables of Medic history that I now possessed.

Finally the fateful ten boxes and packages were hauled up out of the luggage boat and deposited at my feet. I could only muster up a languid interest in their safety. Nevertheless, I thought it best to remain and see that they were not unnecessarily knocked about by the Egyptian porters.

It seemed fated that my baggage should meet with accident. Some of the packages were certainly heavy, and that may account for it. This time it was a portmanteau, that came to grief—the one which I have mentioned as being made with a loose pocket at the side, to contain a cap or "fez" if required. Of course, I severely lectured the clumsy boatmen who were responsible, though no actual harm had been done. It was only a fall of a couple of feet that the portmanteau had, and nothing of great value to me was packed inside it.

Then I turned to leave after giving exact orders as to carrying the baggage to the railway station at once. I thought, however, that I would just count the boxes and bags to make sure they were all there.

There ought, in the natural course of things, as I said before, to have been ten packages and ten only, since the loss of the eleventh, the manuscript bag. I ran my eye listlessly over them and suddenly became perfectly petrified with astonishment. No other word will express it. I was rooted to the ground like a Druidical stone. Every faculty I had was concentrated in the absorbing one of complete, unmitigated surprise.

There was the manuscript bag! It was lying at my feet quite quietly. I expected it suddenly to vanish, but it did nothing of the kind. I stared at it, and it seemed to stare back at me. Instead of clutching it immediately I was so convinced it was not real and only hollow mirage and mockery, that I turned away, and walked a few paces off to bring myself back to my senses.

But when I moved back to my former position opposite the luggage, I could deny the fact no longer. The bag was here! Then I seized it with feverish hands, opened it, tore the myriad wrappings away from the roll inside and my precious, my beloved, my well-worn manuscript was pressed to my heart!

How it got there is easily explained. The wretched little bag must have slipped down in the spill which took place at Victoria station, and secreted itself by chance in the loose pocket of the portmanteau. As there was nothing in that pocket, I had not been careful about fastening it, and consequently the flap was loose. By an inconceivably bad piece of luck, my sacred manuscript fell into that identical pocket, and lay unnoticed.

I have called this the story of a "sell," and a "sell" it was to me. But a sell which writes wrinkles in the forehead and sows gray hairs in the beard even of a strong man, may be quite as bad while it lasts, as a bona-fide misfortune of the good old-fashioned type.

DOLLS WORTH MANY DOLLARS.

Baby Pets of the Fritted Babies that Cost Enough to Make Papa's Head Hum.

Said a doll dealer to a New York *Morning Journal* reporter: "The value of the last few weeks' importation may be put at $600,000. Three hundred thousand dollars' worth are now in the retail shops to be sold to private customers for holiday presents to children. The rest will be purchased from the wholesale shops by out of town dealers. Why, a ready made doll's costume of ordinary elegance is worth $50, and such costumes are made for spring, summer, winter and autumn, as a doll could not reasonably be expected to wear the same clothes the year round. The banner doll in this shop is valued at $95. Her dress and jewels are very rich and elaborate."

"Show me an economical doll."

"Certainly," said she, "there is one in white satin, with a white satin cape trimmed with swan's down, poke bonnet ditto, silk stockings and kid slippers. It is $50. Here is an æsthetic doll in old gold, plaid plush sacque, with a blue satin dress and red satin bonnet, with ostrich tips; a mere matter of $45.

The reporter gasped, and turning to the superintendent of the department, said: "Do these dolls go out of the stock alone?"

"No," said he, "they require elegant trousseau boxes of toilet articles, trunks, bandboxes, etc. A [illegible] wardrobe includes two extra dresses, one fancy satin, the other a white satin; a full line of underwear; lace caps, fashionable hats, necklaces, ear rings, brooches and a basket of flowers. Some wardrobes are arranged in handsome boxes; others in trunks ready for starting. A fair wardrobe costs $12; some are $9, while a limited wardrobe for a very young doll is only 98 cents."

A miniature bedstead, with a brocade velvet spread and cardinal satin cushion costs $9. More luxurious couches for dolls cost $15. [illegible] rustic chairs are $3 and $4. [illegible] [illegible] secured in a manner to prevent [illegible] from jumping or falling out of them are $8 and $10 [illegible] turned cradles for dolls which have not yet been weaned may be had for $9.

"Clear as Mud."

Anxious to explain the meaning of hyperbole, a Presbyterian minister said: "Perhaps you do not understand the meaning of the word hyperbole. This word, my friends, increases or diminishes a thing beyond the exact truth. Suppose I should say the whole of this congregation is fast asleep. That would be a hyperbole, for there is not above one-half of you [illegible]."

A [illegible] Brown passing along the [illegible] an old [illegible] with his hand in [illegible] pocket attempting [illegible] handkerchief trick. [illegible] exclaims with [illegible] not ashamed of yourself to steal [illegible]

ANIMATED NA

[illegible] Devoted to the [illegible] Dumb Anim[illegible]

[illegible] OF FISH, FLESH [illegible]

[illegible] smasher has [illegible] trunk a sudden jerk.

By some strange freak of [illegible] have only two legs.

[illegible] hunters prefer setters [illegible] though we suppose it would be [illegible] a pointer.

The Montana Herd company [illegible] forty miles from Billings, [illegible] thoroughbred Galloway [illegible] each of them.

[illegible] carp in Georgia [illegible] In the vicinity of [illegible] years old which [illegible] pounds.

A [illegible] Vermont squirrel [illegible] of 18 men each [illegible] losing of 5010. [illegible]

A London paper has an article [illegible] "Language of Bees." [illegible] sentimental as that of [illegible] the tail end of the [illegible] and sulphurous.

[illegible] owls have recently [illegible] Jersey City, and began [illegible] the English sparrow [illegible] public [illegible] the owls.

In Paris society the [illegible] amusement. [illegible] the Quadrille [illegible] is an addition, [illegible] screamings and [illegible] who infest the [illegible]

It was a Connecticut [illegible] a year, and [illegible] And he was the [illegible] of exaggeration [illegible] he captured.—*Bos[illegible]*

One cannot but view [illegible] growth of sponge [illegible] who has suffered [illegible] that the cultural [illegible] of the whole species.

A fine horse in Berlin [illegible] intractable proved, on examination [illegible] from myopia. The [illegible] glasses made for the [illegible] on, it became [illegible]

A flying squirrel [illegible] among the congregation [illegible] in Watertown, N. Y. [illegible] They're not used to that [illegible] vicinity and people [illegible] of jimjams they'd got.

A Scranton man [illegible] a cow, with calf by her [illegible] ing." If he has tried [illegible] the cow in one [illegible] another, we do not [illegible] sell out.—*Philadelphia [illegible]*

The West Branch [illegible] W. P. Bigomey, of [illegible] ming across George's [illegible] he thought he would [illegible] and when the deer [illegible] killed it with a [illegible] any Michigan paper [illegible]

A Philadelphia bird [illegible] tame a canary inside of [illegible] it of food for that [illegible] ting your hand [illegible] cage. Repeat this [illegible] will soon become [illegible] room and come to you.

A humane man [illegible] and killed a goat [illegible] carried a red handkerchief [illegible] pocket, down the [illegible] back and asked him [illegible] you!" replied the [illegible] hanged!" cried the [illegible] that goat and was [illegible]

Salmon fishing in [illegible] on the 31st of October [illegible] fairly abundant in [illegible] the Earn, and the [illegible] the Eden and Tweed. [illegible] have yielded the largest [illegible] In the North of Scotland [illegible] ber of 35-pound salmon [illegible] season.

"Lalla Rookh" [illegible] some one will tell [illegible] Sundays in the [illegible] church and no [illegible] writing and [illegible] into a field and [illegible] nets with a [illegible] the day of rest [illegible] dry circus on [illegible]

A nice new [illegible] into a Dispute [illegible] other. An [illegible] casually Remarked [illegible] minds me that [illegible] bly be Influenced [illegible] This fable [illegible] Dynamite is a [illegible] Steeple.—*D[illegible]*

A young [illegible] Lake, living in [illegible] ened from their [illegible] by the furious [illegible] called to her [illegible] the trouble [illegible] and she did. [illegible] and found the [illegible] She climbed [illegible] she quickly [illegible] triumph to the [illegible]

Among the [illegible] zoological [illegible] couple on a [illegible] rest of the [illegible] seals in the [illegible] before they [illegible] air, and [illegible] band said: [illegible] hyenas. The [illegible] fly around and [illegible] to us or else [illegible] me ag'in."

It has been [illegible] work constructing [illegible] Oroville, [illegible] large bridge. [illegible] have already [illegible] tree, to be used [illegible] dams are never [illegible] be possible that [illegible] river will hold [illegible] down from the [illegible] dams that have [illegible] builders.—*Chico [illegible]*

According to [illegible] United States [illegible] with the value [illegible] worth to our [illegible] 000. This tends [illegible] duce more money [illegible] try. That of [illegible] British North [illegible] $30,000,000; France [illegible] 000,000; Italy [illegible] Belgium, [illegible] many, $1,500,000 [illegible] as C[illegible] with [illegible] tries represented [illegible] with the exception [illegible] erica.

Alabama [illegible] has [illegible] planters' [illegible] the [illegible] a shower of [illegible] river [illegible] chronicles [illegible] fish up, and [illegible] them to a [illegible] a very [illegible] sionally [illegible] such a [illegible] In [illegible] occ[illegible] out of a river [illegible] torando, and [illegible]

"Well, brethren [illegible] Joshua Thomas [illegible] two Maryland [illegible] son Thomas, [illegible] men. The other [illegible] "Now, look yer, [illegible] we'll fish." "Do [illegible] good man. He [illegible] went down on his [illegible] The parson poured [illegible] not forgetting to [illegible] tion of the souls [illegible] cited and enthusiastic [illegible] ened himself up [illegible] that, Joshua Thomas [illegible] your congregation [illegible] ter that day was a [illegible] lieved to have been [illegible] tion of that prayer.

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels, and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Idaho.

The men at work laying the Oregon Short Line track are obliged to come back to the construction train, from five to ten miles, for their meals. Often before the train stops they commence jumping for [illegible] making a break for the boarding houses. On Wednesday of last week, one man made an attempt to jump, but slipped, falling on the track, the train running over him, and cutting him in two.

NEW YORK CARPENTER.

A[illegible] AT LOWEST RATES. FOR [illegible]

STENCILS

SEALS

STAMPS

SEAL ENGRAVER, [illegible]

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WHID[illegible] Orders left at mill or in the box [illegible] W. [illegible] & CO.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

ANIMATED NATURE.

[illegible] Devoted to the Oddities of [illegible] Dumb Animals.

[illegible] OF FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

[illegible]

A fine horse [illegible] became intractable [illegible] a pair of glasses [illegible] putting them on [illegible].

A flying squirrel [illegible] among [illegible] of Waterbury [illegible] Sunday evening. They're not [illegible] animal in that vicinity and people [illegible] to wonder what sort of jimjams they'd [illegible].

A Scranton man advertises that he will sell a cow, with calf by her side, for a mere nothing. [illegible] of driving the cow [illegible] and the calf [illegible] another, we do not wonder that he wants to sell out.—*Philadelphia News.*

The West Branch (Mich.) *Herald* says that W. P. Bigoney, of that place, saw a deer swimming across George's lake, ran ahead to where he thought he would land, hid behind a tree, and when the deer came along stabbed and killed it with a dirk-knife. If Americus takes any Michigan papers he must feel pretty cheap.

A Philadelphia bird fancier says: "You can tame a canary inside of six hours by depriving it of food for that length of time, and then putting your hand filled with seed into the cage. Repeat this at intervals, and the bird will soon become tame enough to fly about the room and come to you when you whistle for it."

A humane man grabbed a club, jumped in and killed a goat that was chasing a man who carried a red handkerchief in his coat-tail pocket, down the street. And the man came back and asked him why he did it. "To save you!" replied the humane man. "Save me be hanged!" cried the other, "I've just bought that goat and was coaxing him home."

Salmon fishing in Ireland and Scotland closed on the 31st of October. Salmon have been fairly abundant in the Shannon, the Severn, the Earn, and the Dee, Don, Deveron, Annan, the Eden and Tweed. The Shannon seems to have yielded the largest fish, of 51½ pounds. In the North of Scotland rivers quite a number of 35-pound salmon were taken during the season.

"Lalla Rookh" writes: "I'll be thankful if some one will tell me how to pass the lonely Sundays in the country, where there is no church and no company. I get tired of reading, writing and sleeping." Did you ever go out into a field and monkey around a nest of hornets with a stick? Try it some Sunday, and the day of rest will be more lively than a country circus on wheels.

A nice new fable: A Dog and his Tail fell into a Dispute as to which should Wag the other. An itinerant Wasp passing that Way casually Remarked: "Speaking of Tails, reminds me that I possess one which May possibly be Influential enough to Wag you Both." This fable Teaches that ten cents' worth of Dynamite is a bigger man than a Church Steeple.—*Denver Tribune.*

A young married couple by the name of Luke, living in Crittenden, N. Y., were awakened from their slumbers one night recently by the furious barking of the dog. Mrs. Luke called to her husband to get up and see what the trouble was, saying, "if you don't, I will," and she did. She sallied forth into the night and found the dog had a coon up an apple tree. She climbed the tree, shook off the coon, which the dog quickly dispatched, and she bore [illegible] triumph to the house.—*Batavian.*

Among the crowd watching the seals at the zoological garden were a newly-married couple on a bridal tour. They gave all the rest of the animals [illegible] go by [illegible] seals in the stone basin, and [illegible] a full hour before they grew weary. Chilled by the air, and impatient over the waiting, the husband said: "Come, darling, let's go and see the hyenas." The fellow who said that [illegible] fly around and sing at [illegible] o'clock, either [illegible] to us or else this [illegible] watch has gone ahead of me ag'in."

It has been discovered that beavers are at work constructing a dam over Feather river at Oroville, near the Cape claim, just above the large bridge. The industrious little builders have already cut down a [illegible] tree, to be used in their work. As beaver dams are never carried away by floods, it may be possible that the one building over Feather river will hold back the debris that is washed down from the mines much better than dams that have yet been put up by scientific builders.—*Chico Record.*

According to the late fishery census of the United States for 1880, the total catch of fish, with the value of all marine products, was worth to our fishermen not less than $40,000,000. This tends to show that our fisheries produce more money than those of any other country. That of England is worth $40,000,000; [illegible] British North America, $95,000,000; Norway, [illegible] $30,000,000; France, $17,000,000; [illegible] 000,000; Italy, $5,000,000; [illegible] $2,500,000; Belgium, $3,000,000; Sweden, [illegible] and Denmark about [illegible] many, $1,500,000, and [illegible] as Germany. The United States possess within itself all the varieties of fishing in the [illegible] tries represented in Europe or in the [illegible] with the exception of the pearl and coral fisheries.

A Alabama, according to a newspaper account, has had its "fish showers." Leading planters are said to have seen three [illegible] in their yards during a shower of rain, the perch variety falling in their [illegible]. Not only did these fish [illegible] a shower of rain, but according to [illegible] arrive safely on terra firma, [illegible] chroniclers, the leading [illegible] fish up, and as they were lively [illegible] return to a neighboring stream. [illegible] the clouds is not often reported [illegible] a very slender basis of truth. That [illegible] fish have fallen from some [illegible] source on the earth may perhaps be [illegible]. In such a case the presence of fish [illegible] accounted for by their having been [illegible] out of a river or lake by a waterspout [illegible] tornado, and then dropped down on the [illegible]

"Well, brethren, what luck?" said the [illegible] Joshua Thomas, the famous Methodist [illegible] as he paddled in his canoe to the [illegible] two Maryland fishermen. "Bad enough," replied one of them. [illegible] Parson Thomas [illegible] in a joking manner. The other called out [illegible] "Now, look yer, Parson Thomas," [illegible] responded [illegible] "we'll fish." He tied his canoe to a post [illegible] good man [illegible] went down on his knees. The parson prayed [illegible] not forgetting to put in a word for the [illegible] of the souls of the men. [illegible] got a bite [illegible] Sure enough the [illegible] caught under the [illegible] of that prayer.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY [illegible]

[illegible]

Oh, give me the man who laughs
[illegible]
Oh, give me the man who [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
A [illegible] fox
Who [illegible]

Oh, give me the man who [illegible]
[illegible]
The joy of the frost [illegible]
A king for the man who [illegible]
[illegible]
A [illegible] fox
Who [illegible]

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

Twenty-Seven Thousand Dollars in Gold Coin Unearthed.

BROWN TAKES THE POT.

After Being Buried Over One Hundred Years the Hidden Treasure is Revealed to the Lucky Finder in a Dream.

New York Morning Journal.

Franklin, Pa., has a sensation just now that is a sensation indeed. It will serve to illustrate the story of the hunters of Captain Kidd's buried gold and other treasures for which scores of people near [illegible] have been searching for years. Columbus Brown, who lives in this city, one day this week discovered a hoard of old French gold amounting to $27,000. For many years past there has been a belief that during the occupation of this part of the country by the French, a large amount of treasure was secreted in Franklin, near where the old fort stood, and close by the ancient house of Captain Smith, which is now occupied by Professor Solinger as a residence. Columbus Brown had a mania in regard to this treasure, and for years the thought of becoming possessed of riches in this way has haunted him.

MYSTERIOUS FRENCHMEN.

One day last summer two Frenchmen with maps and charts of the locality, and who were said to have been descendants of the old French commandant, appeared in Franklin and stopped at the Exchange hotel, remaining several days. They were very reticent as to their mission. They procured a crowbar and pick and spade and made excavations and went [illegible] about in vacant lots and various places in the Fifth ward frequently consulting their maps and plans, but as far as was known found nothing and finally went away. It was surmised at the time that they were searching for treasures of which they had some [illegible] or clue. There was some speculation and comment at the affair of the Frenchmen. It was mentioned in the local papers, and, like the hundreds-and-one incidents and accidents of every-day life, was forgotten by all save Mr. Brown. He had made a number of searches for treasure, which were fruitless, and he said nothing about the matter for fear of exciting ridicule.

BROWN DREAMS.

Mr. Brown had many dreams about the subject, but the most important one was on Friday night. Then he dreamed as usual that he was digging and handling a chest of gold, and that he had found it buried in the earth at the foot of a tree, in an open field. So excited was he that he awoke to find it all a dream as usual. He arose and went to the window and there before him, in the field, stood the identical tree he had seen in his dreams. But he was absolutely sane, as most sensible men would have done, and retired to bed and to sleep. He dreamed again. He was digging at the foot of the same tree. He was informed by a man with a foreign accent, in a manner which he cannot explain, that if he would measure a certain distance from the center of [illegible] due north, and then measure thirty-three feet due west from that point, he would find the treasure he had so often seen in his dreams.

BROWN DIGS.

Early on Saturday morning he arose and [illegible] a tape line went and made the measurements as directed in his dream. He found that it brought him directly to the foot of the tree. Keeping his information to himself, he called Colonel Brakley, who owns the land on which the tree is situated, asked and obtained permission on a pretext to dig at the foot of the tree. He and his sixteen-year-old son commenced digging immediately. [illegible] their spade struck something almost directly beneath the [illegible]. Further digging away of the dirt disclosed the sides and end of an iron box or chest. Wild with excitement they continued until they unearthed the chest, which was [illegible] inches long, 20 inches wide and 2[illegible] deep, or about the dimensions of a trunk. Their united efforts could not raise it from the excavation, but could only [illegible]. The young man was sent for a [illegible] and chisel, and the lid was hurriedly [illegible]

FULL OF GOLD

[illegible] which met their gaze was enough to turn the head of almost any man. The chest was two-thirds full of gold and silver coins, tarnished and covered with sand and [illegible], but nevertheless gold. The coins are mostly French, but a number of [illegible] German and Spanish are among them. They bear dates 1729, 176[illegible], and various other dates, the latest [illegible], which is the identical year Fort [illegible] was completed. A brass ruler found [illegible] has the name "Joncaire" stamped upon it. This is the name of the officer in command of the troops. The fort was evacuated [illegible] and very hastily.

THE OLD FORT.

The location of the field in which the treasure was discovered is about seventy-five rods [illegible] the fort and was no doubt selected [illegible] to mislead the Indians and of recovering it at a subsequent date. The evacuation of the French was, however, final and the nearest post they possessed was Fort Niagara, more than a hundred miles distant, with a country filled with Indians between, so that it is not singular they were never able to recover the treasure. A careful estimate of the coins places a total value of $27,000. The coins are placed on exhibition at one of the banks. Mr. Brown has been offered ten times the value for a single coin. He, of course, feels highly elated over his good fortune.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

[illegible] Related about the Man who was "The King of the Jewelers."

The recent revival of "Le Roi s'Amuse" at the [illegible] Français in Paris has directed a [illegible] to the relation of Francis I. with Benvenuto Cellini, to whom he extended a generous patronage, though Victor Hugo has [illegible] represent him as a vulgar debauchee. [illegible] was, however, glad to get rid of [illegible] The King assigned him quarters in a [illegible] called the Petit Nesle; [illegible] with other occupants of the building, one of whom was the famous printer [illegible] and another a perfume distiller. [illegible] having expelled the latter forcibly from the premises, and throws his furniture out of the window, legal proceedings were the result, [illegible] stripped them in a characteristic fashion. "I called to my aid," he said, [illegible] which I possessed, for I had always [illegible] beautiful arms. [illegible] the man who had taken proceedings against me, and, [illegible] him one evening, I fell upon him with my dagger, and gave him so many stabs [illegible] taking care, however, not to kill him, that he was never able to walk upright again. I then went in search of the [illegible] backing him up in the suit, and I [illegible] him in such a fashion that the withdrawal of the charge speedily followed. "Thanks," he piously adds, "for this, as for all other favors, I hoped to be able to live some time without being molested."

"His Father Sold Charcoal."

Seven cities warred for Homer dead who [illegible] no roof to shield his head; and two [illegible] who allowed Maladie Fallon to die in the New Haven almshouse are now contending for the right to wear widow's weeds [illegible]. The explanation of this latter state of affairs is that news has recently come from Ireland that Fallon was heir to a considerable property there.

TRUE OR FALSE.

The Tragic End of James Bearse, of Howard County, Mo.

A STORY OF THE JAMES GANG.

A Remarkable Story of Blood and Crime Told by a Woman Resident of Denver.

Denver [illegible].

[illegible] the vitiated tastes of the masses have generally found that [illegible] prefer their raw, without salt or condiments of any kind. [illegible] one remaining member [illegible] Frank James [illegible] well that truth is stranger than fiction. Frank James [illegible] at Independence, Mo., and is posing as [illegible] the dead Jesse would [illegible] world [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Frank astonished the civilized world and Gov. Crittenden by [illegible] at Jefferson City, and applying for a parole as a prisoner of war, a story was current through a section of Missouri, relative to a [illegible] of Col. F. J., which lacked confirmation and the relaters of it were deemed Munchausens improved by education and breeding. As many mysteries spun in the east are unraveled by the fingers of time in the far west, so the story which was current about Frank James, and which was not widely circulated nor confirmed, has received the confirmation strong as holy writ, and a Denver woman is the one who lifted the veil. Without further preliminaries it will be necessary to relate the story, which will be done without embellishment. The 16th of last July Mr. James Bearse, a farmer living near Estill, Howard county, Mo., received the following telegram from New York City:

New York, July 16, 1882.
To James Bearse, Estill, Missouri:
William is dead. Come at once. Laura.

The William referred to was a son of Mr. Bearse, and Laura is his daughter. He lost no time in answering the telegram in person, and in due time the remains were brought home and interred in the Ebenezer churchyard. By the death of William Bearse, or Bill Bearse as he was familiarly called, a character in one of the

MOST NOTED DRAMAS

Ever played on the stage of life was laid to rest, and the curtain was rung down on a tragedy than which none more deeply and damnably dark was ever enacted. In the summer and fall of 1864, Bill Anderson, the noted guerilla and his band made Howard and Boone counties their headquarters. In the almost impenetrable fastness of the serrated ridges of Blackfoot and the jungles around Salt creek, they were comparatively safe from pursuit of regular troops, and from their retreats they made incursions into neighboring counties, killing, burning and robbing, and when loaded down with plunder would return to their rendezvous and spend a week or so in recreation. That section of the country was intensely rebellious, and the guerrillas were received at every house with true southern hospitality. The girls looked upon such men as Frank and Jesse James, Arch Clements, Bill Stewart, Jim Carter, in short, all the band, as heroes; but, they were leading the actors, and the sweetest smiles of the girls were reserved for them, especially after their hands were a little redder than usual with "Yankee" blood. Old man Bearse then lived close to Rocheport, a famous resort for the gang, as no military was stationed there, and his house was a kind of headquarters for any of the band who happened to be away from camp. Mr. Bearse was an eastern man by birth, but it was generally supposed he was a southern sympathizer, but he was never known to express an opinion. His daughter Laura, however,

WAS AN ARDENT REBEL.

And the guerillas undoubtedly thought that as long as the girl was all right the old man was. When Price made his last raid into Missouri, Bill Anderson and his band joined him at Boonville, but afterwards left him and recrossed the river into North Missouri. While on a foray through Ray county, he was killed near Richmond. The leadership then devolved on Arch Clements, the first lieutenant, but some of the gang seceded and refused to follow him to Texas. Frank James took command of the other party, and at once returned to his old rendezvous in Howard county. This was in the fall of the year. The guerillas didn't have as gay a time as they had had during the summer. Federal troops were more plentiful. Forces were massing at Glasgow, Fayette, Columbia, and other near points. If the band made a move the troops were aware of the fact, and fatal results followed. One by one the men under the leadership of Frank James were picked off. It was noticed that old man Bearse's trips to military posts were more frequent than ever before, but as he always brought back ammunition or something of that sort nothing was thought about it. Frank James mentioned one day, in the presence of Mr. Bearse, that Luke Bissell and Al. Carter were going on a visit to their friends in Jackson county. They started, but never reached there. They were intercepted and killed by a scouting party. The night the news of their death reached the band, old man Bearse

WAS SHOT

Near his barn and left for dead. He, however, recovered. The James boys left that part of the country, disappearing suddenly, as was their wont. The rest of the party were certainly very stupid or they might have suspicioned something, too, but they did not, and prepared to go into winter quarters. The band numbered just six. They chose a place in the Perche hills for their headquarters and prepared to pass the winter. They were all well supplied with money and their log cabin was as luxuriously fitted up as a Turkish harem. They visited the girls in the neighborhood, and if there were scouting parties out the girls visited them. Bill Bearse was a frequent visitor, and, in fact, was considered one of them, so much so that he came and went at will. There was a military station at Rocheport and the guerillas were completely shut off from all sources of supplies, except what came to them through the hands of friends. One night in February the house of the outlaws was surrounded, and so completely were they taken by surprise that they were all killed with the exception of the notorious Harve Bricker, who escaped, but who was killed shortly afterwards. The federals lost one man, Sergeant Byrne. Bill Bearse had led the attacking party, and while the fight was going on, knowing where the money and valuables were concealed, helped himself, securing

SEVERAL $100,000 IN MONEY

And valuable jewelry. The young Bearse could not, of course, after his perfidy became known, live in that neighborhood, and he went to St. Louis and opened a fine livery stable. But there was a Nemesis upon his track that eventually hounded him down. While in St. Louis he was shot at a dance house one night by an unknown party, who made good his escape. No sooner was Bearse well than his life was again attempted by an assassin, who stabbed him in the back, the knife failing to reach a vital part, however. Bearse went to New Orleans, and was there married. While sitting in his house one night talking with his wife, a ball intended for him came crashing through the window, and killed his wife. He then went to New York city, and while walking in Central Park, one night, was shot at and missed, and in many other places his life was attempted. He finally went to Europe, and remained there until about a year ago, when he returned to America. While in London, he was struck on the head with a loaded cane by some unknown person, so that his reason became impaired, and he was obliged to be attended by some one at all times. When he returned to New York, his sister Laura met him there, and remained with him until his death. While she was [illegible] she wrote a friend in Denver—the woman previously alluded to—that she

HAD SEEN FRANK JAMES

And talked to him. Shortly afterwards she sent the telegram to her father announcing William's death. In a conversation with the lady who [illegible] she [illegible] Frank James [illegible]

THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

The Mansions in Which the Great Millionaire and his Sons Reside.

Hartford Times.

Vanderbilt [illegible] children and [illegible] daughter [illegible] married to New York [illegible] two [illegible] been presented with small palaces costing $500,000 [illegible] is building houses for the other two at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, adjoining St. Thomas' church. The ground for the two buildings cost $100,000 [illegible] house will cost double that. His [illegible] sons, Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., who is destined to [illegible] William H. [illegible] the Commodore and William K. Vanderbilt, the second son, are already millionaires in their own right and are now building palaces which even eclipse the new houses which Vanderbilt finished last year. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the financier [illegible] the family [illegible] Richard M. Hunt to build his [illegible] at the corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, and having paid $250,000 for [illegible] on the inside of his house. Some of the [illegible] of his house are now on exhibition at the Metropolitan museum [illegible] the painters and decorators are giving the last touches. The house has been three years in building and has occupied the whole time of two architects, working under Hunt, and six draughtsmen. The designs for one of the mantels alone required three [illegible] by two men. The $150,000 which W. H. Vanderbilt spent in bringing the obelisk over here was the first contribution of the Vanderbilt family toward the art monuments of the city, but it is probable that it will not be the last. It is even whispered in this connection that there is a probability that Vanderbilt will contribute the quarter of a million dollars needed for the building of a pedestal for the enormous statue of Liberty which the French nation intend presenting us with next spring.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Embroidery Executed in Prison by France's Ill-Fated Queen.

There is what is said to be an interesting historical relic at No. 16, East Twenty-third street, in the rooms of the newly-opened Art Repository. It is a strip of linen, embroidered elaborately, about six inches in width and twenty-four inches in length. It is claimed that the work was done by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette while she was in prison. The linen is so frail from age that it has been placed in a frame under glass to preserve it. The story of this relic is that the fallen queen worked on it [illegible] her keepers. It is a part of a towel. After her death it was found, preserved, and became the property of a nobleman later attached to the court of Louis Philippe. When the citizen king fled to England this nobleman attended him in his flight. Previous to his departure he placed the treasured relic with a friend, telling him that if he lived he would redeem it at any price. But the nobleman never returned, dying soon after his exile began, and the embroidered towel was carried after a few years to New Zealand by the person to whom it had been entrusted, [illegible] when its possessor died at the age of ninety-four. Within a few weeks his most valued effects have been sent to a daughter living in this city. This lady [illegible] was fashioned in a sunlight that the makers of the present period would consider too obscure to work in, but which was common enough to the lace manufacturers of the period previous to the French Revolution, which was an era of fine laces. The queen herself was especially fond of rare and elegant laces. It seems that in this secret embroidery of the linen towel she had endeavored to imitate many kinds of lace. At the top is a little plain space of the material where she made a little row of letters with a needle—a second row having been commenced and abandoned. Then come ten or twelve bands of embroidery, no two being alike. The threads have been drawn, and were, doubtless, used again in the various patterns.—*N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 22d.*

A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.

Why a Carolina Bride Objected to a Self-cocking Revolver.

Atlanta Constitution.

By the way, Ballard Smith tells a story of a North Carolina wedding. It runs this way: It was in the Carolina backwoods, a country couple and a country parson. Though a Baptist, the minister wore a surplice. When he had finished the ceremony he said:

"An' them 'nus who God hath joined—"

"Stop that, parson," said the groom; "don't say them 'nus, say them 'uns!"

"John," said the parson, "I learned you at school, and I say them 'nus."

"Them 'uns," shouted the groom, drawing his pistol.

The parson, seeing the movement, fired through his surplice, and the groom dropped dead, winging the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusilade of perhaps thirty shots. When the smoke cleared away a half dozen men were on the floor. The bride, peeping over the pulpit, to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene and said:

"Them self-cockin pistols is a playin' with my prospects!"

Of course the story is an impossible one, and yet, said Mr. Smith: "That is the staple story of the south that is circulated and believed throughout the north. While such a thing could hardly have happened in North Carolina any more than in New York, the average northerner [illegible] incredulously when you tell him that this performance is impossible at a Carolina wedding."

MODJESKA'S CLEVER TRICK.

How the Great Polish Actress Sold a whole Room full of Company.

A good story is told of Modjeska, now playing in Boston, by an English correspondent of a Washington paper. It appears she was recently asked in a fashionable drawing-room to give a recitation in her native tongue. At first she was unwilling to comply, declaring that the recitation would be uninteresting, as nobody in the room was supposed to know Polish. Yielding to the opportunities of those around her, she commenced a Polish recitation. As she proceeded her eyes flashed fire, and her audience seemed almost spellbound by her impassioned delivery. They could, of course, only imagine what she was saying, but they presumed she was uttering the aspirations of her countrymen for freedom and defiance to the oppressors of Poland. When the recitation was finished the most enthusiastic plaudits rewarded Mme. Modjeska's efforts. It looked rather suspicious, however, to see her husband and two or three Polish friends in a fit of laughter, as the company left the room. It was then explained that she had only been reciting the cardinal numbers from one to one hundred.

The Perversity of His Parishioner.

Sometimes what appears to be a very wicked wish may turn out to be entirely proper and kind. Of a certain man who had just died [illegible] Christian neighbor said [illegible]: "John Stark is dead, and I hope he has gone to [illegible]." [illegible] The minister was shocked. "And what could he have done to you," he asked, "that you indulge in a wish of that kind?" "Oh," was the reply, "my hope was based on my love for my fellow men. John was a queer body. He never belonged to an organization of any kind, but he somehow managed to smash the whole thing in a little while, and I thought if he had gone to the place above mentioned there wouldn't be much of it by the time you and I get there, parson, [illegible]."

Professor [illegible] Campbell reports to the governor of Indiana that he has surveyed the Kankakee swamp lands for a distance of eighty-nine miles, and finds the average slope to be one and one-tenth feet to the mile, with a mean elevation of [illegible] feet above Lake Michigan. The territory which might thus be reclaimed is 6[illegible],000 acres.

PERSONALITIES.

Something on the Men and Manners of the Hour.

THEIR QUIRKS AND QUAINTNESSES.

The Oddities and [illegible] Foibles of the Men Whose Names are Linked with the News of the Country.

[illegible] woman will [illegible]

[illegible] William H. Chandler to [illegible]

[illegible] marriages [illegible]

[illegible] whose [illegible] collision in New York, has settled with the Central [illegible]

[illegible] woman. This [illegible] woman ought to spare President Arthur a [illegible] Christmas present.

The Cincinnati Times-Star says that if [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] He says he will [illegible] for the presidency.

Jay Gould is to have a magnificent steam yacht. It may have been this fact which gave rise to the rumor that he intended to [illegible]

Lieutenant Hopper, the young man who was dismissed from the United States navy for embezzlement, has been appointed captain in the Mexican army.

Mary Low, a prisoner in a New York jail, [illegible] a heavy veil and was politely shown to the door by [illegible] jailer. [illegible]

Mr. Henry H. [illegible] lives in a country town and has got mixed up in a [illegible] Kate sued him for assault, but that wasn't the [illegible] he was after.

Captain Mayne Reid has at last got his pension of $2300 arrears and $15 a month for the rest of his life for the gunshot wound he received at the storming of Chapultepec.

President Arthur still retains a lively interest in his college society, the Psi Upsilon. He recently gave the Union College Chapter $100 to aid in erecting a chapter house.

Two brothers named Morris have been arrested in New York for stabbing an Italian musician. Self-protection doesn't seem to be any excuse for a man in New York.

Poor Jack Cole, the Jeannette seaman who was driven crazy by his hardships, has not yet regained his reason, and the doctors say he probably never will be in his right mind.

Gustave Doré has just had the foundation laid for his magnificent new mansion in Paris, directly opposite the princely palace built by the late M. Menier, of chocolate-making fame.

Baron Nordenskiold is getting ready for another Arctic expedition, which is to set out from Stockholm next summer under the patronage of [illegible], a Berlin merchant.

William W. Story, the sculptor, is now in Boston with his wife, who revisits her old home there for the first time in seventeen years, having constantly resided in Rome during that period.

King Louis, the eccentric monarch of Bavaria, has arranged to have Wagner's opera Parsifal performed this month at the Munich opera house, where he himself is to constitute the entire audience.

Jay Gould is, it is said, looking for illustrations for the tombstone to be erected upon the new $10,000 plat bought at Woodland Cemetery. How would a sheep [illegible] do? [illegible] be kind of suggestive of life's work.

Chicago *Tribune*: "General Swaim declines to talk about the letter which Dorsey is said to have written to Garfield. When a democratic campaign committee is in session it's a wise man that knows his own letter."

Arabi has written to Wilfrid Blunt saying he would prefer to live in Damascus, or, if that is impossible, in London. He says he feels confident that when England has carried out her good work she will permit him to return.

The fortieth anniversary of the Most Reverend John Baptist Purcell's consecration as first archbishop of Cincinnati was quietly celebrated by that venerable prelate, [illegible] day, at the little village of St. Martin's, Ohio.

In the matter of complexion, Sunflower Wilde does not compare favorably with the "Jersey Lily." A morning paper states that "several pimples on Oscar's chin occupied his toilet." Osky has evidently been indulging with too much humor.

Every few Friday [illegible] friends of [illegible] Welch, of Allentown, Pa., have been hunting for him, and so far have succeeded in finding only a half of a cigar box full of him. He was blowing up with nitro-glycerine in his own factory when the explosion was made.

"Dr. Wiggins" is the newest weather crank of Canada. He fixes on Sunday, March 11th, 1883, at 4 o'clock P. M., London time, as the hour for a great storm "to strike this planet." Did anybody ever hear of a storm striking this planet from the outside?—*Bos. Post.*

The Rev. J. C. Sullivan was the elderly and respected pastor of the Methodist church at Salem, Ohio, but he had to resign when it came out that he wrote to young Mrs. Halwig, one of his converts: "I hunger to press your pouting, pretty, and persimmon-like lips to mine."

Vennor's almanac for 1883 lies before us. Don't misunderstand us. We don't mean to say—well, what we do mean is that we have received a copy, and that it contains sixty pages of statements regarding the extent, quality and durability of next year's weather.—*Texas Siftings.*

Dr. Evans, the American dentist at Paris, lost $70,000 per year for nine years before he suspected his secretary with dishonesty. Such an unsuspicious nature [illegible] wouldn't suspect that he was hurting you when he grabbed you by a tooth, and yanked you out of a chair to the floor.

Judge Monroe, of New Orleans, has decided that Oliver Burns, of Virginia, shall become residuary legatee of Mr. Burnside's immense estate. Mr. Burnside, whose death occurred several months ago, left seven million dollars, most of which will go to Mr. Burns, a distant relative.

Prince Bismarck confesses that he was "lucky enough not to be forced to learn the piano." He says he has no ear for music, and that this deficiency was discovered early enough in life to save him and others much misery. If all parents were only as discerning as Bismarck's father how much torture the world would be spared.

In an interview a few days ago, Oscar Wilde said he wished to go to Australia, but could not find a good fellow to accompany him. Now that Arabi is exiled, he should join forces with the [illegible]. Arabi, with his fez, and Oscar, with knee breeches and lily would prove a great attraction. This seems to be a [illegible] chance for both men.

The post office authorities are somewhat bothered about the proper destination of a postal card directed to [illegible] Jas. E. Anderson, in care of Miss Flynn or her sister [illegible] Mary Ann, [illegible] street with no number, Pottsville [illegible]. If not there, [illegible]—*Pottsville Miner's Jour.*

Mr. [illegible] Rice, the lately deceased, and really the senior member of the Rice & Besant firm of novel writing, was a [illegible] with publishers, and the chief planner, Mr. Besant having the best literary execution. Both he and his partner held positions that paid them a good income aside from their literary work. He was a genial, good-natured man, with a Jewish look, used to be fond of the turf, and played a dashing game at loo. He died from [illegible] of gangrene in the jaw, following the cutting of a wisdom tooth, which caused [illegible] blood poison.

This story is told of a scene in the Western Union telegraph office in New York: A number of gentlemen interested in stock operations were clustered around the tape, elbowing each other anxiously to read the quotations. A little man with black beard entered and approached the tape, which he could hardly reach. A big, burly, good-natured fellow in the crowd took hold of his sleeve and, saying, patronizingly, "You are a little fellow, and we will let you in," shoved him into position. The little man smiled and looked at him through the corner of his eye, glanced at the tape, thanked his new-found friend, and retired. An amused bystander stepped up and said: "Do you know who that is?" "No," said the other. "Well, that was Jay Gould." Tableau.

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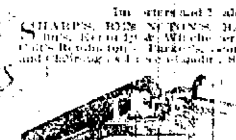

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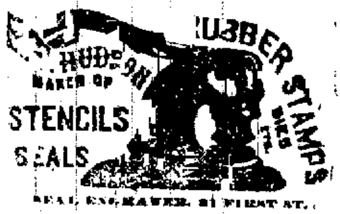

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[illegible]

CHECKS and Weighs Baggage at Hotels, residences and offices of the company.
TRANSFERS Trunks, Merchandise and Parcels to all parts of the city.
TRANSFER WAGONS Deliver Baggage from and to incoming and outgoing trains and steamers.
FREIGHT Collected or shipped promptly when Bills of Lading or orders are left with or consignments made to the company.
ADVANCES made on consignments and deliveries made with dispatch.
Telephone No. [illegible]
Office, 107 Second St., bet Washington and Stark.

OREGON TRANSFER CO.

GENERAL

Forwarding and Commission.

FREIGHT FORWARDED & DELIVERED with Dispatch.

PIANOS AND FURNITURE MOVED.

Office, No. 31 Stark, bet. First & Second.
Mark Care O. T. Co.

RUMMELIN & GUTMANN,

86 FIRST STREET,

Between Stark and Oak, Portland, Or.

Offer at Lowest Figures

EXTRA FINE

SEAL-SKIN SACKS & DOLMANS

Guaranteed First Quality & Good Fit.

FUR-LINED GARMENTS

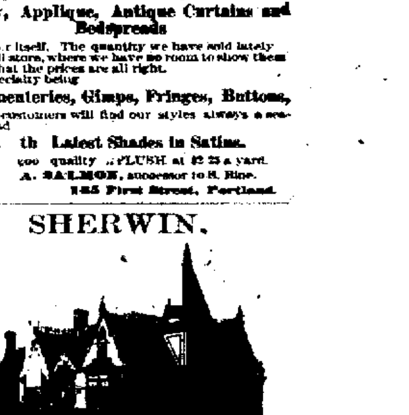
With genuine Siberian and Alaska Squirrel Lining and Best Silk Cover.

A Full Assortment of Fashionable

Ladies, Misses and Gentlemen's

FURS,

Robes, House Rugs and Trimmings.



ROLLER SKATES,

Scroll Saws and Material.

Send for Illustrated List.

DAYTON, HALL & LAMBERSON

Portland, Or.

ALWAYS AHEAD OF TIME.

We offer JOUVIN KID GLOVES in all shades, 2-buttons, $1 75; 4-buttons, $2; 4 buttons $2 50.
The large sale of the PIG-SKIN GLOVES has left us out of many shades and sizes. The balance marked down to sale. All other Fancy Work Material accordingly. Our stock of

FRENCH CORSETS

Is again complete. The new department of

Cherry, Applique, Antique Curtains and Bedspreads

Speaks for itself. The quantity we have sold lately our small store, where we have no room to show them proves that the prices are all right.

Our specialty being

Passamenteries, Gimps, Fringes, Buttons,

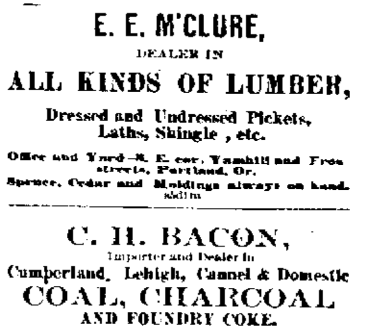
our customers will find our styles always a season ahead.

All the Latest Shades in Satins.

Good quality PLUSH at $2 25 a yard.

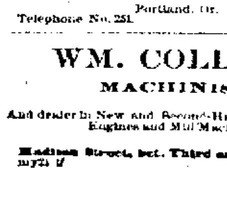
A. SALMON, successor to S. Rine.
125 First Street, Portland.

SHERWIN,



ARCHITECT,

Rooms 49 and 50, Union Block,
Portland, Or.



Established 18[illegible].

J. B. CONGLE & CO.,

Manufacturers and Importers of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Saddlery Hardware, etc. 108 and 110 Front St. [illegible] assortment of all kinds of Saddles and Harness made [illegible] Country orders solicited and satisfaction [illegible]

E. E. M'CLURE,

DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER,

Dressed and Undressed Pickets, Laths, Shingle, etc.

Office and Yard—S. E. cor. Yamhill and Front streets, Portland, Or.

Spruce, Cedar and Moldings always on hand.

C. H. BACON,

Importer and Dealer in

Cumberland, Lehigh, Cannel & Domestic

COAL, CHARCOAL

AND FOUNDRY COKE.

Office: Fourth and E Sts.
Yard—E St., bet. Fourth and Fifth.
Portland, Or.
Telephone No. 251.

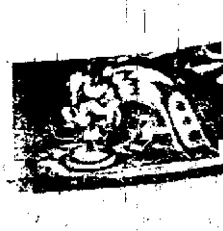
WM. COLLIER,

MACHINIST,

And dealer in New and Second-Hand Boilers, Steam Engines and Mill Machinery,

Madison Street, bet. Third and Fourth,
Portland, Or.

NO. 707



[illegible] of Bad Boys.

[illegible]—J. F. Bush, wagon maker, [illegible] boys out of his shop [illegible] of the building, pushed a [illegible] a hole in the wall and gouged [illegible]

Works Burned.

[illegible] 13.—The carriage works of [illegible] yesterday afternoon. Loss $15,-

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Seasickness.

Dr. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I made use of it [illegible] during a passage across the Atlantic. In the majority of cases I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that illness, and give way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. Tasteless. 25c.

[illegible] said he would be confirmed. His name appears in the new directory as one of the district commission[illegible]

"[illegible] sadly tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman; do you know why it is? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

[illegible] the orchestra was laid too near the gas and began to scorch. The [illegible] glaring up of the footlights produced smoke.

Albani in Demand.

New York, Jan 13.—Madam Albani has received an offer to sing with the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, and Chas. E. Locke of San Francisco has offered her $30,000 to sing in a series of festival concerts to be conducted by Theodore Thomas in Baltimore, Louisville, Chicago, St. Paul and San Francisco.

[illegible] business of professional fighters like Mr. Sullivan to fight, but the fact that local backers in San Francisco got away with Mace's New Zealand giant in a boxing match may impel him to try conclusions with the newcomer.

In vain the eyes are filled with light;
In vain the cheek with beauty glows,
Unless the teeth are pure and white,
[illegible]
And SOZODONT alone supplies
These beauties that we all so prize.

[illegible] preparations in the market for the cure of COUGHS, COLDS and THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. I know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to all in need of a remedy of this kind.

Yours truly, R. J. VAN VOORHEES.

PIONEER CANDY FACTORY.

BERNHEIM & ALTSCHUL,

84 First St., between Stark and Oak streets, Portland, Oregon.

Orders received by mail have our special attention.

PENSIONS [illegible]

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NEW TO-DAY.

...NDERHOUT & CO.,
Corner Morrison and Second Sts.,
...land, — Oregon

...ANOS. ORGANS.

...rothers, Mason &
... & Co., Clough &
... Co., A B Chase.

...ment Unrivaled Styles in Sales for
...e finest Instruments in the World.

...below known. Sold on easy installments... per cent per annum on payments... Plan 2—On pianos... and $10 monthly until paid. Plan 3—On organs... and $10 monthly... warranted... Call or send for catalogues and our price list for 1883.

...INDERHOUT & CO.

FOR RENT.
...RENT—ELEGANT BAY WINDOW... rooms, suitable for one or two gentlemen... use of bath, early breakfast... private, no boarding house... walk from city hall.

FOR RENT.
...RABLE ROOM TO RENT AT... ...ington street.

ROOM FOR RENT.
...FURNISHED ROOM, WITH BOARD... ...Yamhill street.

...D—A BOOKKEEPER, MUST FURNISH... reference, one acquainted in the... Apply between 8 and 10 A. M. ...S. LIPMAN & CO.

...D—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSE... to go short distance in country... 189 Fifth street, corner Taylor.

... C. A. M. MYERS & WHITWELL, ...ance Agents and Insurance Brokers, No. 100 First Street.

LOANS NEGOTIATED.
...refer to Messrs. Allen & Lewis, ... & Co., W. Jackson & Co., ... Everding & Farrell.

FOR RENT.
...ITES OF ROOMS IN A NEW HOUSE ...furnished with board. Apply at... ...and Mill streets.

FOR SALE.
...W COTTAGES ON TAYLOR ... ...containing 5 hard finished rooms... will be ready for occupancy by ... will be sold for ... ...Metropolitan R. R. Office, room ... street.

...MACKENZIE, M. D., ...of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.) ...Dekum's Block, Room 4, corner of ...Ash and First street.

...—At Donald Macleay's, Thirteenth and Yamhill streets.

WANTS.

...D—A CLASS OF YOUNG MEN TO ...the club-swinging exercise ...ducted by an experienced teacher...

...ANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

...—BY A SINGLE MAN A SITUA... warehouse man in city or country. ...

...N WANTED—A DRUG CLERK, CITY ...years experience and graduate of ... Address J. H. K., P. O. box ...

...D—SITUATION IN HOTEL, RESTAU... private family, by a good German cook ... children. Inquire at room No. ...

TO LET—ROOMS.

...ROOM TO RENT, SUITABLE FOR ...at 81 N. Ninth st., near Stark.

...T, WITH BOARD—LARGE FUR... for single gentleman. Reference ... 166 Sixth street, cor. Stark.

...T, WITH BOARD—LARGE, ELE... ...furnished alcove room, suitable for two ... Sixth street, corner Stark. ...

...T—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT.
...HARD FINISHED, WITH FIVE ...water, $16 per month. Seventh and ... No. ...

BUSINESS SPECIALS.

MUSIC.
...A McCORD WILL GIVE INSTRUC... violin and piano at reasonable ... ...ner F and Fourth streets, East Port...

...TNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXIST... ...the undersigned under the firm name ... & Co. in keeping the Restaurant ... this day dissolved by mutual consent, ...retiring therefrom, having sold his in... ...terest therein and in the property thereof ... who will collect all debts due the ... and pay all liabilities of the firm.
JOHN KROPP,
LAMBERT KRAUS.
...d, Jan. 11 1883.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

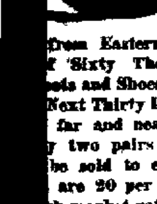
NOTICE.
...ONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST ...er Calliope will present them at once to ... Wm. Strong & Sons, attorneys-at-law, ... corner of First and Washington ...
J. E. DEN...

FOR SALE.

...ROSES FOR SALE. ...ONE TEAM FOR SALE. INQUIRE ...ONES, 200 Front street.

FOR SALE.
...LASS STEAM SAW MILL, HAVING ...only six months. Average capacity, ... in 11 hours. Also 27 head of good work ... all necessary appurtenances for logging, ... conducting a steam saw mill. Present ... is on Grave creek, Josephine county ... terms, apply at Mill, or to A. S. MIL... ... First street, Portland.
A. S. MILLER & SON.

...OTS AND SHOES.



SHOES!
SHOES!
BOOTS.
BOOTS.

...from Eastern Houses, a ... ...f Sixty Thousand Dollars ...ts and Shoes, which we w... ...Next Thirty Days so as to give ...far and near, a show to buy ...y two pairs of each kind of ...be sold to each customer, at ...are 20 per cent. lower than ...k market rates. The follow... prices:

...button Shoes...
...button holes...
...y latest styles, French vamp, ...
...Goat, worked button holes...
...Goat Shoes...
...ted Goat, best in the market...
...Goat, cork soles...
...Goat, tap soles...
...to 4 50 and upwards
...will be sold in the same pro... prices above.

...place—

...k Boot & Shoe House
...st., bet. Yamhill and Taylor,
Portland, Or.
...YMAN GALLICK, Prop'r.

AMUSEMENTS.

...ON SKATING RINK.

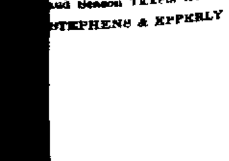
...nd Masquerade Carnival
...uary 20th.

...KATING EVERY
...hildren, from 9 to 1...
Ladies and Gentlemen 2 to 5.
... from 7 30 to 10 P M

...use of skates, mornings and after... ...ngs, admission 25c use of skates 25c.

...actions Saturday Evenings.
...urday evenings 50c Ladies free, ex... ...lights. ...and Season Tickets for sale at the...

STEPHENS & EPPERLY Props.



...Oregonian.

...JANUARY 14, 1883.

...at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
...INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

...	$1 50
...per month	1 25
...	10 00
...per year	12 00
...per year	3 50
...per year	5 00
...per year	3 00
...	
...Sunday excepted	25
...Sunday included	30

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

...sale at the following places
...family store.
...Fourth and Morrison
...Third and Yamhill
...Morrison.
...107 First.
...First.
...First and Morrison.
...First and Washington
...First near Oak
...First.
...First and Ash.
...First and C
...First near E.
...N W Cor First and Salmon
...First.
...First, bet. E and F
...bet. Front and First.
...Fourth, bet I and J East Portland
...counting room of THE OREGONIAN, cor ...and Stark.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

...Wittington has been appointed cashier of ...National bank.

...Gordon, from New York, delivered her ...order

...has been ill for several days, and is ...in his room

...Wheaton, Post Commander at Fort ..., is in the city

...condition of Robert A Habersham, who is ill ...fever, was much worse yesterday

...Typographical Union, No 58, meets ...at 7:30 o'clock, over Prentice's music ...

...excitement was created by a runaway on ...yesterday morning, but no damage was ...

...Phillips, clerk at the custom house, who has ...for ten days with pneumonia, is able to be ...

...the now famous Chinese actor appeared ...large and admiring audience of Celestials

...Gardner, Indian inspector, is at the Es... ...has now visited all the agencies in Ore... ...Idaho.

...funeral of John Fenner, who died Friday at ...hospital, will be held to-morrow morn... ...o'clock.

...for attempted jury bribery means not ...two years nor more than ten years impris... ...in the penitentiary

...Daley, who was arrested a few days since ...with stealing a duck, was yesterday re... ...custody He proved to be the wrong ...

...annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hi... ...will take place at Turn Halle on Tuesday ... The entertainments of this society are ...

...Oliver, Martin Smallden and Terry Gil... ...of the gang of chicken thieves which has ...the hen-roosts of the western part ...were arrested last evening.

...committee appointed to solicit subscriptions for ...sufferers by the late floods in Germany yes... ...by telegraph to H Villard, at New ...will at once forward it to its destination ...will probably raise as much more ...their labors are over

DISTINGUISHED LAWYER COMING

...A. Seward, son of the late Secretary Se... ...has been engaged as counsel for Wells ... in their suit against the N P R R Co ... San Francisco on his way to this city He ...there about a week before leaving for ...

DEATH LURKING IN CORNS

...time since a drayman of this city named ..., trimmed a corn upon his toe. Shortly af... ...became very sore and he entered the ... It is now feared that blood poisoning has ..., and the physicians yesterday wished to ...the toe, but Compiet objected

BOUGHT AN INTEREST

...J. E. Denny has purchased a two third in... ...the steamer Calliope which plies on the ...between this city and Washougal, and will in ...act as purser on board of her In a short ...will be taken out on the ways and thorough... ...hauled and repainted for the summer trade

JURORS FOR THE COUNTY COURT

...the suit of Jacob Muller against Jos Buchtel ...damages against defendant when sheriff ...levying a certain attachment levied by Mul... ...a jury trial will be held and the follow... ...impaneled Lot Taylor Tyler Wood ... M. M. Hunter N Lambert and ...

SHIPPING NOTES

...Schooner Ona sailed in from sea, yesterday, ...in Baker's bay

...Steamer Oregon arrived down at 5 P M Will ...leave outward to-day

...Eureka, for Alaska arrived down at ... M., and will also leave outward this morn...

TAKES HOME

...Schnabe, whose foot was amputated some ..., improves very slowly and his wife be... ...to have him at home, Ex Mayor Craw... ...from Salem yesterday and attended to his ...in that place. The symptoms are favorable ...recovery, but his age and consequent low vi... ...make his recovery tedious.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A CHILD

...afternoon, while Judge Stott was hold... ...word was brought to him that his infant ...months of age, was seriously ill Court was ...adjourned, but before the judge ...home the little one was dead It had been ...with convulsions, brought on by teething ...any assistance could be obtained life was ...

IMPRISONED FOR NINETY DAYS

...Ralph Homes and Willie Mowbray two ..., were arrested for stealing wheat on one ... Shippers have been annoyed for some ...finding sacks cut open and wheat stolen, and ...being got these two lads were caught As ...brought up before Judge Moreland frequent... ...them well and accordingly sent them up ...days

POSTOFFICE BUSINESS

...is a summary of the business transact... ...the Portland postoffice during last year ...envelopes and postal cards sold $58 196 ... —Salaries of postmaster clerks railway ...clerks, free delivery clerks and weighing ... 47 Money orders issued—Domestic ...; foreign $35 743 40 total, $178,112.89 ...paid—Domestic $615 302 28 foreign ...total, $627,008 54

THE DOUBLE FERRY

...expect to have their extra ferry boat ...about the 20th inst. A temporary landing ...constructed from the foot of M street during ...the present L street slip till the river rises ...admit of driving piles for a roadway ... street where it will conform to the ...established grade. This enterprise will be ...by the traveling public as the accom... ...in this way doubled

STREET CONTRACTS LET

...contract for improving West Park street ...to Salmon, by grading, macadamizing ...and crosswalks was yesterday let ...& P company for $2411 04 The con... ...improving Front street from Vine to Ash ...pavement was also let to the same ... 87 The contract for constructing ...Columbia street from Eighth to Ninth ...to J Gibson for $362 91

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

...arrangement recently made provides for the ...of through Pullman cars from New York ...this city over the Pennsylvania Chicago ...& St. Paul and Northern Pacific to go ...as soon as the connection is made across ...during the coming summer The con... ...this system of through cars was recently ...during an eastern visit of Mr Pullman It ...the only route over which through cars will ...ocean to ocean

LECTURE

...A. S. Duniway will lecture by invitation of ...in the Congregational church on next ...evening, January 16 Subject Constitu... ...liberty " The ladies of the church having ...in charge will spare no pains to make ...an attractive one Professor Donaldson ...the music, and by request, will sing the ...solo, "Watchman What of the Night" ...be fairly electrified the large audience ...Mrs. D on the occasion of her recent ...lecture in the hall of the Y M C A

INDIAN MURDERERS SURRENDERED

...Marshal E. S. Kearney returned from Pen... ...yesterday having in charge the four Indians, ...West Scot Peters and ...Hoot charg... ...with the murder of the trapper Mulherran on the ...reservation some time since As has been ...in these columns Sheriff Martin of Umatilla ...refused to deliver up these Indians to the U S ...as the grand jury of Umatilla county hav... ...indicted them for the murder and a day being ...for their trial in the state circuit court of that ... As the U S authorities claimed that the ...issued by them antedated those ...by the state authorities Judge ...issued a warrant for the arrest of Sher... ...for obstructing the process of the U S ...When Marshal Kearney arrived at Pendleton ...was absent but on his return he deliver... ...prisoners to the marshal and also came down with him to have the matter arranged. Prosecuting Attorney Hyde, of Umatilla county, has written to District Attorney Watson that he will be down on the 23d inst., and at that time Judge Deady will decide whether the U S or state authorities will have jurisdiction in the matter of the trial of the Indians It will make but little difference to them, as the proof of their guilt is said to be conclusive There is still an Indian at large who is implicated in the murder, and if arrested he will be tried at the same time with the others.

ANOTHER SUIT

And now comes William Reid, and for cause of complaint alleges that the Oregonian Navigation Company Limited has failed and neglected to pay him his salary as president and general manager The suit was begun in the state circuit court yesterday for $4700, for services ranging over a period of upwards of two years The Navigation Company was actively engaged in business some twelve or fourteen months ago, and was in some way connected with the Oregonian Railway Company Limited Messrs McDougall & Bower represent the plaintiff

DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT

Yesterday morning, a lad named McCavet while cleaning up the yard at his father's residence at the corner of First and Sheridan streets found a box of giant powder caps which had been buried by some one Being of an inquiring turn of mind he undertook to investigate the condition of the ful minate in the caps by digging it out of one with his pocket knife. During the process the cap exploded and pieces of it cut his fingers and wrist severely and also slightly wounded his face He knows more about caps now than he did before

NEW SCANDINAVIAN CHURCH

The Scandinavian Baptist society of this city is now engaged in an effort to purchase a lot and erect a house of worship The Rev O Okerson, a very worthy and hard working Baptist minister has been laboring with his Scandinavian countrymen for about two years to build up a mission in the city He has been holding public worship Sunday afternoons in the basement of the First Baptist church and has had fair congregations It is believed that a large increase of attendance would be secured by a separate church

NOT TO BE RESTRAINED

On Friday a lad about nine years old, arrived in this city from Weeksville Mont consigned to Messrs DuBois & King, to be forwarded to the Bishop Scott grammar school He was sent to his destination, and during the afternoon was taken out for a ride by Head Master Hill Shortly after he was returned to the school he was missed and about midnight was found in an up-town saloon asleep The saloon keeper sent him to the school again and yesterday morning was again missing, and at latest accounts had not been found The little lad is evidently as wild as a partridge, and can not brook restraint and discipline.

PAID MAIL SERVICE TO TACOMA

The post-office employes of this section and especially the railway service, are overworked Mr J B Welsh, route agent from Portland to Tacoma returned to this city last night bringing with him 20 sacks of mail out of 47 taken out on Friday morning that he had not the time to work over and sort for its destinations on the Sound It is well that this kind of business should be published widely If the people's mails are to be carried back and forth over the rail and river lines several times before being delivered they ought to know it An extra man is needed upon the arrival of every steamer and the post-office authorities should see that such a man is supplied at once

ROUGH ON THE CHINAMAN

Considerable excitement was occasioned on board the steamship C T Hook last evening, by one of the Chinese passengers going crazy He shouted and yelled around the decks till overpowered and placed in safety below Probably the poor wretch's mind was turned by gazing on the shores of this land of liberty and seeing

"Green fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand clothed in living green "

And thinking that between him and this Canaan flowing with milk and honey rolled the Jordan of the restriction law It is probably a good thing for the country, but it is mighty rough on the Chinaman

CHICKEN THIEF CAUGHT

Yesterday forenoon a son of Frank Dekum discovered a gang of chicken thieves prowling around his father's barn On being questioned as to what they were doing there they ran off pursued by young Dekum After running a short distance they stopped and commenced throwing stones at him forcing him to retreat to the house Mr Dekum shortly after came home and found a sack of chickens which had been dropped by the gang in their flight In a short time the thieves came back to recover the sack and one of them was arrested and handed over to the police The chickens were stolen from a shoemaker and the thieves left an order on his slate for more The great demand for poultry among the Chinese on account of the coming New Year tempts the hoodlums to put forth extra efforts to supply the market As the names of a number of these boys are known it is to be hoped this business of stealing chickens will be soon brought to an end

OREGONIANS IN CALIFORNIA

A special dispatch to THE OREGONIAN from San Francisco last evening gives the following personal news

Gen J W Sprague arrived here from Oregon today and leaves for Temescal where he will be the guest of Capt J C Ainsworth

Mrs Otis Sprague and Miss Jennie Sutton will be guests of Capt Geo J Ainsworth at the same place

W J Kimball arrived here from the east to-day

C H Hall left this morning on a visit to the southern portion of the state He will remain at Los Angeles for a week

Gen Miles with his family which recently received an addition, will return to his post at Vancouver early in the spring

Jean Dunand will shortly leave for a visit to Oregon in the interest of parties who desire to locate there permanently

IMPEACHING TESTIMONY

The bribery case in the state circuit court yesterday attracted a much smaller audience than upon previous days The evidence was in the main dull and uninteresting. A large number of witnesses were examined The testimony of many was for the purpose of impeaching DuBois by proving his character to be immoral Others examined the notes claimed to have been written by Mason and said they did not think the handwriting was Mason's

Following are the names of those who testified W W Page, Joe Buchtel, Joe Taylor Chas Gardiner, H B Duniway J S Giltner Mrs A S Duniway, A C Gibbs, B C Duniway E T Howes T D McManus W S Chapman J H Egan Willis Duniway, Frank Browne W H Wood Anthony Moore E D White, Mrs Dr Thompson, F M Lichtenthaler, Mrs. C A Coburn, B F Harrington A M Cornelius, Chas. Graham John Phelan Richard Bird

The defense announced they would rest their case at the close of Bird's testimony, and the prosecution were preparing to introduce evidence in rebuttal when Judge Stott was informed of the serious illness of his child and the court was quickly adjourned.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The steamship State of California sailed at 10 A M yesterday from San Francisco with the following named passengers

John Muir
Theodore Mansfield
Mr Brown
K B King
G W Taylor
J F Newman
A H Mallory and wf
James Delano
H Marvin
H H Blake
Chas J Lord
G W Pardee
S S Smith
John Jones
J L Laird
E A McDonald
A McDonald
Jas Lotan
C A Spreckles
L A Banks
W W Sweeney
A Schlinger
A Bartlett
John Mortimore
J t n Harley
S Hobdes
Charles W Bowie
J Bowman and wf
Wm Lauden
Geo Lyman
L. nis Mackin
J Sherwin and wf
A C Mayo
F R Stokes and wf
Mrs M C Tibbet & 2 chldn
J Cogswell
E S Neal
Ah Sky
P F Beecher and wf
H Furey
D W Funk
J J Johnson
J F untain and wf
E H Winship

Benjamin Stern
H W Monastes
R L T Galbraith
Louis Eppinger
Herman Franklin
Rev L Eggle
James Barman and wf
W K Neimer
Moses Dannenbaum
Jno Proctor
A Dijeau
R Dudley
J Smith
M Ellis
Alfred D Holman
E H Elder
S H Elder
Jas Lotan Jr
M H Weed
A Evans
Frank S Sutton
T A Pell
J S Stingle
John L Robinson
D M Allen
J W Gearhart
A Moore
F K Rule
R K Lansdale and dgtr
Charles Green
Wm Able
James McCarthey
A Culbertson
Miss Angelo
W Andrews
F Smith
J G Bigham
J Sinnick and wf
Mrs W Keane
W W Brown
M R Barnes and wf
M C Fowrey
Wm C Futer
Thos M Carthy

WHEAT AROUND WALLA WALLA.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN]

WALLA WALLA Jan 13 —The recent rise in wheat gives farmers every encouragement Every available acre will be put into cultivation for the coming harvest in expectation of high prices At present there is no more wheat in the country than will supply the home demand Prospects were never better for good crops for fall sown wheat The weather is snowy but mild Hopes are entertained that a foot of snow will fall and remain thereby helping the crops by preventing their freezing out

SET APART FOR THE LADIES.

On Monday afternoon between half past one and half past four a full line of the finest silks, satins, silk plushes, silk velvets brocades, drap etc cashmeres, etc will be sold at auction by Mr F J O Connor in Meilhs Bros. & Co s store The goods are invariably sold for what they bring and may be returned if they are not what Mr Meilhs represents them to be A cordial invitation is extended to all ladies and gentlemen wishing to invest in choice dress goods

PERSONAL.

Ney Churchman dentist lately with Dr Jessup has opened dental offices at the corner of First and Alder rooms 13 and 14 Strowbridge building

The Finest and Best.

Go to F M Jackson's 171 First street between Morrison and Yamhill for the finest assortment of jewelry and watches and lowest prices Repairing neatly done at low rates.

Valentines—the trade supplied at lowest rates by J K Gill & Co

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Special Meeting Yesterday—Resolutions Approving the Action of Commander Merriman.

A special meeting of the Board of Trade was held yesterday afternoon, President Macleay in the chair Mr Macleay stated the object of the meeting viz to take action with reference to the conduct of Capt Merriman in shelling the Indian village He believed that Capt Merriman acted promptly, correctly and justly

William Kapus offered the following resolutions

Whereas The Board of Trade of Portland Oregon has for many years observed with concern and regret the state of lawlessness and violence which has existed in the territory of Alaska and,

Whereas Said lawlessness has culminated in the recent seizure and threatened massacre of American citizens by the Indians of that region and

Whereas, The greater portion of the trade with Alaska is controlled by the merchants of Portland members of this Board who are thus vitally interested in the preservation of peace and good order in that territory and,

Whereas The Board has heard with much satisfaction of the action of Commander Merriman in punishing the insubordinate Indians in rescuing the American citizens and in the preservation of American property above referred to therefore be it

Resolved by the Board of Trade, of Portland Oregon That we highly commend the course pursued by Commander Merriman in suppressing the above attempt at violence and in chastising the refractory natives

Resolved That Commander Merriman took the only proper means to render life and property safe among the Indians of Alaska

Resolved That our thanks are due and we hereby tender the same to Commander Merriman for his prompt and vigorous action in the premises where by life and property have been rendered secure and the majesty of the law vindicated as far as is possible in the absence of any form of civil government the establishment of which has long been denied to our appeals

Resolved That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be properly certified to and sent to Commander Merriman and a similar copy to the honorable the secretaries of the navy and treasury

Mr Kapus moved their adoption

This was followed by considerable debate every member present except one heartily approving the resolution and it passed with but one dissenting vote

The president and secretary were instructed to prepare, certify to and forward the resolutions

RELIEF FOR GERMAN SUFFERERS.

The matter of donations for the relief of sufferers by floods in Germany was brought up and after numerous expressions of willingness by members to contribute personally Messrs C H Dodd D P Thompson, and Wm Kapus were appointed a committee to collect subscriptions

THE EAST SIDE.

COMMITTED TO THE ASYLUM

L B Stearns judge of the county court accompanied by Drs Saylor and Wheeler, made their appearance at the council chamber yesterday afternoon for the purpose of examining the demented individual arrested the day previous by the marshal On being brought before them he answered the questions propounded readily and with seeming rationality He gave his name as Jasper Shockley aged 40 years, was a native of Virginia had been married but had no children and did not know whether his wife was living or not, had formerly lived in Lower California had been a resident of Oregon eight years and lately worked on a farm in Jackson county had no property and no relatives here, had recently been stopping at Chehalis W T and came down here a few days ago When questioned by Dr Saylor as to what he intended to do here, he inquired if he wished him to make a statement and being answered in the affirmative he said that he had been looking around around but did not know what he would do yet that he was the son of man and the holy spirit and that he represented the third coming of Christ and continued in that strain till all present were convinced of his insanity The necessary papers being made out he was taken to the asylum by the marshal offering no objection whatever till arriving at that institution when he appeared to realize his situation saying there was no cause to take him there as he was all right The marshal coincided with him and left him to his fate

EAST PORTLAND GAS COMPANY

Mr E W Leonard representing the San Francisco company who projected the scheme of lighting East Portland with petroleum gas arrived here yesterday for the purpose of effecting arrangements for carrying out the plans of the company He was accompanied by Mr P DeMill an engineer who will have charge of the works here as well as at Astoria where a similar company has been organized The company have purchased two lots on the corner of Second and G streets for the location of their works and the above gentlemen accompanied by Mr Howden the brick contractor visited the site during the day to consider the preliminaries of building The capital stock of the company is placed at $60 000 of which $40 000 is subscribed by citizens of East Portland The organization is complete and the company have contracted with the projectors for the construction of $ 000 to build the works, lay two miles of pipe and furnish seventy five meters, the works to be completed and in operation by the first of April next From Mr Leonard it is learned that all the material was shipped from San Francisco yesterday The projectors claim the light produced from petroleum gas as manufactured by them to be twenty six candle power which is nearly double that produced from coal gas as furnished in Portland which is said to be but fourteen candle power If these claims are realized in East Portland, this city will have made a stride toward emerging from its darkness and obscurity which is not likely to be eclipsed except by the possibilities of electricity

CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL.

The following item taken from the annual reports of the various officers of the First Congregational Sabbath school of East Portland will give an idea of the work and present standing of the school The number in attendance during the year is 1 3 present membership 100 divided into eight classes of various grades average attendance, 51 books in library 150 periodicals distributed weekly 55 collections $34 81 offerings for home missions $10 45 The officers for the school were all re elected and are as follows Superintendent Charles F Plympton assistant superintendent and chorister George H Fox secretary and treasurer Frank Plympton librarian George Nicolai

ALLEGED LARCENY

N K West yesterday lodged complaint in Justice Bullock's court against Eli Morrill for the larceny of a truck stake M Morrill was arrested and gave bonds for his appearance on Monday next The defendant claims that the stake is his property having lost it some time since and that he took it because he identified it as belonging to him

HAND SHATTERED

Dr Raffety was summoned last evening to the residence of Mr S Pierson near Gravelly Hill to attend his son aged about 12 years who while attempting to pick a cartridge had that missile explode in his hand shattering it fearfully This is the second accident of this nature that has occurred in this vicinity within a few weeks

BREAKERS AHEAD

Dr J M Patton is in receipt of a letter from Dr C F Custer dated at San Francisco, in which he states that he expects to return here about the 1st of February when he will be prepared to meet all demands against him and exonerate himself from the slanders which have been published concerning him so much the better

NOTES

The Congregational Sunday school has a membership of 100

Camp No 2 P O S of A have engaged a hall in Ross & Story's new brick

Prof J D Hawes has succeeded Prof E Burke as principal of the No 1 school

Geo Beck has erected a handsome lamp on the west corner of his stable on L street He has now a lamp at either end of the stable a city lamp being located at the east corner

Jack Files returned Friday night after a four month's absence during which he has visited California Iowa Kansas Missouri and Arkansas The trip appears to have agreed with him

RETURNING A COURTESY

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN]

PORT TOWNSEND W T Jan 11—The United States revenue steamer Oliver Wolcott Capt Louis N Stodder left this morning for Fort Simpson B C to quell an Indian disturbance at the request of the authorities of British Columbia no British naval vessel being in these waters It will be recollected that H M ship Opal went to Alaska on the occasion of the Indian trouble in 1879 and the present troubles in British Columbia furnish an opportunity of returning the courtesy

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Signal service United States army Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture Report for the last 24 hours The following observations are taken at the same moment at all the stations named

PORTLAND Jan 11 — P M

Place of Observation	Height of Barom	Change in 8 Hours	Ther	Wind Direction	Rain fall inches	State of weather
Portland	30 22	+0	41	Calm	03	Cl dy
Olympia	30 15	—08	[illegible]	SW	00	Cl dy
Roseburg	30 20	—03	41	E	00	Clear
Red Bluff	30 16	—04	31	S	00	Clear
Sacramento	30 13	—02	31	N	00	Clear

River 6 feet 5 inches above low water mark

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Ladies I shall have within two months the above amount of silks, satins velvets and dress goods and all I ask is to consider my way of dealing and compare my goods with others and you will ... over 500 customers of mine have full confidence in me for I have proved my reliability in having this duty ... 50 to 60 hands when location is such a distance from regular thoroughfare Facts have told and in future will I more so I must control 500 hands this year

H B LITT
Corner Third and ...

Frank M Jackson 171 First st bet Morrison and Yamhill complete stock of jewelry watches clocks spectacles and eye glasses San Francisco prices

Inks at I Muell g the handsomest display ... made in Oregon ... J K Gill & Co's window

Skinny Men Wells' Health Renewer restores health and vigor cures dyspepsia impotence $1

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.

SAN FRANCISCO Jan 9, 1883

The born and bred Oregonian who for the first time in his life launches out into the big world is a victim of impressions I was attacked with impressions before the ship got to Astoria—struck with the pleasant informality with which the servants of the ship came into my stateroom I occupied through special courtesy a bridal chamber and every *attache* of the ship seemed bent upon seeing the bride I cared little and murmured not so long as the visitors were *men* but when my privacy was invaded by the female branch of the ship's service, my native modesty was grievously outraged First came the stewardess then the second stewardess then the slavey Each busied herself for a moment, slyly looking about for the bride the while and went out There was an intermission and I attempted to dress, but in the early course of that extremely personal and private operation my door was opened and in came the stewardess again Evidently she meant business she wanted the bride Is there a lady in here? she asked In a tone expressive of shocked and wounded feeling I replied Madam! This she didn't regard as definite and with a glare to which her spinster figure and matronly years added severity demanded Is there a woman in here? Modesty and manners forsook me and I replied Yes, and it would please me greatly if she'd go out and stay out ' She went and came no more Incidents of this sort are fast rubbing the modesty out of me

But the ship got to sea I stood on the ship the ship heaved I heaved Reader you know how 'tis yourself But sea sickness did wholly overcome my attack of impressions ' I was impressed with the lying qualities of the captain the dear brave man He told every lady on the ship that in forty years experience man an boy on the ocean and having been three million times around the world having been ship-wrecked fifty thousand times not even in the course of his long service as an officer in the navy had he seen so dreadful a tempest But he couldn't hold a candle to the stewardess That gentle female informed each of the ladies that with one exception she (the lady addressed) was the sickest person she had ever seen The stewardess didn't give the number of years which her experience covered, but I judged about seventy five

Providentially there was a doctor on board He saved the life of every lady on the ship So did the captain, heaven bless his brave gallant manly heart " We all landed feeling that the captain held a complete monopoly on nautical science and that the doctor was the only doctor in the world

I have lost some romantic notions about reading I stocked up with choice marine literature the Toilers of the Sea, Ode to the Ocean,' etc , expecting to read them in proper spirit and with special understanding on the rolling deep But I didn't If ever I read them it will be on the firm land ' A Life on the Ocean Wave is good in poetry and is not bad on the piano (particularly if the girl is pretty) but in reality it is—no polite expression is satisfactory The reader must fill the blank for himself I know of nothing which will bring the castes of mankind down to the same common low level so quickly as sea-sickness It can double discount poverty I already have numerous impressions of San Francisco but will reserve them for another letter Do not think to escape dear reader

THE OREGON COLONY

Here this winter is unusually large Mr Thos Richardson and family are at Sixth and Mission streets and will spend the winter here Mr Richardson will go east before returning to Portland Mr H W Monastes and family are at the same place Mr M will go home for a brief trip leaving on the 13th His family will remain here Mr D Monastes and wife are spending the winter in Oakland Mr Wm Douglas and family are stopping at the Russ Mr Walter V Smith and wife are living at the Palace Mrs Wm Kelley is in town and will stay several weeks Mr Wilkie Duniway will spend the winter here His health is not improved though he attends regularly to business Mr Jas McCraken and family and Mr Wallace are here to stay permanently J M Rice has been here several weeks but goes further south to day Mrs Chas Russell and family are here The daughters are in school Mrs H O Struve and daughter of Seattle and Mrs Nugent and child of Port Blakely are at 405 Powell street and will stay several weeks longer Mr Geo D Goodwin of Yakima is here looking for sunshine and health and will stay till March Mr J N Glover of Spokane Falls is at the Lick and will spend the winter here Mr H M McCartney and wife, also of Spokane is at 213 Mason street Mr McCartney's health has not improved though he has lost the cough which gave his friends so much uneasiness before he left home Miss May Page of Walla Walla is with the McCartneys Her health is much improved Mr Wm Budge of Walla Walla is putting in the winter here Marshal Blinn of Olympia is here and will stay through the winter Mr and Mrs Callinder of Astoria are here and Mr C expects to go into business and permanently live in California Mr T S Mabry of Walla Walla is in town He leaves in a day or two for San Diego and will not return till April The list is long and I shall complete it in another letter

A POOR SHOW

A San Francisco letter must of course have something about the theaters Custom demands it and while people perhaps do not read the usual dramatic gossip they expect to see it and feel a sense of something wanting if it is not there Having been in San Francisco but two days and having seen but one play I cannot drop into the tone of easy familiarity which so impresses the writer's 'knowledge and his own ignorance Either something is wrong with the taste of San Francisco or with mine because I have been to see Youth at the Grand Opera House and do not like it San Francisco delights in the piece The people fill the house nightly to see it society has patronized it the newspapers have labelled it first class and Andrews & Stockwell the managers are reaping a golden harvest from it even at the popular prices —twenty five fifty and seventy five cents It is a spectacular play that is scenery and other effects first and all important consideration acting second and last consideration The *Chronicle* has called the scenic effects ' magnificently grand the *Call* says majestic and unsurpassed the *Bulletin* says San Francisco has never seen its equal as a piece of stage mounting and management' and all the other reflectors or leaders (just as you like) of public taste and opinion have echoed these sentiments in one form or another Now with all these I beg to differ Judged upon its prime merit viewed merely as a spectacle it is unreal and tiresome The scenes are full of incongruities which appear to a greater or less degree in all spectacular pieces For example in Youth there is a real boat upon a painted pond a real prancing four in hand is driven through a painted woodland scene real water trickles over imitation rocks and live birds hop about and sing among the wire brackets and tissue paper foliage of gas pipe trees There is in it all an incongruous mixture of the real and unreal a mingling of the truly and the make believe which makes the real appear out of place and utterly destroys the illusion of the unreal If it be argued that the test of merit is expansion of 'properties art in their arrangement and discipline of performance then I will admit that upon that theory Youth has merit Of actors there was a legion of acting there was little of good acting there was less Indeed the performance viewed dramatically was beneath criticism The only really good characters and they had but little to do were taken by two old Portland favorites Mrs F M Bates and Mr James M Ward Prof R C White and Mr Charles Norris also known in Portland were in the cast But the play tired me and I looked about at the people I was struck with the informality of the audience With modest consideration for my every day clothes I had secured a back seat but I might have gone to the front row without notice The people looked well San Franciscans always look well but they looked just as they do on the street The ladies wore their walking suits—hats jackets etc the gentlemen were in business dress and wore their gloves in their pockets I was chiefly interested of course in the people from home and a good deal of rather rude gaping about discovered a goodly number and Mr Thomas Richardson and wife sat on one side Mr Wilkie Duniway was there, Gov Woods, an Oregon man of old occupied a box with a party of ladies and gentlemen, Miss Lizzie Story niece of Mr Geo L Story and whose visit to Portland a year ago will be remembered was there Miss Mattie Cole, who spent several weeks last summer with Mrs H J McDonald was there Mr Morris of Hotel fame and Miss Jewett and Miss Munson of Astoria were there But when I had viewed all the Oregonians I had exhausted the show and before the performance was two thirds over I left

A H

OUR SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

A Record of Recent Doings at the Bay City.

REFLECTIONS ON MINING STOCKS.

Increased Commercial Relations with Mexico —French Capital Seeking Investment in Oregon Lands—Political Problems—Theatrical, Etc.

SAN FRANCISCO Jan 10

In accord with that spirit of uncertainty which invariably follows hard upon promiscuous speculation, it is evident that local capitalists have in the near past turned their attention to fresh fields for the investment of their collateral Whether the tendency of the times is to expect more for ready money than could formerly be expected or that the allurements of other states are such as to induce our staunch citizens to transfer their investments in other directions, the fact remains uncontrovertable that within a short time a large number of representative Californians have emigrated eastward Others have been content to remain at the scene of their financial achievements though their efforts have been exerted to invest their money where more profitable inducements are said to be offered The causes leading to this state of affairs are variously given, some attributing this migratory desire to the evil effects

RESULTING FROM STOCK GAMBLING

Others pointing significantly to the rapid developments made in the northwestern and southern districts More recently however a regenerative influence has pervaded business circles so that affairs have assumed a much brighter and certainly more promising aspect Confidence has been in a great measure restored and valuable improvements in real estate are in consequence numerous During the calm which existed some years ago and which continued with but little variation until the fall of 1882, considerable difficulty was encountered in perfecting loans at even the modest interest of three or four per cent To such an extent has the situation bettered however that the local banks recently experienced a dearth of available collateral, notwithstanding a tempting offer of six and even seven per cent on the investment Naturally enough, with the noticeable absence of the stock craze which will preclude the possibility of any further investments in that direction, capital will find an easy way into other channels It has long been contended that the stock market had raised jocular hades with the material advancement of the metropolis, and the state generally but without entering into an interminable argument of the assertion it will be admitted without controversy that the stock market is of yore A gentleman of this city who is in a position to speak advisedly in the matter recently told your correspondent that the efforts of the presidents of the Comstock mines under the control of the bonanza firm to reduce expenses would have little or

NO EFFECT UPON PRESENT PRICES

In his opinion the proposed reductions were of little consequence as the amount of salaries was but a mere trifle to the exhorbitant charges for furnishing material to the mines Interested parties would prevent any interference with cherished contracts, the duration of which was the most potent argument for their continuance He also alluded to another matter as explanatory of the utter impossibility of obtaining any speedy relief from decidedly obnoxious assessments The cost of handling the ore increased proportionately to the depth of the mine As greater depth was attained the heat increased until finally it became necessary to erect costly machinery with a view of supplying pure air to the miners none of whom at the average depth of the Comstock mines could do one half the work of a man at a more reduced temperature, or in other other words, in the open air This drawback gave rise to others The ore passed through crosscuts into winzes up the shaft and perhaps the operation was several times repeated before the surface was reached This was another important consideration which gave rise to fat contracts Then again the present work on the Comstock is merely prospective and assessments naturally roll in Taking this view of the situation as correct and surely it is to say the least plausible enough the prospect of future excitement in the stock market is rather nebulous It is doubtless to an earnest consideration of the present state of affairs that the Pacific Stock and Exchange Board has for some time given signs of internal dissolution though an outward existence may possibly be assumed for awhile The cause assigned by David Bush a member of the board for the proposed sale of the building is the

GENERAL DEBILITY OF THE STOCK MARKET

Coupled with unmistakable symptoms of cerebral apoplexy with which the business is affected The board found itself in a curious predicament The building and some additional property was originally purchased for $325 000 cash The lot on which the new Dividend building at present stands, was subsequently sold for $105 000 and in addition to this the board received an indemnity of $13 000 for the opening of Leidesdorff street one end of which is popularly known as Pauper alley The exchange building itself sadly deteriorated in value but even then the price at which it is supposed it will be sold ($85 000) is wholly disproportionate The members of the board despairing of any future bonanzas insisted on a sale as the only means of realizing ultimate benefit from their investment and thus the matter stands at present While there is no dearth of ready capital for home investment on good securities considerable money is also finding its way into undeveloped resources of other states The near approach of the completion of the southern railroad lines has undoubtedly increased our commercial relations with Mexico and opened a new field for profitable and at the same time legitimate speculation The great northwest—Oregon, Washington Territory and even Alaska—have excited the cupidity of those with an eye to business and the result is that investments in those localities are rapidly growing in favor THE OREGONIAN has already noted the existence of

A SYNDICATE OF FRENCH CAPITALISTS

Who propose buying lands in Oregon Since mention of that fact was made your correspondent has been credibly informed that the venture was something more than merely speculative in its nature The original idea entertained by the projectors of the scheme has been in a measure modified It was at first supposed that a tract of land would be purchased and cultivated until such time as the lands could be disposed of at a greatly increased value the promoters in the meantime satisfying themselves with a reasonable interest until an unit invested The intention was to be real... ...productions of the soil, In this particular instance from the sale of fruits It ... ly however the plan was modeled after that of the Italian colony in this city which has purchased a large tract of land in Alameda county to be cultivated on joint account each member of which receives profits proportional to his investment The scheme has worked admirably and exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of the projectors It is now proposed to establish a colony representing French capital in Oregon The measure of course has much to recommend it as it offers material inducements to persons of limited means, and if rightly conducted cannot fail to be remunerative In the event that subscriptions are insufficient to carry the project into execution the venture will partake of a more individual character The matter has not yet assumed tangible proportions and much of the present idea is merely speculative and preliminary In other directions investments and notably local affairs have for the nonce given way to

POLITICAL PROBLEMS

Unlike other legislatures the gathering of the clans was not announced by the usual flourish of trumpets An unbecoming solemnity pervaded the every movement of the legislators elect Ancient stamping grounds were shockingly ignored and even the San Francisco delegation which was reasonably expected to form part and parcel of the Mace Slade audience was represented at the glove fight by hardly a corporal's guard, That the less weighty affairs of state should be given precedence over a fistic encounter was sufficient to excite caustic comment upon such unstatesmanlike conduct This wholesale onslaught upon the traditions of old is however susceptible of easy explanation as the principals in the recent encounter have been induced to give an exhibition at the Capital for the delectation of these self sacrificing public servants It might be well to remark parenthetically that we are fast incorporating in our modern civilization much of the athletic spirit which made the Greeks famous for their skill as the Olympian games With us, muscular Christianity is a rage A number of other innocent amusements have been carefully selected by the disgruntled legislators in their frantic endeavors to while away the tedium of grinding out laws. Con Mooney, with a keen insight to the weaker nature, has arranged a series of chicken fights at which these unsophisticated politicians may be surely counted upon to attend What a

HIGHLY DELECTABLE ATMOSPHERE

For these guardians of the public weal In pleasing contrast to this spirit of *abandon* are the scenes enacted at that consecrated edifice the Metropolitan temple on the night of the glove fight. The organ which had pealed forth its accompaniment to the supplicating voices of a vast and influential congregation was rudely churned to jigs and break downs while the good old sexton of the church watched the pugilists with reverential awe from behind an enclosure The scandalized elders of the church were at that very hour expressing their virtuous indignation at Kalloch's temerity in not opposing the leasing of the building and the climax was capped by granting him a year's leave of absence with full salary attached There is scarcely anything of note in

THEATRICAL CIRCLES

The unprofitable run of the Naiad Queen' has been cut short by 'Michael Strogoff ' with the original scenery and a much improved ballet The attendance has increased and the management glories in a well filled house One of the chief attractions in connection with the piece is graceful Ariel a young lady of apparently 22 who floats about the stage, over the orchestra, into the flies, and alighting at the starting point, in a most mysterious manner Her movements are decidedly graceful and the perfect regularity of her motion leaves the spectators in a quandary as to the *modus operandi* Having taken her flight into the air her assistant holds out his hand and with mathematical certainty the little fairy descends in full view of the audience and perches herself now on his hand then on his shoulders and again on his head The flights are made in circles, or from one side of the stage to the other concluding by a flight towards the audience and over the orchestra At the Grand Opera house ' Youth still holds the boards and proves quite an attractive card The minstrels are in the hight of their season The announcement is made that the Madison Square theater company will shortly open at the Baldwin where the latest New York successes will be played and then placed on the road, including Oregon and British Columbia.

HYP

PORTLAND PULPITS.

Scandinavian M E Church—Third St. bet B and C C J Larson pastor, Preaching 11 A M and 7 30 P M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7 30

Unitarian Church—Corner of Yamhill and Seventh Charles Noyes acting pastor Services at 11 A M and 7 30 P M Morning subject The Progressive Nature of Religion Evening subject The Relation of Doctrine to Duty

Scandinavian Service—There will be service in the Baptist church, in the Scandinavian language Sunday, the 7th of January at 3 o'clock P M and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 30 o clock All are invited to come,

First Baptist Church cor Fourth and Alder Rev J A Gray pastor will preach at 11 A M and 7½ P M Subject for morning— Has Fear a Place in Religion ? and for the evening, Popular Sins Seats free Sunday school at 12 30

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church Portland, B street between North Ninth and North Tenth streets next Sunday at 11 o clock A M and 7 30 P M Services will be held in the Swedish language P Carlson, Pastor

Hall street M E Church H K Hines D D pastor Preaching at 11 A M by Rev Clark Davis of St Jo Missouri Lecture at 7½ P M by Ex Gov A C Gibbs Subject—' The Great Northwest and its Missionary Work All welcomed

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets Services every Tuesday by Henry Shadle pastor Morning subject Christ's Mission evening Gaining the World and Losing the Soul " All are invited

Taylor street M E Church Preaching morning and evening by the pastor Rev Geo. W Izer 11 A M subject— Christian Stewardship 7 30 P M subject— Search the Scriptures Praise meeting at 6 45 P M in the lecture room The public is cordially invited to all the services

First Congregational Church Service to morrow at 11 A M and 7 30 P M Preaching by the pastor Rev Dr Frederic R Marvin Morning subject— The Nature and Efficacy of Prayer Evening subject— The Ideal Home " Sunday school at 12 30 P M Young People's meeting at 6 45 P M

The Church of Sea and Land corner Third and D streets—Regular Sunday School at 9 30 for one hour Bethel services on board the City of Carlyle at the foot of Washington street at 2 P M Preaching in Bethel Hall at 7 30 P M by the chaplain Prayer meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 30 P M

First Presbyterian Church—Corner of Washington and Third streets A L Lindsley pastor Services Sunday morning and evening The morning subject assigned by the World's Evangelical Alliance 'The Second Advent Evening subject a popular lecture Sabbath school at 12 30 Strangers and especially young men cordially welcomed Ushers provide seats

Episcopal Church Service—Trinity Oak and Sixth Sunday 11 A M and 7 P M St Stephen's chapel (Jefferson and Fifth) Sunday 11 A M and 3 30 P M St Matthew's chapel (First and Caruthers) 11 A M and 3 30 P M Trinity mission chapel (Watson's addition) 3 30 P M St Timothy's chapel Grammar school Sunday 3 P M Good Samaritan hospital (Twenty first and L) Thursday 3 30 P M

East Portland Pulpits.

St David's Episcopal Church—Rev J W Sellwood rector Services morning at 11 A M Evening at 7

Baptist Church, corner of Seventh and G streets—Services at 11 o clock A M and 7 P M Seats free All are welcome G J BURCHETT Pastor

United Brethren—J H Watson pastor, services held in Good Templars hall, on L street near Fourth over Dr Coley's drug store No evening service

First Congregational Church —Holladay's addition to East Portland Regular Sabbath service at 11 A M and at 7 P M Sabbath school at 12.30 Amos W Bower pastor

Presbyterian Church, Odd Fellows building, corner of J and Tenth streets—Sabbath services Preaching by pastor Rev D O Ghormley at 11 A M and 7 P M Sunday school at 12 30 Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 15 P M Strangers invited to all services

Service in the Scandinavian language—There will be service in the Scandinavian language in the Baptist church corner of Fourth and Alder streets every Sunday at 3 o clock P M All are welcome O Okerson missionary

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been added to the Library during the past week

Some Women of To-day
Measure for Measure, by Mary Stanley
Miss Beck a novel, by Tilbury Holt
Earl Wayne's Nobility by Mrs Georgie Sheldon
Autobiography by John Stuart Mill
The Early Days of Christianity by F W Farrar D. D

A System of Logic R... native and Inductive being a connected view ... principles of evidence and the methods of scie... investigation by John Stuart Mill Eighth edition

The Chess Player's Handbook A popular and scientific introduction to the game of chess exemplified in games actually played by the greatest masters and illustrated by numerous diagrams of original and remarkable positions by Howard Staunton Esq

Chess Praxis A supplement to the Chess Player's Handbook containing all the most important modern improvements the openings illustrated by actual games a r... code of chess laws and a collection of Mr Morphy's matches etc in England and France by H ... Staunton

[illegible]

Kind Mrs. Grant.

Speaking of doing kind things a lady friend of mine who lives in Washington has only words of admiration for Mrs Gen Grant She was always so simple and so genuine when she lived at the White House said my friend, but she somehow always said the right thing in a way to make you feel that she was glad to see you She was always ready to go out of her way to do you a favor I remember one time when the husband of a lady of her acquaintance—a paymaster—got into serious financial trouble His money was gone He could not account for it He was court-martialed Mrs Grant interposed to save him for while in the eye of the law he was guilty morally she believed him innocent Mrs Grant sat up till midnight to send a dispatch to the officer's wife to let her know that she had succeeded and that her husband was saved She was all the time doing such things *N Y Graphic*

Wild Goats as a Result of the War

As showing the instinct of the goat which is not generally credited with much intelligence visitors to Harper's Ferry Va are informed that when the war broke out and the sound of the canonading was heard in the valley large numbers of tame animals of this description took refuge on the Maryland Heights and have never returned Even now they can be seen on the top of the mountain Their young have been reared on the summit and have never become domesticated. Occasionally hunters kill the wild goats as they are called and the tame ones from the valley frequently go up to visit them but they persistently refuse to descend and the sense of danger experienced by the goats of 1861 and 1862 seems to have been transmitted to their posterity —*New York News*

GLIMPSES ABOUT HAARLEM.

Changes that are Going on in that Quaint Famous Old Dutch Town.

Although Holland abounds with the most delightful specimens of domestic architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they seldom care to revive it when they build a new house. There seems to be but one approved style now and that the very worst style of French villa, with its dull, dark Mansard roof There is also an almost universal run on a certain garden statue in plaster, the most ill modeled child, with a short tunic, holding a basket of chalk fruit on its simpering, idiotic head No garden is complete without that, and if the means of the owner permit, a large globe or shining quicksilver glass, in which is reflected the most awful contortions of every surrounding object. Those who are tired of hearing of "high art" and "esthetics," of harmonies and symphonies of color, of dadoes and old bric-a-brac, should come here to rest their troubled brain If one could only stay a few months with the owners of one of these villas! The people are by no means reticent in displaying their objects *de luxe*—mostly wax flowers or French vases, Gilt edged books bound in good old fashioned positive colors, a 'magneta" tint that now and then seemed to have been distilled from long pent up and suffering canal water, these massed in brass-bound book slides, and tended by a muse or two in plaster of Paris, are on a veneered table between the parted curtains of every one of these new abodes. Wandering along one of the canals, we stopped to admire a crow stepped gabled house of time-toned velvety brick We read on a tablet high up the name of Ph Wouvermans Yes, that must have been his studio window—that large one. A pleasant house, and a substantial well-to-do air about it A pleasant spot too, by the tree-shaded canal Wonder if it is still a studio? It looks like it It almost tempts one to ring the bell and ask if Herr Wouvermans is at home

* * *

There are still in Haarlem a goodly number of old houses of the seventeenth century. Some of their gables lean rather forward toward the street or sideways toward their next door neighbor in a way suggestive of fundamental debility At first sight it seems safer to walk on the middle of the road, and look out for falling bricks But one soon gets over the tottery character, in fact, some one told us that they were built originally at that angle forward When they lean sideways they admit the mouldering pile beneath and own to the shrinkage The fine old city walls and ramparts that withstood the famous siege have been pulled down, all but one old gateway, a splendid specimen of its kind, picturesque to the last degree That is all there is left to illustrate one of the greatest chapters in the history of Haarlem The boulevard and the tram car have risen over the dust of all the rest. I should like to say something more worthy of this memorable siege, there is such a splendid opportunity, but on second thought perhaps it is as well to refer the reader to Motley and not seek to supersede that admirable history

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The Universe.

The most successful and popular writers and speakers of to-day are those who express themselves in the fewest and simplest words. There was a time when one was considered a brilliant writer or speaker if he used lengthy and high-sounding words The intricacies of language were then considered, now it is the idea and sentiment which claims the admiration, and the most comprehensive manner of expressing one's sentiment is the most approved method. Nor is it a simple and easy matter to express oneself simply and correctly It is as much of an art to acquire brevity in language as it is to extend it by high flown terms The rapidity of the age has done much toward the simplifying of language We have just discovered that life is short—much shorter than it used to be for the number of our days is decreased in consequence of our headlong race through life in competition with each other, and thus it becomes necessary to abbreviate in all things in like proportion, and especially in language. Thus the habit of abbreviation has gradually grown upon us, but we still find those who remain devotees to the old style of going around Robinson's barn " according to the old saying, to express a simple idea—a thought which perhaps may be of little consequence if any, and yet a simple thought may convey a world of meaning when forcibly presented, but it never can be clearly expressed when the quantity and the nature of the language tends to complicate it, and attracts the mind more to the terms than to the subject In the greater number of books of recent issue the language is terse and the matter is not strung out to such unnecessary length as formerly as may be seen by comparing them with works of only a few years ago If such were the case there would necessarily be fewer books read and still it is an undisputed fact that the general literature of the day is far more brilliant on the whole, than that of a decade past This is progress educationally, and to the simplification of the language this improved state of society is chiefly due While therefore the modest and simple Anglo-Saxon is to be favored in all written and spoken language, there is a limit to abbreviation and condensation, there is no necessity for making oneself incoherent in an endeavor to speak briefly and to the point, one extreme in this matter is as undesirable as the other and should be carefully guarded against. For this reason, then, simplicity of language is an art, and it requires study, practice and a keen discernment to estimate to a nicety as to what may constitute the happy medium—it is not taught, but is the result of observation and judgment. Amateur writers and novices generally endeavor to see how grandiloquent they can make their writings and the writings of this class are often amusing to sensible people.

The Church Mechanical; The Church Spiritual.

There are two great churches—the church mechanical and the church spiritual. The one is materialized, has forms, order, regulations like a kingdom, the other is living lambent, invisible of no shape with no creed but holiness with no ordinances with the real, personal ministry of the Holy Spirit always present and the light life and the power of God. The church mechanical has no right of existence except as a servant of the church spiritual but it has usurped the authority of its superior It demands obedience of all men, it prescribes their beliefs it organizes their worship it determines their merit, it stands at the end of the way with the radiant key of heaven and the flaming key of hell, making the whole world crouch at its golden promises or lurid threatenings. To this earthly and mechanical conception of the church belong all medieval creeds which have turned the goodness of God into a dry herbarium which have left out of account the one chief element of power in religion—the power of a living soul on a living soul The only orthodoxy on earth is the creed of right living God and the human soul are the only forces that the world knows All others are derivative subservant auxiliary *Henry Ward Beecher in North American Review*

A Stone With a History.

Ben Milan who resides in Mississippi near the Marshall county line and who is owner of the wonderful mad-stone of which we made mention some months ago dropped in to see us on Saturday last while on a business trip to our city Mr Milan informs us that since the stone has been in possession of his family 1820 cases have been treated in all but one of which failed to recover An average of fifteen patients test the curative powers of the stone annually which number is about three times as great since as before the war The history of this wonderful stone as we get it from Milan, is that in 1810 a Dr Barker of Alabama, brought the stone from China, where it was known as the snake stone " being used by the Chinese to cure snake and spider bites and those of other poisonous insects Soon after Dr Barker returned to Alabama he began to test the stone on persons bitten by mad dogs, and with great success and so used it until his death, which occurred several years afterward when with other effects the stone was sold and became the property of Garvin Milan, (father of Ben) and three of his neighbors. One at a time the joint owners sold out until Mr Milan became proprietor of the stone, and at his death willed it to his son the present owner who only a few days ago refused for it $7 500 —*Oxford Falcon*

She Wanted Some Fun, Too

The Lowell Mass. Citizen says A ten year old lad called at our office day before yesterday saying, Mother's got a lame back baby has the mumps sister is laid up with neuralgia and father's in bed with rheumatism so Aunt Mary who is keeping house sent me over to subscribe for your paper which she says is full of joy and wisdom She wants some fun ... After noting the subscription we desired ... of the paper is our faithful visitor and ... write on the margin 'To Aunt Mary Read the Citizen regularly and use St. Jacobs Oil as ... Shortly after noon to-day the boy appeared again with the following intelligence 'Mother ... is ... running as is flirting with my ... baby is all bunky, and Aunt Mary is happy ... papers and St. Jacobs Oil are the back bone of home comforts.

...Bugs of Bad Bugs.
...J F Bush, wagon maker, ... bugs out of his shop ... of the building, pushed a ... hole in the Welland gouged ...
...Works Burned.
...—The carriage works of ... Loss $11,...

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In Seasickness.
Prof ADOLPH OTT, New York says I used it for seasickness, among the passengers, during a passage across the Atlantic. In the plurality of cases I saw the distressing symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

...Worm Syrup, for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. Tasteless. 25c.

...the new directory as one of the ... city

"...ly tormented backs" is the exclamation of more than one poor hard working man and woman, do you know why it is so? It is because your kidneys are overtasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

...The third is that a sudden glaring up of the foot lights produced smoke

Albani in Demand.
New York, Jan 13 —Madam Albani has received an offer to sing with the Handel and Haydn society of Boston, and Chas. F. Locke of San Francisco has offered her $60,000 to sing in a series of festival concerts ... Mexico ...

...to fight, but the fact that local brothers in San Francisco easily got away with Mace's New Zealand giant in a boxing match, may incline him to try conclusions with the new comer

In vain the eyes are filled with light,
In vain the cheek with beauty glows,
Unless the teeth are pure and white,
...
...

...preparation ...
COLDS and THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. I know of no article that gives greater satisfaction to those who use it, and I do not hesitate to recommend it ...

[illegible]

The poet died last night
  Outworn his mortal frame
He hath fought well the fight
  And won a deathless name

Bring laurel for his bier
  And flowers to deck the hearse;
The tribute of a tear
  To his immortal verse

Hushed is that piercing strain
  Who heard for pleasure wept
His were our joy and pain
  He sang—our sorrow slept

Yes—weep for him no more
  Shall such high songs have birth
Gone is the harp he bore
  Forever from the earth

Weep, weep, and scatter flowers
  Above his precious dust
Child of the heavenly powers—
  Divine and pure and just

Ah weep—for when to-night
  Shall hoot the horned owl—
Beneath the pale moon's light
  The human ghouls prowl

What creatures those shall throng
  Within the sacred gloom
To do our poet wrong—
  To break the sealed tomb?

His trusted friend and near
  Toward whom his spirit moved
The brother he held dear,
  The woman that he loved"
—*Washington Critic*

SANTA CLAUS IN THE MINES.

A California mining town, away up amid the snow-clad, rock-bound peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains

The town was irregularly laid out and was scattered along a creek which emptied into the Consumnes river several miles below. Both the dwellings and business houses—or, more properly speaking, cabins—were constructed of unhewn pine logs, the crevices between the timbers being "chinked" and plastered with mud. The town contained at least a dozen saloons or saloons and gambling houses combined and in these hells much of the hard earned money of the miner parted company with him to take up temporary abode in the saloon till or the pocket of the professional gambler. The dwellings of the town were scattered along the creek or built on the adjacent mountain, the majority of them being rough "bachelor dens" for women were scarce in the newly discovered diggings

In a small cabin near the upper part of the town sat a woman in widow's weeds holding upon her knee a bright-eyed sunny faced little girl about five years old while a little cherub of a boy lay upon a bearskin before the open fire-place. It was Christmas Eve, and the woman sat gazing abstractedly into the fire. She was yet young and as the glowing flames lit up her sad face, they invested it with a wierd beauty

Mary Stewart was the widow of Aleck Stewart and but two short years before they had lived comfortably and happy in a camp on the American river. Aleck was a brawny miner but the premature explosion of a blast in an underground tunnel had blotted out his life in an instant, leaving his family without a protector and in straightened circumstances. His daily wages had been their sole support and now that he had gone, what could they do?

With her little family Mrs Stewart had emigrated to the camp in which we find them (all western mining towns are called "camps,") and there she earned a precarious livelihood by washing clothes for the miners. Hers was a heard lot but the brave little woman toiled on cheered by the thought that her daily labors stood between her darling little ones and the gaunt wolf of starvation. Their clothes were patched and shabby and their food plain and sometimes scant, yet they were never reduced to absolute starvation

Jack Dawson a strong honest miner was passing the cabin this Christmas Eve when the voice of the little girl within attracted his attention. Jack possessed an inordinate love for children and although his manly spirit would abhor the sneaking practice of eavesdropping he could not resist the temptation to steal up to the window just a moment to listen to the sweet, prattling voice. The first words he caught were

Before papa died we always had Christmas didn't we mamma?

Yes Totty darling but papa earned money enough to afford to make his pets happy at least once a year. You must remember Totty, that we are very poor and although mamma works very hard she can scarcely supply us with food and clothes"

Little bright faced Benny raised his curly head from its soft nest in the warm bearskin and cheerily said

Des' wait till I dit to be a man, mamma an' oo won't have to wort. I se doin' to be a dreat big miner like papa was, an' dit oo ever so much money, but I wouldn't do near em hateful blastin' fings an' dit tilled like papa did"

(Jack Dawson lingered upon the outside. He could not leave although he felt ashamed of himself for listening)

Why, bless my little man what a brave future he has planned! I do hope and pray darling that you will grow up a strong and good man and one who will be a blessing and a comfort to mamma when she gets old"

We hung up our stockings last Christmas didn't we mamma?" questioned the little girl

Yes Totty but we were poor then and Santa Claus never noticed real poor people. He gave you a little candy then just because you were such good children"

Is we any poorer now mamma?

"Oh yes, much poorer. He would never notice us at all, now

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of sadness in the widow's voice as she uttered the last words and he wiped a suspicious dampness from his eyes.

"Where's our clean stockings mamma? I'm going to hang mine up anyhow, maybe he will come like he did before just because we try to be good children," said Totty

"It will be no use, my darling. I am sure he will not come," and tears gathered in the mother's eyes as she thought of her empty purse

I don't care, I'm going to try anyhow. Please get one of my stockings mamma" pleaded the little girl

Your clean stockings are on the line outside and I cannot go out and hunt for them this bitter, cold night. You may hang up your old ones but oh darling I fear you will be so terribly disappointed in the morning. Please let it go until next Christmas and then we may be richer"

No mamma, I'm going to try anyhow

Jack Dawson's great generous heart swelled until it seemed bursting from his bosom. He heard the patter of little feet upon the cabin floor as Totty ran about hunting hers and Benny's stockings and after she had hung them up heard her sweet voice again as she wondered over and over if Santa Claus would forget them. He heard the mother in a choking voice tell her treasures to get ready for bed, heard them lisp their childish prayers the little girl concluding

And O Lord! please tell good Santa Claus that we are very poor, but that we love him as much as the rich children do for Jesus' sake. Amen"

After they were in bed through a small rent in the plain white curtain Jack saw the widow before the fire her face buried in her hands and weeping silently. On a peg just over the fire place two little patched and faded stockings and then he could stand it no longer. He moved softly away from the window to the rear of the cabin where some objects fluttering in the wind met his eye. Among these he searched until he found a little blue stocking which he removed from the line, folded it tenderly and placed in his overcoat pocket and then set out for the main street of the camp. He entered Harry Howk's gambling hall, the largest in the place, where a host of miners and gamblers were at play. Jack was well known in the camp and when he got up on a chair and called for attention the hum of voices and the clicking of ivory checks suddenly ceased. Then in an earnest voice he told what he had seen and heard repeating every word of the conversation between the mother and children. In conclusion he said

Boys I think I know every one of you an' I know just what kind o' metal yer made of. I've an idea that Santa Claus knows just whar that cabin's situated, an' I've an idea he'll find it afore mornin'. Hyar's one o' the little gal's stockings that I hooked off'n the line whar I heard the widder say she'd hung 'em with the washin'. The daddy o' them little 'uns was a good hard workin' miner an' he crossed the range in the line o' duty just as any of us is liable to do in our dangerous business. Hyar's a twenty dollar piece down in the toe and hyar's the stockin' on this card table—now chip in much or little as ye kin afford

With this he [illegible] the ace Jack and Brock Clark a gambler and leaving the faro table he picked the little stocking up carefully, looked at it tenderly and when he laid it down another twenty had gone into the toe to keep company with the one placed there by Dawson

Another and another came up until the foot of the stocking was well filled and then came the cry from the gambling tables

Pass her around Jack"

At the word he lifted it from the table and started along the hall. Before he had circulated round half-a-dozen tables it showed signs of bursting beneath the weight of gold and silver coin, and a strong coin bag such as is used for sending treasures by express was procured and the stocking placed inside of it. The round of the large hall was made, and in the meantime the story had spread all over the camp. From various saloons came messengers saying

Bend the stockin' around the camp the boys are waitin' for it!"

With a party at his heels Jack went from saloon to saloon. Games ceased and tipplers left the bars as they entered each place and miners, gamblers, speculators, everybody crowded up to tender their Christmas gift to the miner's widow and orphans. Any one who has lived in the far western camps and is acquainted with the generosity of western men will feel no surprise or doubt my truthfulness when I say that after the round had been made the little blue stocking and the heavy canvas bag contained over $8000 in gold and silver coin

Horses were procured and a party dispatched to the large town down on the Consumnes from which they returned near daybreak with toys, clothing, provisions, etc in almost endless variety. Arranging their gifts in proper shape and securely tying the bag of coin the party noiselessly repaired to the widow's humble cabin. The bag was first laid on the steps and other articles piled up in a heap over it. On the top was laid the lid of a large pasteboard box on which was written with a piece of charcoal

Santa Claus does [illegible] always give poor folks the shake in this camp

* * * * * * * *

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. The night had been a stinging cold one and when the rising sun peeped over the chain of mountains to the east and shot its beams upon the western range the sparkling frost flashed from the snow clad peaks as though their towering heads were sprinkled with pure diamonds

Mrs Stewart arose and a shade of pain crossed her handsome face as the empty little stockings caught her maternal eye. She cast a hurried glance toward the bed where her darlings lay sleeping and whispered

"Oh God how bitter is poverty!"

She built a glowing fire and set about preparing the frugal breakfast. When it was almost ready she approached the bed kissed the little ones until they were wide awake, and lifted them to the floor. With eager haste Totty ran to the stockings only to turn away sobbing as if her heart would break. Tears blinded the mother and clasping her little girl to her heart she said in a choking voice

Never mind my darling, next Christmas I am sure mamma will be richer and then Santa Claus will bring us lots of nice things

Oh mamma!

The exclamation came from little Benny who had opened the door and was standing gazing in amazement upon the wealth of gifts there displayed

Mrs Stewart sprang to his side and looked in speechless astonishment. She read the card and then causing her little ones to kneel down with her in the open doorway she poured out her soul in a torrent of praise and thanksgiving to God

Jack Dawson's burly form moved from behind a tree a short distance away and sneaked off up the gulch great crystal tears chasing each other down his face

The family arose from their knees and began to move the stores into the cabin. There were several sacks of flour hams canned fruits pounds and pounds of coffee tea and sugar new dress goods, and a handsome warm woolen shawl for the widow shoes stockings hats mittens and clothing for children a great big wax doll that could cry and move its eyes for Totty and a beautiful red sled for Benny. All were carried inside amidst alternate laughs and tears

Bring in the sack of salt Totty and that is all said the mother. Is not God good to us?

I can't lift it mamma. It's frozen to the step!

The mother stooped and took hold of it and lifted harder and harder until she raised it from the step. Her cheek blanched as she noted its great weight and breathlessly she carried it in and laid it upon the breakfast table. With trembling fingers she loosened the string and emptied the contents upon the table. Gold and silver more than she had ever thought of in her wildest dreams of comfort and almost buried in the pile of treasure lay Totty's little blue stocking

We will not intrude longer upon such happiness but will leave the joyful family sounding praises to heaven and—Santa Claus

The whole story reached Mrs Stewart's ears. She knew Jack Dawson by sight, and when she next met him although the honest fellow tried hard to push by her she caught hold of his coat and compelled him to stand and listen to her tearful thanks. The tears shed were not all hers for when Jack moved away there were drops of liquid crystals hanging to his ruddy cheeks

Four months from that "Merry Christmas" Mrs Stewart became Mrs Jack Dawson and every evening when the hardy miner returns from his daily labor to his comfortable and home Totty and Benny will climb upon his strong knees and almost smother him with kisses while they lovingly address him as our Santa Claus papa

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

How an Ever Popular Melody Brought Tears to an Old Drunkard's Eyes.

Providence Journal

About ten o'clock Tuesday evening three persons stood together under a gaslight on High street. A few doors adjacent was a saloon and through its half opened door came snatches of coarse laughter and licentious song interjected with occasional oaths. Of the three figures standing near at hand one was a man apparently of middle age well formed and bearing upon his bloated and rum suffused countenance memories of better days. The other two were females apparently his wife and daughter. The face of the elder woman was pale and anxious while that of the younger was pitiful and sad. Only fragments of their conversation could be heard but it was clearly evident that the wife was eagerly imploring the partially intoxicated husband to go home with them but he refused and tried in a maudlin way to induce them to leave him alone

Just then there came merrily tripping around a corner close at hand a group of young people of both sexes who were evidently returning from some festival or entertainment. As the party came into High street they commenced singing crossing the street. Their voices well blended poured forth and filled the [illegible] still night air and as the group [illegible] gradually disappeared in the distance snatches of melody came floating back upon the ears of the listeners including the group of three before referred to. They ceased talking and listened. The stolid rum blotched features of the man worked convulsively as the sweet cadences wafted back to his ear from the increasing distance growing fainter then merging into echoes and finally ceasing altogether

What was he thinking of? What hidden chord of memory had been thus evoked within him? [illegible] memories of the old time [illegible] better days when he sat with mother, wife and child at his own and their fireside? [illegible] trusted self reliant manhood? [illegible] the fragments of melody rolled back upon his awakening senses [illegible] echoes within his soul [illegible] Without a word of further parleying he allowed the two waiting ones to slip their arms within his own and quiet as a lamb he went with his own flesh to their home and the [illegible] peared in the shadow [illegible] certainly, but uttering no word. What had moved him thus? What was it that had thus touched his heart [illegible] causing the unseen tears [illegible] soul as they had [illegible] perhaps for years. It was not much but it was enough [illegible] group was singing "Home Sweet Home."

A SEAL-SKIN CLOAK.

I had always wanted one. I should not have been satisfied with a short sacque. I wanted a three hundred dollar cloak at the least. I do not think I was more fond of dress than ordinary women, but I loved nice things. Real laces velvets and silks gave me positive enjoyment. Not that I might dress to outshine others but I loved luxury and, alas we were poor Leon and I. We were very young. I was eighteen and my husband twenty-three. We had been married six months and were keeping house in a cute little cottage plainly but comfortably furnished, and which I made beautiful by various little devices that cost nothing

Leon made a mistake perhaps, in not telling me from the first just what he could afford and what he could not, but he was foolishly in love with his little wife and tried to gratify every wish of mine. I was selfish and exacting utterly undisciplined and the more I thought about the cloak the more I coveted it. I had a neighbor newly married like myself, and she had a lovely one. I did not stop to consider that although Mrs Aylmer's husband was only a clerk like mine that she was a wealthy man's daughter who had given her an elaborate outfit

She was calling on me one day and wore the elegant cloak

"I do wish I had one" I said childishly patting the glossy fur as she was leaving

Make your husband get you one" she laughed adding Fred would get me anything"

Her words rankled and I determined I would have that cloak

After supper as we sat in our little sitting room I broached the subject

Leon dear I said sitting down on an ottoman at his feet a favorite position when I wanted to tease won't you get me a sealskin cloak like Mrs Aylmer's for a Christmas present?

But my darling he expostulated Mrs Aylmer's cloak cost three hundred dollars at less

Well I pouted three hundred dollars isn't such a vast sum is it?

No dear but infinitely more than we can afford. You know my salary is small and the furnishing of this house with a year's rent in advance took nearly all the money I had saved before our marriage. Since then I have laid up only a hundred dollars. So little one smiling fondly down upon me where am I to get the other two hundred?"

Dear me I replied pettishly can't you make it some way—speculate or something? Other men make money faster than you do"

My husband's face grew very grave as he inquired

Lulu, do you think I would deny you this if I could get it for you?

Oh heaven forgive me! I knew I was wrong but I replied sulkily

If I had married Edwin Armstrong he would have bought it for me

I was frightened at Leon's white face as he rose to his feet pushing me from him when I tried to detain him

Has it come to this he said hoarsely that you regret having refused a richer man for me?

Without a word more he left the room and a moment later the house shook as he slammed the front door after him

I sat where he left me and cried awhile then I grew resentful

I don't care I said. I want the cloak so much and I do believe he could get it if he would, besides that I might as well show him first as last that I am not going to be scared by his tantrum

I retired early. Leon seldom stayed out late and only when compelled to do so but that night it was one o'clock when I heard his latch key in the door and when he came and stood beside me I pretended to be asleep

The next morning Leon was very grave. He kissed me as usual but all the warmth had gone from his kiss. My temper rose and I sulked

He shall see that I don't care I thought. Very little was said at the breakfast table and I grew more and more uncomfortable

At length the tedious meal was finished. He came and stood beside me. I thought he was going to put his arms around me and take his goodby kiss as usual but he did nothing of the kind. He only said

Lulu I have found a way to make some extra money and you shall have the cloak but unless you want to drive me mad never repeat what you said last night

He stooped kissed my forehead and left me but somehow the prospect of obtaining my wish failed to elate me

The days dragged along. Leon seemed utterly changed. All the buoyancy and laughter was gone instead he was silent and cold, never cross always gentle and kind but so cold!

Perhaps his love had been warmer than mine at first but now when I felt that his affection was waning I began to value it loved him better, and grew wretched accordingly. He was frequently absent at night and when I asked what detained him he said briefly

Business

Christmas morning at last. I went down early to the dining room. A large box stood on a chair. I opened it eagerly and lifted out the most lovely sealskin cloak I had ever seen, far surpassing Mrs Aylmer's

It must have cost four hundred dollars I said under my breath. It is superb

In the bottom of the box was a card on which was written

I have fulfilled my promise. Leon

Not a word of love not a Christmas wish. With a heavy sigh I laid the cloak back in the box as my husband entered

Does it suit you?" he asked quietly

It is very beautiful. Where did you get get the money Leon?

Never mind where he said more harshly than he had ever spoken to me. You have the cloak are you satisfied?

Oh yes I replied lightly driving back the tears that filled my eyes. Only you are getting to be a regular bear

That evening there was a concert. I went with Mrs Aylmer and her husband. Leon said he had business

Christmas night? I asked wonderingly

Yes Christmas night business that must be transacted a bitter smile curving his lips as he replied

We are early. Two of those women who perpetually canvass their neighbors affairs at all times and in all places sat behind us. Presently one of them mentioned my husband's name and willingly or not I was forced to hear

Did you know Leon Ray before his marriage?

Yes I met him several times but I never saw his wife

Nor I but at one time I knew him quite well. He is a clerk in Allen & Gray's wholesale house. The other day I was down at Leon's and saw him pay four hundred and fifty dollars for a seal skin cloak for his wife. I know his salary wouldn't allow him to do such a thing [illegible] yesterday I asked my husband where he supposed the money came from. My husband says—lowering her voice—that he has taken to gambling lately

My husband—Leon Ray—of whom I had been so proud, my husband who had always been held up [illegible] by his associates as a model of what a man should be—Leon a gambler!

Mrs Aylmer was shocked and when I turned to her with Take me home she rose explaining [illegible] that Mrs Ray was ill and we passed out

She tried to say something to console me but I stopped her crying vehemently

It is all my fault! Let me alone!

[illegible] at my own door and I got [illegible] I threw myself down on the floor in an agony of remorse and self abasement

May I never suffer again as I did then. I saw at once the precipice on which my husband stood. I saw the true weakness of his nature [illegible] overwhelming love for his pretty wife and I would use that love to bring about his salvation

After a while I rose, removed my wrappings, changed my dress, folded away the cloak that [illegible] nearly ruin his life and sat down to wait for his return

He came at midnight and [illegible] he had been drinking. [illegible] If anything [illegible] the ruin that I had brought upon myself

I knelt down by him, as he lay senseless on the lounge where he had fallen and promised before heaven that I would leave nothing undone to reclaim him

Grant oh God" I prayed "that my punishment shall not fall on him also! Punish me alone for the fault was mine in the beginning not his"

At length I grew more calm but no sleep came over me that wretched night as I sat gazing on the ruin I had wrought

But in the morning it was terrible—no one can know what my husband's condition was except those who have seen a strong upright man writhing under the lash of honest condemnation after having yielded to a great temptation

It was no time to speak of my penitence. He was overwhelmed with his own. At length he told me he had gambled several times during the past month

But Lulu my darling wife indeed I never drank a drop of liquor till now. Last night Mr Allen told me that he could not retain a gambler in his employ—think of it! Oh Lulu Leon Ray a gambler! And he bowed his head in an agony of shame

I said very little. What could I say when I felt that all this was my doing? I took his hot head in my arms kissed him tenderly while the tears fell fast

"I love you my husband. I love you. The fault is all mine

He was still and worn out and at length I left him sleeping. Now it was time to do something to prove my repentance. I dressed myself plainly took the box containing the cloak in my arms, and went with it to Mr Lee's. My courage did not fail when I asked to see the senior partner and was shown into his private office

Mr Lee I began. I am Mrs Leon Ray. A few days ago my husband bought this cloak here for which he paid four hundred and fifty dollars. I wore it once only a little while last night. Will you take it back at any price?"

The old gentleman looked at me then said very kindly

Would you mind telling me why you do not wish to retain it?

Because my husband has nearly ruined himself to purchase it and he would not have done so if I had not insisted upon it

The tears were very near now but I kept them back

You are a brave little woman Mr Lee said. I doubt not that you will make ma tears all right. Under the circumstances we will take back the cloak and give you four hundred dollars which is the price at which we shall offer it again

I thanked him and with the money safe in my purse turned my steps toward Allen & Gray's where my husband had been employed. The clerks looked curiously at me when I asked to see Mr Allen alone

Twenty-four hours before I would have thought it impossible to do what I had gone there to do, but suffering had made a woman of me, I would never again be a spoiled child

I opened the subject abruptly

My husband told me Mr Allen that you discharged him because he was a gambler

My face flushed hotly at the disgraceful word

I am very sorry he replied courteously but it is an inviolable rule with us never to retain an employe after we know that he frequents such places and unfortunately we know this of your husband

But Mr Allen I said it is all my fault every bit. He has never denied me anything and when he refused me a sealskin cloak I taunted him with the fact that I could have married a richer man. I drove him nearly frantic. I told him he might make the money some way if he would. I never thought of this. I came here without his knowledge to beg that you will take him back and give him a chance to regain what he has lost through my vanity and wickedness

Then I told him how I had returned the cloak and that I was going to give Leon the money to return to those of whom he had won

Mr Allen was visibly moved and finally said

Well Mrs Ray, it is an uncommon case your husband has been one of our most trusted employes and we have regretted his downfall greatly. It is better that he should not know just now of your having been here. He may come to me voluntarily, if he does I will reconsider what I told him

I drew my veil down to hide the blinding tears that would come and went home

Leon was up waiting for me. He sat by the fire and I knelt down beside him

Oh my husband I cried, if you will forgive me for all I have made you suffer for all the evil that I have led you into and take me to your heart again I will be a good true wife a help meet not a hindrance. But love me as you used to or I shall die

I broke down and sobbed bitterly. He lifted me in his strong arms and his lips trembled as he said

Oh my dear little wife I have always loved you. What about the disgrace I have brought upon you? If you forgive me do you suppose I can ever forgive myself?

Hush I replied. Your great weakness has been that you could not bear to deny me anything and upon me rests the blame of this miserable affair

Oh my love he said as if I did not know wherein I have sinned and how low I have fallen!"

After a while I told him about the cloak. It was a bitter humiliation to both of us, but we knew we were right. He wrote a note to each of the men of whom he had won, enclosing the amount. Doubtless he had only been permitted to win in order that they might ruin him afterward. Then he said

Lulu I am going down to the office to see Mr Allen. I don't expect to be reinstated but at least I can let him know that I am fully sensible of my disgrace

I never knew what passed between the two men but Leon was given his former place and he told me that after that long interview in Mr Allen's office the matter was never referred to again

It was not till long afterward that he learned that I had been there before him

It was a bitter lesson for us both. Leon never yielded to temptation again, and I was cured of my vanity selfishness and temper

That was ten years ago. A year afterward he said laughingly one day, looking into my eyes as he kissed me tenderly

It is fortunate little wife after all that you did say 'no' to Edwin

Then I knew that my bitter words had ceased to wound him

Since then he has been taken into the firm and has made money enough to buy me a dozen sealskin cloaks if he wished, but to this day the sight of one recalls what I went through the only time I ever wore one and I'd prefer something else. *Paul Carson*

A CHURCH ROW

Discreditable Scene at a Funeral in a Canadian House of Worship

The trouble at Christ Church Hillier assumed a disgraceful phase a few days ago on the occasion of the burial of the late Wm Wilson. Rev John Halliwell who has for a long time been at variance with the members of his congregation was recently deprived of all right to officiate in Hillier by his bishop. On the death of Mr Wilson Rev Mr Loucks, rector of Picton who had frequently visited the deceased gentleman during his illness prepared to conduct the funeral service. As the procession entered the church they found Mr Halliwell there with surplice on and book in hand. Mr Loucks commenced to read the burial service as also did Mr Halliwell the latter gentleman taking the lead down the aisle. At Mr Loucks's request the procession turned quickly about and proceeded to the grave leaving Mr Halliwell to read to the walls. In the course of his remarks Mr Loucks read the bishop's letter deposing Mr Halliwell and afterwards all returned to the church where the letter was again read in presence of Mr Halliwell whose conduct was briefly commented upon and condemned. Mr Halliwell endeavored to reply but the audience refused to hear him and left the church. *Toronto Globe*

Loaded with Rattlesnakes

[illegible] who lives on the Blue mountains was out hunting recently. As he was crossing a small clearing he laid down his gun for a while to gather some Blue mountain tea. Shortly after he picked it up again and was startled to hear very close to his ear the peculiar whirring of a rattlesnake and saw the tail of the snake protruding from the muzzle of his gun. He dropped the gun quickly, but instead of coming out the snake [illegible] crawled into the barrel again. After fruitless efforts to dislodge him Mr F[illegible] resolved to fire the gun which was loaded with powder and shot. The plan was very successful and the snake after taking a trip in the air came down badly used up.—*Milford Dispatch*

Another "Expediter"

John C [illegible] formerly a mail agent on the Memphis and Little Rock road has been sentenced to two years in the district [illegible] of correction for rifling registered letters

THAT MANUSCRIPT.

Once again in England!

From my earliest boyhood I think, the passion for exploring the unknown lands has been the ruling desire of my life. For pleasure I have ransacked Egypt followed up the mighty Herodotean stream struck across Abyssinia years before King Theodore had been heard of and failed in an attempt to navigate the Yang tse Kiang from Ichang to its source in Central Asia

But now! I had done much more than this. I was a real discoverer, laden with priceless knowledge, dug from the ditches and wrested from the sandy deserts of Persia. Layard had made himself a noble name from his antiquarian discoveries at Nineveh, had not Smith, of the British Museum won reputation by exploring the origin of the Bible and camping in the veritable Garden of Eden? Monsieur Botta I knew had created a European fame by his Ninevite discoveries of Cuneiform inscriptions. All this I knew well and it was this that had impelled me, ten years before the present date to lay aside aimless flittings to and fro over the map of the world, and settle down into one single exploring feat which would add to the increasing pyramid of knowledge and make its author known to all ages as the one great discoverers of the nineteenth century

Yes I had declared to myself Babylon and Nineveh have been found again. But there remains another capital of ancient history hardly even so much as heard of by the ordinary reader but perhaps, in magnificence surpassing both and known to the student of Herodotus and Polybius yet its sight at that day of profound mystery. I was determined to probe to the depths of the secret of the seven walled capital of ancient Media with its palace the palace of the great and stern Deioces one of the greatest rulers of history whose tiles were of silver and whose pillars were of solid gold. In a word I had toiled ten years before Ecbatana and here I was in England once again a triumphant victor, I believed, in the fight against oblivion and sand and desolation

The London, Chatham and Dover railway might seem at first sight to have nothing much in common with the ancient Assyrian monarchs. But on that particular day when my feet once more trod the platform of Victoria station I had intrusted all my Medo Persian Assyrian treasures to a common luggage van and a first class carriage on that favored line. The luggage van held my boxes crates bags and impedimenta of large size containing not only my personal belongings but all the relics I had thought fit to bring with me from the regions of the Tigris. As to the first class carriage that contained beside myself my manuscript written from day to day and which actually comprised my whole tale of work done and discoveries made during the eight years in which I had continued my Persian explorations. It made a bulky roll of paper and I had swathed it round in so many wrappings that it had the appearance of an infant mummy from the land of sacred Ibis

I had rattled across Europe as fast as I could after disembarking at Brindisi from Alexandria. Feverish anxiety had taken hold of me now that my task was really completed to place the results of my patient toil and the toil of hundreds of native workmen in the hands of a first rate British publisher. Through the printing press was my road to immortality as I knew. No wonder I treasured up that roll of manuscript

My plan was to go straight to a well known publishing firm with my manuscript even before presenting myself to my aged mother and the other members of my family. My publisher I fancied I had chosen with great skill. I knew he was the head of an equally famous firm who had recently issued a book dealing with Ninevite antiquities entitled The City of Jonah. Human nature and the laws of commercial competition would of course, prompt him to desire to publish another portion of Persia that which I had explored. Why should I not call it The Tomb of Alexander?

I confess I was proud. Not in vain had I toiled personally up to my neck in sand and in the ruins as deep in mud in Persian trenches in underground galleries and caverns. Not in vain had I superintended armies of lazy contemplative quick witted Asiatics. Not in vain had I squandered my private fortune on Persian deserts. Now I should become renowned. I knew my knowledge was new solid precious. My book had cost me eight years of original research. It was the condensed essence of discovery. It was a mine of unique information which I longed to spring on the learned world of Europe

You can imagine how, feeling all this all my previous life seemed merely a preparation for that journey seemed eventful. The prosaic scenery became poetical. There was a romance about the railway stations. The porter at the terminus seemed more than human. Was he not taking the treasures of Assyria to the cloak room?

Such were my thoughts, when I found tickets being taken and I was cast adrift on a London platform. Holding my precious bundle of manuscript in my left hand and my right clutching the umbrella which I had not used in Persia, but had bought in Paris I rushed to the van whence my luggage was being ignominiously shot out. The treasures of Deioces were hustled about with scant ceremony. I found a massive gold capital—one of my greatest prizes—for which I had had a special portmanteau manufactured, on the point of being pitched head foremost out of the van. I stopped that sacrilege had all my numerous packages collected—ten in all—and followed the porters to leave the station and hire a cab. I fancy the guard treated me with a good deal of extra attention so did the porters. My luggage was enough to supply the wants of an eastern potentate on his travels

Pardon my dwelling on such details but every slightest event at that moment is of importance to understand what follows. I had seen the first load properly adjusted and wheeled off toward the cab rank and was waiting to convey the second and remaining truck full when I suddenly remembered that in a fit of abstraction or the hurry and bustle of getting the other things out I had placed my priceless manuscript on the top of the first batch of boxes. Off I set to follow the first porter rushing down the platform at express pace and bumping up against one or two hapless passengers. By some mysterious process I got entangled in all the labyrinthine passages leading from the booking-office through the waiting rooms to the exit and lost sight of my porter for at least a minute

At length coming up with him I found he had met with an accident. He had contrived to spill most of the packages on the ground. There was not much damage done however and he quickly picked them up again and placed in his truck. But the small secret bag—the precious manuscript the fruit of all my labor was gone!

It did not take long to find this out. Decision of thought and action are learned from a traveler's adventurous mode of life. One search through the parcels and boxes and that was enough. There were the trunks bags wicker hampers of Persian make and a peculiar sort of huge portmanteau with a large loose flap at the side for holding the Turkish "fez" or other cap but large enough to hold a modest outfit. All these which I could more willingly have lost were perfectly safe. But where was the roll of wrapped up manuscript in its little bag?

[illegible] In my frenzy I rushed back to the carriage thinking that my memory might have misled me. I might possibly have left the missing treasure in my compartment. But no I remembered distinctly and without doubt that I had actually placed it, idiot that I was, on the heap of goods on the top of the truck

[illegible] back. I collared the porter, for getting I was in free England and demanded where my bag was. I believe I accused him of stealing it. No wonder the fellow looked grumpy and threatened to report me to the station master. There was an idea. In two seconds I was before the official had told him my tale and demanded that every entrance to the station should be surrounded to prevent the thief escaping. I should have done that in Persia. Unhappily for myself, I was in a different country now

The station master smiled. I was polite made a [illegible] he would communicate with the police took my name and address but could do no more

I felt dazed. I found I was thunder struck. In my darkest moments of despondency and such moments fall to the explorer as much as to any man in the world—I had never dreamed of such a calamity occurring. I just remember paying the porter something and having a luggage ticket thrust into my hand. Mechanically I glanced at it. It was for "ten packages." If my manuscript bag had been there there would have been eleven

It seems to me, looking back on the event from the calm distance of some years, a remarkable thing that I took my loss so quietly. The occurrence which I have just described occupied so short a time to enact that in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at most, after discovering the disappearance of the precious bag I was out in the streets, wandering about London

I had no object in life, now. That was just what I felt. But I had felt it only in a dull, stupid kind of way. My thoughts, which had been so painfully vivid at the moment of my calamity, and had embraced past, present, and future in one wide landscape of gloom, was now all but stagnant

What should I do? My life's labor was lost, and I concluded not to visit a publisher. My Tomb of Alexander might wait now. It would never be a literary rival of "The City of Jonah" for the simple reason that it would never be published. Besides a rather treacherous memory, I had no other materials whatever to work on so as to reconstruct my tale of exploration. Beyond a doubt the ten years of study of danger of toil and privation, cheerfully borne because of the unfailing solace of a great hope—all were thrown away

Back to the east once more!

Thank heaven I had recovered my wits and my manhood. But I had been utterly unable, with the weight of my loss on me, to visit my family and my friends. I had left London—accursed city of my tribulation—behind me on the very night on which I arrived in it.

Yes I was off to Persia again determined to count the past ten years simply as a dream, and to begin my exploring work all over again

When I got to Brindisi my mind was sufficiently recovered from its shock to understand that I had acted foolishly in not offering a reward in England for the recovery of my bag containing the manuscript. I set that matter right by telegraphing to my London agents to immediately advertise a reward of £100. I might even yet recover the treasure but it was such a forlorn chance that I decided not to wait but to push on to my destination my deserted trenches and quarries at Ecbatana

Every step of my journey, however was inexpressibly melancholy to me. The Mediterranean was simply haunted by the recollection of the bounding hopes and dreams of fame with which I had steamed along it a few weeks ago. I felt quite ten years older. Age was creeping on me, and a terrible blank had been created in my life. I was as one who had lost a dear friend. Still, I nerved myself for the coming struggle, I would conquer, I would yet publish my work, I would wrest fame from envious fortune, though at the eleventh hour!

It was in this mood that I found myself at Alexandria. The canal was not yet quite completed so we had to go the old land route to Suez. I stood on the landing stage watching my mass of luggage being disembarked

I had brought it back with me. These, at all events I had said to myself shall not be lost. And I had mentally determined, when next I reached England to carry back with me double and treble the number of relics and valuables of Medic history that I now possessed

One by one the fateful ten boxes and packages were hauled up out of the luggage boat and deposited at my feet. I could only muster up a languid interest in their safety. Nevertheless I thought it best to remain and see that they were not unnecessarily knocked about by the Egyptian porters

It seemed fatal that my baggage should meet with accident. Some of the packages were certainly heavy, and that may account for it. This time it was a portmanteau that came to grief—the one which I have mentioned as being made with a loose pocket at the side to contain a cap or "fez" if required. Of course I severely lectured the clumsy boatmen who were responsible, though no actual harm had been done. It was only a fall of a couple of feet that the portmanteau had and nothing of great value to me was packed inside it

Then I turned to leave after giving exact orders as to carrying the baggage to the railway station at once. I thought however that I would just count the boxes and bags to make sure they were all there

There ought, in the natural course of things as I said before to have been ten packages and ten only since the loss of the eleventh the manuscript bag. I ran my eye listlessly over them and suddenly became perfectly petrified with astonishment. No other word will paint it. I was rooted to the ground like a Druidical stone. Every faculty I had was concentrated in the absorbing one of complete unmitigated surprise

There was the manuscript bag! It was lying at my feet quite quietly. I expected it suddenly to vanish but it did nothing of the kind. I stared at it and it seemed to stare back at me. Instead of clutching it immediately I was so convinced it was not real and only hollow mirage and mockery, that I turned away and walked a few paces off to bring myself back to my senses

But when I moved back to my former position opposite the luggage I could deny the fact no longer. The bag was here! Then I seized it with feverish hands, opened it, tore the myriad wrappings away from the roll inside and my precious, my beloved, my well-worn manuscript was pressed to my heart!

How it got there is easily explained. The wretched little bag must have slipped down in the spill which took place at Victoria station, and secreted itself by chance in the loose pocket of the portmanteau. As there was nothing in that pocket, I had not been careful about fastening it, and consequently the flap was loose. By an inconceivably bad piece of luck my sacred manuscript fell into that identical pocket, and lay unnoticed

I have called this the story of a "sell," and a sell it was to me. But a sell which writes wrinkles in the forehead and sows gray hairs in the beard even of a strong man, may be quite as bad while it lasts, as a bona-fide misfortune of the good old fashioned type

DOLLS WORTH MANY DOLLARS.

Baby Pets of the Fetand Makes that Cost Enough to Make Papa's Head Hum.

Said a doll dealer to a New York *Morning Journal* reporter, "The value of the last few weeks' importation may be put at $600,000. Three hundred thousand dollars' worth are now in the retail shops to be sold to private customers for holiday presents to children. The rest will be purchased from the wholesale shops by out of town dealers. Why, a ready made doll's costume of ordinary elegance is worth $50 and such costumes are made for spring summer winter and autumn, as a doll could not reasonably be expected to wear the same clothes the year round. The banner doll in this shop is valued at $95. Her dress and jewels are very rich and elaborate

Show me an economical doll"

Certainly" said she, "there is one in white satin with a white satin cape trimmed with swan's down poke bonnet ditto silk stockings and kid slippers. It is $50. Here is an æsthetic doll in old gold, plaid plush sacque, with a blue satin dress and red satin bonnet, with ostrich tips, a mere matter of $45

The reporter gasped and turning to the superintendent of the department, said "Do these dolls go out of the stock alone?"

No said he they require elegant trousseau boxes of toilet articles trunks band boxes etc. A tolerable wardrobe includes two extra dresses—one fancy satin the other a white satin a full line of underwear, lace caps fashionable hats necklaces ear rings brooches and a basket of flowers. Some wardrobes are arranged in handsome boxes others in trunks ready for starting. A fair wardrobe costs $12 some are $9 while a limited wardrobe for a very young doll is only 98 cents"

A miniature bedstead with a brocade velvet spread and cardinal satin cushion costs $9. More luxurious couches for dolls cost $15. Cunning little chairs are $3 and $4. Bronze high chairs secured in a manner to prevent very active dolls from jumping or falling out of them are $8 and $10 apiece. Lace-curtained cradles for dolls which have not yet been weaned may be had for $9

"Clear as Mud."

Anxious to explain the meaning of hyperbole a Presbyterian minister said "Perhaps you do not understand the meaning of the word hyperbole. This word, my friends, increases or diminishes a thing beyond the exact truth. Suppose I should say the whole of this congregation is fast asleep. That would be a hyperbole for there is not above one-half of you sleeping

A wealthy stock broker passing along the street surprises a ten year old urchin with his hand in the stock broker's pocket attempting to perform the handkerchief trick

You young scoundrel!" he exclaims with severity. "Are you not ashamed of yourself to steal at your age?

The men at work laying the Oregon Short Line track are obliged to [illegible] to the construction train from five to ten miles for their meals. Often before the train stops [illegible] off and making a break for the boarding [illegible]. On Wednesday of last week, one man made an attempt to jump, but slipped, falling on the track, the train running over him and cutting him in two.

NEW YORK CARPENTER.
ALL KINDS [illegible]
No. [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883.

LATEST DISPATCHES.

THE SHIPPING BILL.

On its way through the House of Congress.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—When the house adjourned last night after the adoption of the majority [illegible] substitute for the [illegible] amendment to the substitute for the 18th section of the shipping bill, there was [illegible] state of uncertainty as to what would be done to-day. Men who were active in the defense of the opinion in behalf of the shipbuilders' bounty clause embodied in the proposed substitute, while not at all pleased with the action of the house in agreeing to the free ship and free material clause, were willing to take the substitute as amended if they could [illegible] log [illegible], and the free ship men, however, who favored the bounty clause as a [illegible] proposition, avowed their determination to defeat the bounty proposition sooner than have the bill pass with the ship clause. The free ship men who proposed the bounty [illegible] made a similar threat as to the substitute of the bounty clause, were not eliminated. In view of these threats it was thought by some that the substitutes would fail of adoption, and the free ships proposition and bounty scheme would both fall to the ground, and this was the result to-day. Early in the day a vote was taken on the substitute offered by Mr. Page, as amended yesterday, and which as amended included three propositions, of free ships, free materials and drawbacks on [illegible] to ship-builders. This was agreed to by a vote of 131 to 80. The negative votes were cast by those who were unalterably opposed to free ships, and the vote showed their strength, but when a proposition was made later in the day to strike out the section as agreed to in the first vote the anti-free ship men rallied their full strength in its favor and were reinforced by members who favored the free ships proposition but opposed the bounty scheme, and who hoped by striking out this section, to get a vote on the free ship clause as a distinct proposition, and the result was the striking out of the section by a vote of 159 to 58. Then the full strength of the free ships element was shown in a subsequent proposition to recommit the bill with instructions to amend so as to provide for free ships and free material without bounties to ship builders, which proposition was defeated by 77 to 131. Only four eastern men voted for the proposition to recommit it with instructions: Cox, of New York, Beach and Beaumont, of New York, and Hardenburg, of New Jersey. The other seventy-three votes came from the west and south.

The bill, as finally agreed to, is emasculated, although it makes some important changes in the shipping laws, removing some of the burdens from the shipping; the principal of these are the repeal of the American shipping commissioner's act, lightening of tonnage and hospital tax on seamen and the repeal of the three months' wages law.

The proposition to exempt vessels in the foreign carrying trade from state and municipal taxation was withdrawn by Mr. Page, in view of the opposition to it, and the proposed postal subsidy amendment was defeated by a vote of 33 to 73.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

Matters Pertaining to the Land of the People whose Trials and Tribulations are Numerous.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—The *Citizen* prints the following London cable: The nationalists do not indulge in the extravagant hopes in respect to the issue of the Mallow election. Its constituency numbers but 280 voters, 70 of whom are tories, who will vote in the whig interest. At the last election the national candidate—R. Woods Keily—polled only 54 votes, against Johnson, whig. There are three candidates. O'Brien will win, but Moriarty, an ambitious young barrister, the son of a local attorney of some prominence, the second whig candidate, will undoubtedly be squared.

Parnell has received £385 from the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York city and county for the relief of the suffering peasantry in the west and northwest. He has already sent £100 to Father Gallagher, of Glancolumbkille parish, county Donegal, and £50 to Father Flynne, of Drumshambo, Leitrim. Other sums will be sent immediately to other distressed districts. It is confidently expected that Lord Lieutenant Spencer will in a few days withdraw his circular refusing to establish works and prohibiting the poor law guardians from establishing outdoor relief. Spencer's course in these matters has been strongly condemned, even in England.

Secretary Trevellyan's trip to Donegal is probably undertaken for the purpose of giving the Irish government an excuse for backing down.

John Dillon, Matthew Harris and Father Eugene Sheehy finished auditing Egan's account in Paris some weeks ago. Father Sheehy and Harris are now engaged on auditing the league accounts in Dublin.

Sexton, a member for Sligo, has been presented with a purse of five hundred guineas by his Sligo constituents.

Lord Spencer continues making a vigorous war against the national league. He evidently is determined to prevent the propagation of the doctrines enunciated in the league programme. Speeches are taken by official reporters, as in the days of the land league. The prominent men of Cork county, John O'Brien, of Cork City, Gilhooly, of Bantry, and Hooreth of Ballydehob, the two latter suspects, have been sent to jail during the past week, for advising the people not to take farms from which parties have been evicted, or to pay back rents.

Nearly a dozen meetings in connection with the national league have been suppressed during the past fortnight, including the meeting advertised at Clifford Sligo, and at which Sexton and Healy were expected to speak.

"PURRING."

A Contest in Which Two "Men" Kick Each Other on The Shins.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 13.—David McWilliams, a coal miner, living in Plymouth, Luzerne county, and Robert D. Tavish, a saloon keeper of Mancquirk, made a match some time ago to "purr" for $250 a side. "Purring" is scientific shin kicking, and the contestant who is most agile and best able to stand punishment, wins the battle. They fought shortly after midnight Thursday night, in Camden, and McWilliams won in 23 rounds. The men were bare legged from the knee to the ankle, and each wore No. 7 brogans. Both were very much exhausted after an hour's kicking, and Tavish wanted to quit, but his friends insisted he should go on. McWilliams' shins were badly cut and bruised, but were nothing when compared with Tavish's. In the next four rounds McWilliams went as he liked. Every time he kicked he inflicted an ugly cut on Tavish. In the twenty-second round Tavish's [illegible] could not stop the flow of blood. They wanted to apply bandages but were not allowed. McWilliams kicked Tavish five times in the 23d round, and Tavish dropped the sponge and refused to go on. His legs from [illegible] are covered with cuts and bruises [illegible]. His legs were held in [illegible] was driven to the ferry. Before [illegible] reached Philadelphia there [illegible] out of proportion. [illegible] known sporting [illegible]. McWilliams [illegible] night for Wilkesbarre.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 13.—A leading weekly circular says: Wheat is generally [illegible] closing at an advance. At the various [illegible] markets here, corn [illegible] constantly [illegible] cargoes were strong [illegible] future arrivals. There was [illegible] inquiry for distant [illegible]. At to-day's market there was an average attendance [illegible] fair business at full prices [illegible] occasionally a penny dearer. [illegible] good consumption demand. [illegible] commanding advanced rates. [illegible] moderate trade [illegible].

Cold Day for Richmond.

RICHMOND, [illegible]

WASHINGTON CITY.

Modification of the Hawaiian Treaty.

[illegible] It is [illegible] before the cabinet [illegible] on Tuesday, at which time Mr. Folger's opinion will be laid before them. The subject of abrogation of the treaty was discussed in the cabinet last week, and it is inferred that [illegible] the secretary of state [illegible] the secretary of the treasury [illegible] Mr. [illegible]. The committee this morning decided [illegible] Frelinghuysen's letter [illegible] proper and not make its contents public. He is opposed to the abrogation of the treaty [illegible] reasons. In the letter [illegible] the advantages that it gives [illegible] lays stress upon the clause [illegible] that had the Hawaiian government [illegible] the treaty is in force, not to [illegible] or otherwise dispose of, or create any lien upon any of its ports, harbors or other territory, or to grant any special privilege or the right of use of such ports, harbors or territories, to any other power or government, or to make any treaty whereby any other power may secure the same privileges as the United States.

The secretary of state [illegible] a modification of the treaty. Among the articles which it stipulates shall be admitted free of duty into the United States is Muscovado, brown and all other unrefined sugars, meaning thereby the grades of sugars heretofore commonly imported from the Hawaiian islands and now known in the markets of San Francisco and Portland as Sandwich Island sugar. It is said that sugars, artificially colored, and having a high per cent. of [illegible] strength, are brought in under this clause of the treaty. The secretary of state recommends that [illegible] be applied to sugar brought from the Sandwich islands, and that a duty be levied on all grades according to its strength, so as to bring all articles under [illegible] known when the treaty was made, in the San Francisco market as Sandwich Island sugar.

An "Additional Representative."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The fraudulent manner in which Thos. J. Majors attempted to obtain a seat in the present congress as an "additional representative" from Nebraska, has been investigated by four of the judiciary committee and a report will probably be made next Thursday. Last session Majors and his attorney, Laws, claimed Nebraska entitled to an additional representation because the state authorities had caused special census to be taken in 1874, which showed the United States census of 1870 was erroneous, in that 60,000 persons living in the state had not been counted. The judiciary at first accepted the census and reported in favor of giving Nebraska two representatives instead of one. A suspicion of fraud being aroused, the investigation was reopened. The sub-committee has learned that the certificate of the secretary of the state of Nebraska, that a special census was held in 1874, to in certificate the figure two was substituted. It was shown that Majors was aware of the falsity of the document. Another suspicious circumstance is that subsequent to the issue of the certificate by the secretary of state, the officer furnished a second certificate to Majors in which he left blank dates. It is not proven who made the alteration, and as the committee is not supposed to investigate this branch of the subject it will not be carried into the report. It is probable that as an ultimate, the whole matter will be laid before the district attorney for investigation and prosecution.

GENERAL NEWS.

Religious Officers

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 13.—Rev. Augustus F. Baird accepts the pastorship of the American chapel at Paris and the secretaryship of the American Foreign Christian Union.

Cannot Compromise

WASHINGTON, Pa., Jan. 13.—All efforts have been stopped in trying to compromise the case of Samuel Ruth, cashier, and D. R. J. Thompson, as accomplices, charged with the embezzlement of $120,000 belonging to the savings bank.

A Boston Blaze

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—The buildings on Beverly street occupied by David Smith's manufactory of boilers and castings, and J. Cormley's die-cutting and moulding pattern shop, was damaged by fire to the extent of $50,000.

Only One of the Many.

LYNN, Jan. 13.—Dr. Wm. McDonald has brought suit claiming $10,000 damages against Rev. Patrick Stain, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, who charged that the physician was unreliable and advised the people not to employ him.

The Broken Bank.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan. 13.—Depositors of the broken City bank have formed an association to wind up the affairs quickly. Boyce, the president, has gone to jail for not furnishing $10,000 bail. There is no disposition on the part of the directors to prosecute Cashier Shaw.

Another Songstress Turned Loose in our Domains.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—The steamship Pavonia, with Albani on board, arrived early to-night and the quarantine steamboat Blackbird, placed at the disposal of Col. Mapleson by ex-Congressman John H. Starin, carried a distinguished party down the bay to meet the famous songstress. Albani and party, by right of special permit from the quarantine authorities stepped on board the Blackbird as soon as the Pavonia dropped anchor, and steamed up to the city. Albani is in excellent health.

Economy Inaugurated

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—The *Post* (Dem.) will to-morrow, under the head of "Economy Inaugurated," publish the following:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, STATE HOUSE,
BOSTON, Jan. 2, 1883.

Dear Sir—His excellency, the governor, directs me to request you to discontinue sending the *Post* to the executive department, as he has no further use for it. Yours truly,

C. [illegible] HAMLIN,
Executive Clerk.

The *Post* will say editorially: "We publish in another column a communication from the executive chamber which shows the new government has begun its work of retrenchment in earnest by discontinuing the copy of the Boston *Post* sent to the executive department, thus saving the state $9 a year. Far be it from us to murmur. Never shall it be said of us that for such a paltry consideration we stood in the way of great economic reform."

Almost a Panic.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—There was a slight panic in the Union Square theater last night, owing to a musician's instrument case taking fire from a gas jet under the stage, near the door by which the musicians enter the orchestra, in the second act of a Parisian romance. The pungent smoke from the burning case was forced into the auditorium. Several persons moved uneasily in their seats and whispered. The first persons to leave their seats were the Misses Lawrence of the New York hotel. The theater was packed, and the hurried movements of the Misses Lawrence roused the people [illegible] and exclaimed "What's the matter?" Mr. A. M. Palmer, who was in the stage box, called out, "Keep your seats or you'll lose your seats; nothing is the matter, the smoke is from a fire they are [illegible] next door." Mr. Richard Mansfield, on the stage [illegible] [illegible]

Suicide of a Villain.

[illegible]

A Wandering Grand Duchess.

Many people are surprised, says the London [illegible], that Grand Duke [illegible] Grand Duchess [illegible] [illegible]

Mushroom Cultivation.

[illegible]

A CRASH PREDICTED.

Jones at Keene Thinks the Country is on the Eve of a Fearful Crisis.

[illegible]

No sooner does a [illegible] In this matter [illegible] [illegible] Take the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad for example. Between two and three years ago it had about 1700 miles of road, $30,000,000 of bonds, $12,000,000 of preferred stock and $30,000,000 of common stock. Now

[illegible] is appalling. Other roads in the northwest are the same. A small crop would make almost a panic, and the country would not recover in five years. We have been wonderfully blest lately. Europe had short crops and we large ones. Keene said he believes two-thirds of Vanderbilt having been selling heavily New York Central, and added: "Vanderbilt is able, sagacious and is getting out as fast as is safe, and shows his wisdom in holding large amounts in low-interest governments." He paid a high compliment to the Pennsylvania and the Illinois Central management. "New England has done less extravagant work than any other part of the country. New Jersey, quoted at $70, isn't worth $5 a share. We ought to have the cheapest coal in the world. Considering the amounts of it we have the

COMPETING LINES OF TRANSPORTATION

To bring it away from the mines, and its accessibility. As long as coal is high it is vain to talk about underselling England in manufactures. I regard the high tariff on the coal pool as the two greatest foes of business security of the United States. We are living under an extremely false system, where nothing is left to competition and everything is adjusted by artificial scales, the tariff on one side [illegible] on the other. With a [illegible] these [illegible] would be in at a very great reduction of [illegible] that would come out of the price of that product and give us some chance to undersell somebody, whereas in fact, we undersell nobody. The effect of a high tariff in the United States is to [illegible] manufactories [illegible] starting up every where and [illegible] one [illegible]

THE MARKET IS GLUTTED

With goods, and the next season the prices of those manufactures which amount to necessaries are so great that labor has to ask more wages. Coal and labor are unfortunately connected. The modern laborer has a great many little luxuries to purchase, which are the product of manufactures. The reason he is constantly pressing for more wages is because he cannot meet the demands of the modern household under the artificial standard of prices. Between the watering of stocks and the expansion of bonds of railroads and the exactions of the tariff we have become the most expensive country to live in on the globe. Out of 50,000,000 of people in the United States 40,000,000 are engaged in agriculture, and these 40,000,000 have to be taxed to support the artificial system of the other 10,000,000. That is about the whole of it. I was saying yesterday that it seemed to me the principal use of California was that railroads might be built to it from the east. California is rich in natural resources, and from what I hear the state is doing well, while San Francisco is not very prosperous. I do not believe there was any need of more than one railroad system to California.

THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC

Systems themselves might have been sustained, but the Southern California system I consider entirely unnecessary. The Northern Pacific system has a chance to save itself. If we should have a continuance of the remarkable emigration of the past four years there might be springing up a population along the line of that road, but at present you can go a hundred miles upon it without finding a single town. Of the southwest system of railroads toward Texas I don't think much. Built far in advance of necessities, and at three times the amount of their getting to cost, the decline of fancy railroad stocks cannot be far off. I recollect when I was in California hundreds of mining stocks were kept nearly at the same rate of circulation because two great properties, the Consolidated Virginia and California mines, which had struck a bonanza, were turning out many millions of dollars. These two mines probably yielded $130,000,000. Buoyed by the hope that the adjacent mines beside might strike some similar bonanzas, the people paid assessments for two years or more, holding mining stocks at $75 to $100 per share. When the bubble broke those same stocks sold for $5, $1, 5 cents, 10 cents, 3 cents and 1 cent a share. They have utterly perished and their great fortunes with them. There was a time when the people were afraid to consider what was around them. I am sure this manipulation of railroad stocks is no long but the repetition of what took place in California. Railroads are [illegible] just as fallacious as any schemes I have described. Building railroads where there are no people, hundreds, even thousands of miles and competing lines, and is a delusion. They are built not to meet a want, but to make money by manipulating their securities, which is nothing but deceit and future misery."

[illegible]

COFFEE-MAKING AS A FINE ART.

[illegible]

The next step is the grinding or rather pounding, for coffee, for the true evolution of its ethereal essence should be crushed into a [illegible] rather than powder, not cut, as is in all the grinding machines of commerce. The Easterns, who are the best of coffee makers, lay great stress on this point. They crush their coffee with a pestle and mortar, so as to preserve the oily particles in greatest perfection, and reduce it to a fine powder, which is cooked in water like soup, and wholly consumed. This last, however, is a detail which the amateur need not follow unless his taste has been so far orientalized as to prefer the thick muddy decoction of the east to the artificial product of the west. The coffee being ground, and if more ground than is needed for immediate use, now comes the all important process of making. The simplest way of making coffee is the best, always bearing in mind that the object is to secure a union of the coffee with the water at the boiling point, or the before or after a process which is a momentary and delicate something between infusion and decoction. There are two ways by which it can be accomplished. The first is to pour the water on the coffee, which is the most common practice; the other is to throw the coffee into the water, which is far better and more simple. All that is needed is a saucepan with a cover at the top that at the bottom, with a long wooden handle. Into this measure the exact quantity of water required—as to the proportion of coffee to water, it is a matter of taste. Setting the saucepan on a brisk fire, and with your measure of coffee ready to hand, watch for the large bubble to appear. Then take the saucepan off and throw in the coffee, and with a shake or two put it back on the fire for a couple of seconds. Take it off and let it rest for two or three minutes before pouring off into the cup or coffee pot. By this process, the nicety of which depends upon catching the exact moment of boiling, and in not overdoing the second time of boiling, you will have coffee in its fullest development of flavor and aroma. If the process is properly carried out there will be no need of a strainer, for after two or three minutes the grounds will settle to the bottom of the saucepan and there will be a pleasant froth at the top, such as is never seen in coffee made on any other plan. Coffee should be drunk as soon as it is made, which suggests the reason why it is never good in clubs and hotels—where, even if all other provisions exist for good coffee, it is made too long before it is used and in too large quantities.

There is scarcely any country where, as a rule, coffee is worse than in England, even when every care is taken to have the pure article. The chief cause of failure is through a fixed idea in the mind of the British plain cook that water once boiled is equivalent for all practical purposes to boiling water.—*St. James' Gazette.*

ENGLISH DIVORCE LAW.

How a Famous English Jurist Dealt with a Hear [illegible]

A man being convicted of bigamy before Mr. Justice Maule, the following dialogue took place: Clerk of Assize—What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law? Prisoner—Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker and ran away five years ago, and I have never seen her since, and I married this woman last winter. Mr. Justice Maule—I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say you did not know I will tell you that the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about £100. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*. That would have cost you £200 or £300 more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensa et thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the house of lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both houses of parliament, and altogether, you would have to spend £1000 or £1200. You will probably tell me you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world, but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

English House Suits.

It is quite the thing now in English country houses, where the guests are on intimate terms [illegible] [illegible]

Pretty Women and Bad Grammar.

[illegible]

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT CONTROVERSY.

The Edison Electric Light on the Dangers from Storage Batteries.

[illegible]

The Edison current [illegible] system of low pressure, being about 1-20th [illegible] the Brush current [illegible] absolutely [illegible] harmless [illegible] The Edison [illegible] for interior [illegible]

The Edison company are proprietors of an absolutely safe system of domestic illumination, [illegible] possible [illegible] system of lighting dependent [illegible] high tension current [illegible] dwelling or in contiguity thereto. The public will be slow to discriminate between the different systems of electric lighting. Should the Brush-Swan wires, which have already killed people in the streets, be touched in a populous private house, death is certain. It is said, and doubtless truthfully, that the deadly quality of the current is changed by the storage battery; so that whereas the Brush wires feeding the battery are deadly, the other wires leading out from the battery are safe. This mitigates the evil, but does not cure it. The bad fact remains that the wires leading from the street to the storage battery, wherever located in a house, are death giving, and these wires, whether passing up or down the outside of the house, or up or down the inside, must, instead of reaching the storage battery, be more or less in deadly chances of contact. This danger will be more readily seen if I explain what the storage battery is and where it will be placed.

What then is the Brush storage battery and where will the householder "locate" it? That battery as shown here last week made itself visible as a [illegible] box, about four feet long, sixteen inches wide and sixteen inches high. This box is filled with lead plates, is of great weight, and must be placed where it can be got at for the purpose of occasional treatment. Every house would need its separate battery, and many consumers will require a number of these boxes, varying with the amount of light required. In some cases they may be put in the cellar, in others in a closet with a strong floor; but place them where you will, the wires leading to them carry the death current. Although every effort be made to keep the covering of these wires unbroken and their location intact, still innumerable occasions will happen, such as leaks, repairs, &c., by which they will be exposed to contact. Whoever touches these wires—it may be a curious child, a stupid servant, a fireman, a workman engaged in plumbing, carpentering, or carrying coal—whoever touches them so as to receive the current will be killed. The public, as I have stated, will not discriminate. If deaths happen from such contact with electric wires, a storm of undiscriminating public indignation will attack all methods of domestic lighting by electricity. It is for this reason that the Edison company views with deep alarm the possible advent of the Brush-Swan storage batteries, and in the manner described by Mr. Brush in recent newspaper articles.

S. B. EATON,
President Edison Electric Light Company.
New York, Dec. 25, 1882.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Remarkable Instances of the Successful Use of Artificial Legs.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"We see some queer cases once in a while," a manufacturer said. "The other day a young Swede came in here and had an artificial limb put on below the knee, his leg having been amputated there. Without hesitation he walked away, but returned in the afternoon, saying that the leg hurt him. I asked if he had walked much and he said that he hadn't. He had only gone to Twenty-second street, and carried a trunk to the Van Buren street depot, and then tramped over to Lincoln park. I told him a well man's leg would have needed a rest after that tramp. The youngest child to whom I ever fitted a limb was a school boy only five years old, whose leg was cut off close to the hip. He is the liveliest boy in the school to-day, uses no cane or crutch, and makes all his playmates chary of getting within range of the wooden foot when he becomes angry. Another man had both legs cut off by a railroad train two years ago, and when he came the other day to have his artificial legs repaired I found that he had been skating. He said he found no difficulty in doing so. I have frequently known my customers to have become quite proficient as dancers. Only the other day a man came in here and said he wanted to have an artificial leg repaired. He began dancing, and asked me to guess which leg was the artificial one. I watched him, and said it was the right one. He said I was right, but pulled up his trousers and showed me that both his legs were artificial. The oldest man I ever treated was 72 years of age. I fitted him with the left leg, which was cut off above the knee. There is a mistake made by the public, who think that the bearing is at the end of the stump. It is not. It is the sides of the stump above the end."

"Do you have much trade with women?"

"Very little. It is seldom that a woman loses her leg. We have, however, considerable trade with them in remedying shortened limbs. Not a few women are born with a shortened limb, and we fit that by an artificial leg, the calf of which contains the deformed foot. [illegible] [illegible]"

"How about the [illegible]?"

"We do [illegible] [illegible]"

Raisin Making in California.

[illegible]

NEWSPAPERS CONSOLIDATED.

The Gazette and Commercial of Cincinnati Consolidate—Reasons for the Union.

[illegible] The *Commercial* and *Gazette* [illegible] and there need not be the slightest misgivings as to our getting on together. It is none too soon to say that necessity compels this union. We have neither of the consolidated papers ever had a larger income than during the year just closed. It is true that expenses have been more rapidly on the increase than business, and so the net [illegible] [illegible] chief city of the Ohio valley and of the nation, it was desirable there should be one republican newspaper of commanding strength and influence. That, we believe, has been secured, and we recommend to our fellow citizens of the republican persuasion, who have been divided and differing and weakened through vain competition, and harassed by minor rivalries, controversy, to put aside those minor matters, that are so apt to be magnified by personal ambition, pride of opinion and irrelevant conceits, and like the *Commercial* and the *Gazette*, unite for the common good.

FASHION'S LATEST AGONY.

Women Who in Handshaking Turn Themselves into a Sort of Electric Battery.

"Do you know the latest agony among the first families?" asked a friend of mine with whom I was recently chatting. Of course I professed both ignorance and anxiety for enlightenment in this respect, and my friend went on to say: "This craze is called the 'Langtry expression' and handshake, because it was introduced to America by the Jersey Lily a few weeks ago. It is never practiced among intimate friends, for it is positively dangerous to a warm friendship. It is adapted to ladies alone, and its workings are decidedly shocking. By way of illustration, you are introduced to Miss Smith. The young lady acknowledges the introduction with a bored and careworn air, and her eyes take on a been-out-over-night look. Just as you are wishing yourself in another country Miss Smith braces up and steps forward as if desirous of making amends for her cruelty. She extends her left hand, grasps your right, and then contracting the muscles of her arm, pulls down with so much vivacity that the poor victim is in danger of being doubled up like a jack knife. Miss Smith says nothing, but before releasing you permits a tremor to go through her frame which leaves you in doubt as to whether she would like to know you better or is only joking. Many ladies, I understand, take lessons in this new social acquirement every afternoon."—*New York Star*.

An Untamed Pump on the Rampage.

A man erected some kind of a new fangled pumping apparatus for a ranch at Paradise valley. The pumping machine was to be driven by wind. The other day, when a ten-knot breeze was blowing the inventor "turned her loose." In about half an hour the machine flooded the cattle corral with water and floated away the butt end of a hay stack. The ranchman yelled to his machinist: "Stop her! Stop her!" But it happened that provision for stopping was what the inventor had not thought of. Had it not been that the well was soon pumped dry the whole ranch would probably have been washed away. Even after the well was dry the machine threw mud and gravel so wickedly that to approach it was unsafe.—*Territorial Enterprise*.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall St., New York.
WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.
[illegible]

NEW YORK CARPENTER [illegible]

STENCILS SEALS

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

other has ever dared to give a unique freak of nature a great that only two legs.

under letters to pointers, it would be. Just as easy to fee.

Ford company of Big Coulee, er from Billings, has purchased bred Galloway cows, paying them.

in Georgia have done wonder the vicinity of La Grange there rs old which are believed to ten pounds.

Vermont squirrel hunt by ten se each the winners counted ooting of 2010. When the losers rdere the winners had closing

per has an article on "The Elec of Bees." The language of expressed as that of a man who is tail end of the insect. sulphurous.

vis have recently settled down ity, and begun the work of the English sparrows. Notwith public dislike for the sparrows the owls.

ialy the cotillion is In the Quadrille des dition, the dancers bowings and caterwaulings of that the night.

nnecticut minister whose salary a year and half he was the only man generation in his statement of tured.—*Bos. Post.*

test view with alarm of sponge culture in Florida has suffered from the the cultured sponge is whole species.—*Bos. Tran*

in Berlin that had on examination, to be opia. The owner had a for the animal; and, ecome as tractable as ever.

uirrel caused much excitement ngregation in one of the , N. Y., on Sunday ed to that sort of animal people began to wonder ay it go.

man advertises that he will by her side, for a was tried the experiment same direction and the We not wonder that he *Philadelphia News.*

Branch (Mich.) *Herald* of that place, saw a Mecosta's lake, ran ahead would land, his behind four came along a Kirkknife. If n papers he must feel

philo bird fancier says: y inside of six hours by depriving that length of time, and then and filled with seed into the this at intervals, and some tame enough to me to you when you whistle

man grabbed a club, jumped goat that was chasing a man d handkerchief in his the street. And the man ed him why he did it. the humane man. "Save ied the other; "I've just was coaxing him home."

hing in Ireland and Scotland of October. Salmon have been last in the Shannon, the nd the Dee, Don, Deveron, Tweed. The Shannon seems to the largest fish, of 51¼ pounds of Scotland rivers quite a and salmon were taken during

writes: "I'll be thankful ll tell me how to pass the the country, where there is no company. I get tired of reading, sleeping." Did you ever go out and monkey around a nest of hor stick? Try it some Sunday, and will be more lively than a wheels.

w fable: A Dog and his Tail ute as to which should Wag itinerant Wasp passing that remarked: "Speaking of Tails, hat I possess one which May ential enough to Wag you Teaches that ten cents' worth is a bigger man than a *Denver Tribune.*

married couple by the name g in Crittenden, N. Y., were their slumbers one night ious barking of the dog. Mrs. er husband to get up and e was, saying, "if you don't, I d. She sallied forth into the the dog had a coon up an apple ed the tree, shook off the coon, dispatched, and the the house.—*Batquian.*

the crowd watching the garden, were a newly-married a bridal tour. They gave all animals the go by to e stone-basin, and it was a full y grew weary. Chilled by the impatient over the waiting, the "Come, darling, let's go The fellow who said these and sing at four o'clock, either the this ere watch has gone ahead

een discovered that beavers are structing a dam over Feather river near the Cape claim, just above ire. The industrious little build ady cut down a good sized cotton used in their work. As never carried away by floods, it o that the one building over hold back the debris that n the mines much better than have yet been put up by scientific —*Chico Record.*

ing to the late fishery census tates for 1880, the total value of all marine products our fishermen not less than is tends to show that our fisheries money than those of any other at of England is worth $40,000, North America, $35,000,000; 00; France, $17,000,000; Norway, Italy, $5,000,000; Holland, $3,000,000; Sweden, $2,500,000; ,500,000, and Denmark about any. The United States elf all the varieties of fishing resented in Europe or in the exception of the pearl and coral

ns, according to newspaper ilts "fish showers." "Leading are said to have seen "three variety falling in their yards of rain." Not only did they y on terra firma, but according rs, "the leading planters" picked und, as they were lively, a neighboring stream." Fish ds is an often repeated story, and slender basis of truth. That fish have fallen from some n the earth may perhaps be case the presence of fish d for by their having been river or lake by a waterspout and then dropped down on the

brethren, what luck!" said the Thomas, the famous Methodist he paddled in his canoe to the yland fishermen. "Bad enough," mas, bad enough," replied one The other called out in a ook yer, Parson Thomas, you h." "Done!" quickly responded n. He tied his canoe to a post wn on his knees. Over went their son poured forth his prayers etting to put in a word for the the souls of the men. Presently d enthusiastic, one of the men mself up and exclaimed: "Stop ashua Thomas; I've got a bite; I'll ngregation." Sure enough the first day was a large sunperch, o have been caught under the that prayer.

EGONIAN.

JANUARY 14, 1883.

SONG.

the man who laughs
the Christmas bell;
the man who quaffs
a toast to sell.
who lacks
his hope escape—
of sour grapes.
the man who sings
of our Christmas cheer.
things that rings
the new-crowned year.

—*Magbury Fleming.*

RFUL DREAM.

Dollars in Gold Unearthed.

TAKES THE POT.

Over One Hundred Years Revealed to the in a Dream.

Morning Journal.

has a sensation just now that It will serve to rekindle for Captain Kidd's treasure for which some of have been searching Brown who lives in this this week discovered a amounting to $27,000. there has been a belief of this part of the a large amount of treas in Franklin, near where the by the ancient house is now occupied by a residence. Columbus in regard to this treasure, thought of becoming pos in this way has haunted him.

PHENOMENON.

summer two Frenchmen with of the locality, and who were descendants of the old French in Franklin and stop hotel, remaining several very reticent as to their procured a crowbar and pick made excavations and went vacant lots and various ward, frequently consulting but as far as was known and finally went away. It the time that they were search of which they had some There was some specula the affair of the French in the local papers, hundreds-and-one inci of every-day life, was for Mr. Brown. He had made for treasure which were he said nothing about the exciting ridicule.

DREAMS.

dreams about the sub important one was on Fri he dreamed, as usual that he handling a chest of gold, and is buried in the earth at the in an open field. So excited awoke to find it all a dream as and went to the window, and in the field, stood the identi seen in his dreams. But he aside, as most sensible men and retired to bed and to dreamed again. He was digging at same tree. He was informed by a foreign accent, in a manner explain, that if he would distance from the center of due north, and then meas due west from that point, the treasure he had so often seen

BROWN DIGS.

Saturday morning he arose and went and made the meas directed in his dream. He found brought directly to the foot of the his information to himself, Colonel Breakley, who owns the the tree is situated, asked and permission on a pretext to dig at the He and his sixteen-year-old digging immediately. Six their spade struck some me almost directly beneath the digging away of the dirt dis end of an iron box or with excitement they continued they unearthed the chest, which long, 20 inches wide and 24 or about the dimensions of an Their united efforts could from the excavation, but could only The young man was sent for a chisel, and the lid was hurriedly

FULL OF GOLD.

met their gaze was enough head of almost any man. The two-thirds full of gold and silver and covered with sand and nevertheless gold. The coins French, but a number of German and Spanish are among They bear dates 1729, 1764, various other dates, the latest which is the identical year Fort completed. A brass ruler found has the name "Joncarre" stamped This is the name of the officer in of the troops. The fort was evacuat and very hastily!

THE OLD FORT.

portion of the field in which the treas discovered is about seventy-five rods the fort and was no doubt selected to mislead the Indians and of re at a subsequent date. The evacua the French was, however, final and the they possessed was Fort Niagara, a hundred miles distant, with a filled with Indians between, so that they were never able to recov A careful estimate of the coins total value of $27,000. The coins on exhibition at one of the banks. has been offered ten times the value coin. He, of course, feels highly his good fortune.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

about the Man who was The King of the Jewelers."

revival of "Le Roi s' Amuse" at Francais in Paris, has directed at to the relation of Francis I. with Ben Cellini, to whom he extended a gener patronage, though Victor Hugo has represent him as a vulgar debauchee. however, glad to get rid of Benvenuto and no one will wonder at it who recent work on that wayward The King assigned him quarters in a called the Petit Nesle; but he soon with other occupants of the building, whom was the famous printer, Pierre and another a perfume distiller. having expelled the latter forcibly from and throws his furniture out of legal proceedings were the result. them in a characteristic fash called to my aid," he said, "a long which I possessed, for I had always a beautiful arms. I looked out the man had taken proceedings against me, and, him one evening, I fell upon him with and gave him so many stabs in the go, taking care, however, not to kill he was never able to walk upright then went in search of the person him up in the suit, and I in such a fashion that the with discharge speedily followed. "Thank piously adds, "for this as for all favors, I hoped to be able to live without being molested."

Father Sold Charcoal."

warred for Homer dead, who no roof to shield his head;" and two allowed Malachi Fallon to die in almshouse are now contending right to wear widow's weeds on his ac The explanation of this latter state of that news has recently come from Fallon was heir to a considerable fortune.

TRUE OR FALSE.

The Tragic End of James Bearse, of Howard County, Mo.

A STORY OF THE JAMES GANG.

A Remarkable Story of Blood and Crime Told by a Woman Resident of Denver.

Denver Republican.

James boys literature has become disgusting to the majority of readers—having become surfeited with it. The people have had it dished up to them in every shape and imaginable manner of mental cookery, but caterers to the vitiated tastes of the masses have generally found that the dear people preferred it raw, without salt or condiments of any kind. Some of the stories told of the bold band it gang, of which their is but one remaining member at large—Jim Cummings—are ludicrous in the extreme, but by far the hardest to believe are those founded on fact, illustrating the adage well that truth is stranger than fiction. Frank James is in jail at Independence, Mo., and is posing as a martyr beside whom the sainted Jesse would sink into utter insignificance. Compared, Jesse's robe would not be near so white as Frank's, his harp would not be so large, sweet-sounding, nor as costly, nor would his

GOLDEN SLIPPERS AND STARRY CROWN

Be of as unique pattern, nor of relative heavenly commercial value. Of course these things are in the prospective for Frank, but with a faith that hope can give he expects, in the classical language of Aristides, the just, to "Get there Ely." A short time before Gol. Frank astonished the civilized world and Gov. Crittenden by capitulating at Jefferson City, and applying for a parole as a prisoner of war, a story was current through a portion of Missouri relative to a deed of the immaculate Col. F. J., which lacked confirmation, and the relaters of it were deemed Munchausens improved by education and breeding. As many mysteries spun in the east are unraveled by the fingers of time in the far west, so the story which was current about Frank James, and which was not widely circulated nor confirmed, has received confirmation strong as holy writ, and a Denver woman is the one who lifted the veil. Without further preliminaries it will be necessary to relate the story, which will be done without embellishment. The 16th of last July Mr. James Bearse, a farmer living near Estill, Howard county, Mo., received the following telegram from New York City:

NEW YORK, July 16, 1882.

To James Bearse, Estill, Missouri:
William is dead. Come at once. LAURA

The William referred to was a son of Mr. Bearse, and Laura is his daughter. He lost no time in answering the telegram in person, and in due time the remains were brought home and interred in the Ebenezer churchyard. By the death of William Bearse, or Bill Bearse, as he was familiarly called, a character in one of the

MOST NOTED DRAMAS

Ever played on the stage of life was laid to rest, and the curtain was rung down on a tragedy than which none more deeply and damnably dark was ever enacted. In the summer and fall of 1864, Bill Anderson, the noted guerilla, and his band made Howard and Boone counties their headquarters. In the almost impenetrable fastness of the scrub oak ridges of Blackfoot and the jungles around Salt creek, they were comparatively safe from pursuit of regular troops, and from their retreats they made incursions into neighboring counties, killing, burning and robbing; and, when loaded down with plunder, would return to their rendezvous and spend a week or so in recreation. That section of the country was intensely rebellious, and the guerillas were received at every house with true southern hospitality. The girls looked upon such men as Frank and Jesse James, Arch Clements, Bill Stewart, Jim Garter, in short, all the band, as heroes; but, they were leading characters, and the sweetest smiles of the girls were reserved for them, especially after their hands were a little redder than usual with "Yankee" blood. Old man Bearse then lived close to Rocheport, a famous resort for the gang, as no military was stationed there, and his house was a kind of headquarters for any of the band who happened to be away from camp. Mr. Bearse was an eastern man by birth, but it was generally supposed he was a southern sympathizer, but he was never known to express an opinion. His daughter Laura, however,

WAS AN ARDENT REBEL,

And the guerillas undoubtedly thought that as long as the girl was all right the old man was. When Price made his last raid into Missouri, Bill Anderson and his band joined him at Boonville, but afterwards left him and recrossed the river into North Missouri. While on a foray through Ray county, he was killed near Richmond. The leadership then devolved on Arch Clements, the first lieutenant, but some of the gang seceded and refused to follow him to Texas. Frank James took command of the other party, and at once returned to his old rendezvous in Howard county. This was in the fall of the year. The guerillas didn't have as gay a time as they had had during the summer Federal troops were more plentiful. Forces were massing at Glasgow, Fayette, Columbia, and other near points. If the band made a move the troops were aware of the fact, and fatal results followed. One by one the men under the leadership of Frank James were picked off. It was noticed that old man Bearse's trips to military posts were more frequent than ever before, but as he always brought back amunition or something of that sort nothing was thought about it. Frank James mentioned one day, in the presence of Mr. Bearse, that Luke Bissell and Al. Carter were going on a visit to their friends in Jackson county. They started, but never reached there. They were intercepted and killed by a scouting party. The night the news of their death reached the band, old man Bearse

WAS SHOT

Near his barn and left for dead. He, however, recovered. The James boys left that part of the country, disappearing suddenly, as was their wont. The rest of the party were certainly very stupid or they might have suspicioned something, too, but they did not, and prepared to go into winter quarters. The band numbered just six. They chose a place in the Perche hills for their headquarters and prepared to pass the winter. They were all well supplied with money and their log cabin was as luxuriously fitted up as a Turkish harem. They visited the girls in the neighborhood, and if there were scouting parties out the girls visited them. Bill Bearse was a frequent visitor, and, in fact, was considered one of them, so much so that he came and went at will. There was a military station at Rocheport and the guerillas were completely shut off from all sources of supplies, except what came to them through the hands of friends. One night in February the house of the out-laws was surrounded, and so completely were they taken by surprise that they were all killed with the exception of the notorious Harve Rucker, who escaped, but who was killed shortly afterwards. The federals lost one man, Sergeant Herne. Bill Bearse had led the attacking party, and while the fight was going on he, knowing where the money and valuables were concealed, helped himself, securing

NEARLY $100,000 IN MONEY

And valuable jewelry. The young Bearse could not, of course, after his perfidy became known, live in that neighborhood, and he went to St. Louis and opened a fine livery stable. But there was a Nemesis upon his track that eventually hounded him down. While in St. Louis he was shot at a dance house one night by an unknown party, who made good his escape. No sooner was Bearse well than his life was again attempted by an assassin, who stabbed him in the back, the knife failing to reach a vital part, however. Bearse went to New Orleans, and was there married. While sitting in his house, one night, talking with his wife, a ball intended for him came crashing through the window, and killed his wife. He then went to New York city, and while walking in Central Park, one night, was shot at and missed, and in many other places his life was attempted. He finally went to Europe, and remained there until about a year ago, when he returned to America. While in London, he was struck on the head with a loaded cane by some unknown person, so that his reason became impaired, and he was obliged to be attended by some one at all times. When he returned to New York, his sister Laura met him there, and remained with him until his death. While she was there she wrote a friend in Denver—the woman previously alluded to—that she

HAD SEEN FRANK JAMES

And talked to him. Shortly afterwards she sent the telegram to her father announcing William's death. In a conversation with the lady who received the letter from Miss Bearse she stated to the writer that she had just returned from Missouri, and while there had found out that Will Bearse had been murdered. She had seen and conversed with those who had examined his body and they stated that he was shot through the heart. That Bearse was killed there can be no question. Who killed him will remain a mystery. If Frank James did it will never be known. The story of his treachery, sudden acquisition of wealth, flight, and the numerous attacks upon his life can be vouched for by hundreds who are acquainted with the facts, and the story is but another link in the chain of guilt around the neck of Missouri's last bandit.

THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

The Mansions in Which the Great Millionaire and his sons Reside

Hartford Times.

Vanderbilt has eight children and eleven grandchildren. His four daughters are married to New Yorkers, and two have been presented with small palaces costing $600,000 apiece, while he is building houses for the other two at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fourth street, adjoining St. Thomas church. The ground for the two buildings cost $400,000 last spring, and I suppose the house will cost double that. His two eldest sons, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who seems destined to occupy toward his father the same relation that William H. held to the Commodore, and William K. Vanderbilt, the second son, are already millionaires in their own right, and are now finishing palaces which even eclipse the new home which Vanderbilt moved into last year. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the financier among the sons, while William K. is the æsthetic member of the family, having employed Richard M. Hunt to build his white stone chateau at the corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth avenue, and having paid $285,000 for the carving alone on the inside of his house. Some of the tapestries of his house are now on exhibition at the Metropolitan museum while the painters and decorators are giving the last touches. The house has been three years in building and has occupied the whole time of two architects, working under Hunt, and six draughtsmen. The designs for one of the mantels alone required three months' work by two men. The $150,000 which W. H. Vanderbilt spent in bringing the obelisk over here was the first contribution of the Vanderbilt family toward the art monuments of the city, but it is probable that it will not be the last. It is even whispered in this connection that there is a probability that Vanderbilt will contribute the quarter of a million dollars needed for the building of a pedestal for the enormous statue of Liberty which the French nation intend presenting us with next spring.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Embroidery Executed in Prison by France's Ill-Fated Queen.

There is what is said to be an interesting historical relic at No. 10, East Twenty-third street, in the rooms of the newly-opened Art Repository. It is a strip of linen embroidered elaborately, about six inches in width and twenty four inches in length. It is claimed that the work was done by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette while she was in prison. The linen is so frail from age that it has been placed in a frame under glass to preserve it. The story of this relic is that the fallen queen worked on the linen unknown to her keepers. It is a part of a towel. After her death it was found, preserved, and became the property of a nobleman later attached to the court of Louis Philippe. When the citizen king fled to England this nobleman attended him in his flight. Previous to his departure he placed the treasured relic with a friend, telling him it was an heirloom in his family, and that if he lived he would redeem it at any price. But the nobleman never returned, dying soon after his exile began, and the embroidered towel was carried after a few years to New Zealand by the person to whom it had been entrusted, and remained there until a few months ago, when its possessor died at the age of ninety-four. Within a few weeks his most valued effects have been sent to a daughter living in this city. This lady has visited the cell where this embroidery was fashioned in a semi-light that lacemakers of the present period would consider too obscure to work in, but which was common enough to the lace manufacturers of the period previous to the French Revolution, which was an era of fine lace. The queen herself was especially fond of rare and elegant laces. It seems that in this secret embroidery of the linen towel she had endeavored to imitate many kinds of lace. At the top is a little plain space of the material where she made a little row of letters with a needle—a second row having been commenced and abandoned. Then came ten or twelve bands of embroidery, no two being alike. The threads have been drawn, and were, doubtless, used again in the various patterns.—*N. Tribune, Dec. 22d.*

A WEDDING INTERRUPTED.

Why a Carolina Bride Objected to a Self-cocking Revolver.

Atlanta Constitution.

By the way, Ballard Smith tells a story of a North Carolina wedding. It runs this way: It was in the Carolina backwoods, a country couple and a country parson. Though a Baptist, the minister wore a surplice. When he had finished the ceremony he said:

"An' them 'uns who God hath joined—"

"Stop that, parson," said the groom; don't say them 'un, say these 'uns!"

"John," said the parson, "I tech you at school, and I say them 'uns."

"These 'uns," shouted the groom, drawing his pistol.

The parson, seeing the movement, fired through his surplice, and the groom dropped dead—winging the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusilade of perhaps thirty shots. When the smoke cleared away a half dozen men were on the floor. The bride, peeping over the pulpit to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene and said:

"Them self-cockin pistols is a playin' — — with my prospecks!"

Of course the story is an impossible one, and yet, said Mr. Smith: "That is the staple story of the south that is circulated and believed throughout the north. While such a thing could hardly have happened in North Carolina any more than in New York, the average northern man smiles incredulously when you tell him that this performance is impossible at a Carolina wedding."

MODJESKA'S CLEVER TRICK.

How the Great Polish Actress Sold a whole Room full of Company.

A good story is told of Modjeska, now playing in Boston, by an English correspondent of a Washington paper. It appears she was recently asked in a fashionable drawing-room to give a recitation in her native tongue. At first she was unwilling to comply, declaring that the recitation could scarcely be interesting, as nobody in the room was supposed to know Polish. Yielding to the opportunities of those around her, she commenced a Polish recitation. As she proceeded her eyes flashed fire, and her audience were almost spell-bound by her impassioned delivery. They could, of course, only imagine what she was saying, but they presumed she was uttering the aspirations of her countrymen for freedom and denouncing the oppressors of Poland. When the recitation was finished, the most enthusiastic plaudits rewarded Mme. Modjeska's efforts. It looked rather suspicious, however, to see her husband and two or three Polish friends in fits of laughter, as the company left the room. It was then explained that she had only been reciting the ordinal numbers from one to one hundred.

The Perversity of His Parishioner.

Sometimes what appears to be a very wicked wish may turn out to be entirely proper and kind. Of a certain man who had just died a sweet tempered, Christian neighbor said solemnly: "John Stark is dead, and I hope he has gone to — —." Well, one of Mr. Vanderbilt's dashes will express the locality. The minister was shocked. "And what could he have done to you," he asked, "that you indulge in a wish of that kind?" "Oh," was the reply, "my hope was based on my love for my fellow men. John was a queer body. He never belonged to an organization of any kind, but he somehow managed to smash the whole thing in a little while, and I thought if he had gone to the place above mentioned there wouldn't be much of it left by the time you and I get—I beg pardon, parson."

Professor J. H. Campbell reports to the governor of Indiana that he has surveyed the Kankakee swamp lands for a distance of eighty-one miles, and finds the average slope to be one and four-tenths feet to the mile, with a mean elevation of ninety feet above Lake Michigan. The territory which might thus be reclaimed is 624,805 acres.

PERSONALITIES.

Something on the Men and Manners of the Hour.

THEIR QUIRKS AND QUAINTNESS.

The Oddities and Eccentricities of the Men Whose Names are Linked with the Nineteenth Century.

A Georgia man is named Potiphar, and no woman will marry him.

Motto for Uncle Sam: "Millions for defence, but not a copper for William E. Chandler to handle."

Pere Hyacinthe says "ideal marriages are rare." Now, an ideal marriage ought to be well done, hadn't it?

S. C. Abramson, whose leg was broken in a tunnel collision in New York, has settled with the Central road for $6000.

Heaven's best gift to man is woman. This being the case, some old woman ought to spare President Arthur a wife as a Christmas present.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* says that if Uncle Rufus Hatch is all straight on his Bible history, Joseph created the first "corner" in corn.

Herbert Spencer is accustomed to carry around with him a bag of hops, which, when placed under his head, sometimes has a soporific effect.

The republicans can now count on the support of Col. Tom Ochiltree. He says he "will vote and work for a democratic candidate for the presidency."

Jay Gould is to have a magnificent steam yacht. It may have been this fact which gave rise to the rumor that he intended to capture the ship of state.

Lieutenant Flipper, the young negro who was dismissed from the United States army for embezzlement, has been appointed captain in the Mexican army.

Mary Rowe, a prisoner in a New York jail, donned a heavy veil and was politely shown to the door by a stupid jailer. She will remember "taking the veil."

Mr. Henry H. Faxon lives in a country town and has got mixed up in a Katy-did case. Kate sued him for assault, but that wasn't the lick-her he was after.

Captain Mayne Reid has at last got his pension ($2340 arrears and $15 a month for the rest of his life) for the gunshot wound he received at the storming of Chapultepec.

President Arthur still retains a lively interest in his college society, the Psi Upsilon. He recently gave the Union College Chapter $100 to aid in erecting a chapter house.

Two brothers named Morris have been arrested in New York for stabbing an amateur musician. Self-protection doesn't seem to be any excuse for a man in New York.

Poor Jack Cole, the Jeannette seaman who was driven crazy by his hardships, has not yet regained his reason, and the doctors say he probably never will be in his right mind.

Gustave Dore has just had the foundation laid for his magnificent new mansion in Paris, directly opposite the princely palace built by the late M. Menier, of chocolate-making fame.

Baron Nordenskiold is getting ready for another Arctic expedition, which is to set out from Stockholm next summer under the patronage of Wilhelm Schonleck, a Berlin merchant.

William W. Story, the sculptor, is now in Boston with his wife, who revisits her old home there for the first time in seventeen years, having constantly resided in Rome during that period.

King Louis, the eccentric monarch of Bavaria, has arranged to have Wagner's opera Parsifal performed this month at the Munich opera house, where he himself is to constitute the entire audience.

Jay Gould is, it is said, looking for illustrations for the tombstone to be erected upon the new $40,000 plat bought at Woodland Cemetery. How would a shorn lamb do? It would be kind of suggestive of life's work.

Chicago *Tribune*: "General Swaim declines to talk about the letter which Dorsey is said to have written to Garfield. When a democratic campaign committee is in session it is a wise man that knows his own letter."

Arabi has written to Wilfred Blunt saying he would prefer to live in Damascus; or, if that is impossible, in London. He says he feels confident that when England has carried out her good work she will permit him to return.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the Most Reverend John Baptist Purcell's consecration as first archbishop of Cincinnati, was quietly celebrated by that venerable prelate, the other day, at the little village of St. Martin's, Ohio.

In the matter of complexion, Sunflower Wilde does not compare favorably with the "Jersey Lily." A morning paper states that "several pimples on Oscar's chin completed his toilet." Osky has evidently been inoculated with too much humor.

Ever since Friday last friends of Horatio C. Welsh, of Allentown, Pa., have been hunting for him, and so far have succeeded in finding only a half of a cigarboxfull of him. He was blown up with nitro-glycerine in his own factory where the explosive was made.

"Dr. Wiggins" is the newest weather crank of Canada. He fixes on Sunday, March 11th, 1883, at 5 o'clock P. M., London time, as the hour for a great storm "to strike this planet." Did anybody ever hear of a storm striking this planet from the outside?—*Bos. Post.*

The Rev. J. C. Sullivan was the elderly and respected pastor of the Methodist church at Salem, Ohio, but he had to resign when it came out that he wrote to young Mrs. Halwig, one of his converts: "I hunger to press your pouting, pretty, and persimmon like lips to mine."

Venner's almanac for 1883 lies before us. Don't misunderstand us. We don't mean to say—well, what we do mean is that we have received a copy, and that it contains sixty pages of statements regarding the extent, quality and durability of next year's weather.—*Texas Siftings.*

Dr. Evans, the American dentist at Paris, lost $10,000 per year for nine years before he suspected his secretary with dishonesty. Such an unsuspicious man naturally wouldn't suspect that he was hurting you when he grabbed you by a tooth, and yanked you out of a chair to the floor.

Judge Monroe, of New Orleans, has decided that Oliver Bierne, of Virginia, shall become residuary legatee of Mr. Burnside's immense estate. Mr. Burnside, whose death occurred several months ago, left several million dollars, most of which will go to Mr. Bierne, a distant relative.

Prince Bismarck confesses that he was "lucky enough not to be forced to learn the piano." He says he has no ear for music, and that this deficiency was discovered early enough in life to save him and others much misery. If all parents were only as discerning as Bismarck's father how much torture the world would be spared.

In an interview a few days ago Oscar Wilde said he wished to go to Australia but could not find a good fellow to accompany him. Now that Arabi is exiled, he should join forces with the æsthete. Arabi, with his fez and Oscar, with knee breeches and lily would prove a great attraction. This seems to be a grand chance for both men.

The post office authorities are somewhat bothered about the proper destination of a postal card directed to "James Bone, alias Jas. E. Mulherren," in care of Miss Flynn, or his sister Julia, or her cousin Mary Ann, corner of a street with no number, Pottsville, retail huckster and tin horn artist. If not there, next door."—*Pott's, Min. Jour.*

Mr. Rice, the lately deceased, and really business member of the Rice & Besant firm in novel writing, was a stiff bargainer with publishers, and the chief planner, Mr. Besant having the best literary execution. Both he and his partner held positions that paid them a good income aside from their literary work. He was a genial, good-natured man, with a Jewish look, used to be fond of the turf, and played a dashing game at loo. He died in consequence of gangrene in the jaw, following the cutting of a wisdom tooth, which occasioned blood poison.

This story is told of a scene in the Western Union Telegraph office in New York: A number of gentlemen interested in stock operations were clustered around the tape, elbowing each other anxiously, to read the quotations. A little man with black beard entered and approached the tape, which he could hardly reach. A big, burly, good-natured fellow in the crowd took him by the sleeve and saying, patronizingly, "You are a little fellow, and we will let you in," shoved him into position. The little man smiled and looked at him through the corner of his eye, glanced at the tape, thanked his new-found friend, and retired. An amused bystander stepped up and said: "Do you know who that is?" "No," said the other. "Well, that was Jay Gould." Tableau.

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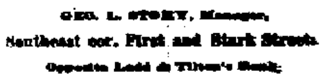

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SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco, and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.
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WILLAMETTE SAVINGS BANK

OF PORTLAND, OR.,
No. 26 Washington Street,

DAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Rates: Three per cent. per annum on deposits for three months; four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months, and six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

DIRECTORS:

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John R. Foster,	J. F. Watson,	J. K. Gill,
W. C. Johnson,	James Steel,	C. M. Wiberg,
J. A. Macrum,	Jos. A. Strowbridge.	

D. P. THOMPSON, President.	J. W. BRAZEE, Vice Prest.	W. V. SPENCER, Cashier.

The Portland Savings Bank

OF PORTLAND, OREGON,

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

RATES—Three per cent. per annum on deposits for three months; four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months; six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

Directors:

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Frank Dekum,	J. N. Dolph,	S. Hirsch,
S. G. Skidmore,	Geo. W. Weidler,	W. V. Spencer,
Wm Burnell,	J. T. Gilstein,	E. S. Kearney,
	S. M. Wade	

Union Block, Corner Second and Stark sts.

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OF PORTLAND.

President.......................................HENRY FAILING
Vice President..............................H. W. CORBETT

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.
SIGHT and SIXTY-DAY BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hongkong.
COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

Bank of British North America.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

Paid Up Capital........................... $5,000,000

HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ENGLAND.
BRANCHES in all the principal cities in Canada, and at New York, San Francisco and Chicago.
Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers bought and sold. Bills discounted and collected; Loans made.
Moneys received on special deposit or on current account, subject to check; Commercial Credit granted and a General Banking business transacted.
J. GOODFELLOW, Agent.

VAN B. DELASHMUTT President.	W. W. THAYER Vice President.	C. P. HOGUE Cashier.

Metropolitan Savings Bank

OF PORTLAND, OREGON,

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

RATES—3 PER CENT. PER ANNUM ON DEPOSITS for three months; four per cent. per annum on deposits for six months; six per cent. per annum on deposits for twelve months.

Directors.

W. W. Thayer,	E. D. Shattuck,	Van B. DeLashmutt
C. H. Dodd,	S. Farrell,	Ira F. Powers,
H. W. Scott,	John O'Connor,	C. P. Hogue

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WILLIAM REID, President.	WILLIAM LOWE, Cashier.

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MORTGAGE SAVINGS BANK OF OREGON.

48 First Street, Portland.

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Four	months 4 per cent.	
Six	months 4½	"
Nine	months 5	"
One year	6	"

FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, since 1874, loaned over Farms and City Properties.

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OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $3,000,000

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4 per cent per annum on 3 months' deposits
4½ per cent per annum on 6 months' deposits
5 per cent per annum on 9 months' deposits
6 per cent per annum on 12 months' deposits
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London & San Francisco Bank

(LIMITED.)

Capital paid up............$2,100,000
Reserve Fund.............. 390,000

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BANKERS—Bank of England.
London Joint Stock Bank.

BRANCHES—San Francisco and Portland.

Agents and Correspondents in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe, India, Australia and China.

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W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

Corner Third and Oak Sts.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

Paid-Up Capital.................$ 2,000,000
With power to increase to..... 10,000,000

HEAD OFFICE—28 Cornhill, London.
BRANCHES...... Victoria, B. C., San Francisco and Portland.

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NEW YORK, CHICAGO, CANADA, } Bank of Montreal.
MEXICO and SOUTH AMERICA—London Bank of Mexico and South America.
IRELAND—Bank of Ireland.
SCOTLAND—British Linen Company.
England—National Provincial Bank of England.
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This bank transacts a general banking business. Deposits received on current account, subject to check. Approved Bills discounted, Loans made on available Security, and Collections made promptly. Exchange sold on London, Liverpool, and on the principal towns and cities in Ireland and Scotland, from £1 upwards; also on all places in Canada in sums to suit. Coin and Currency Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers on New York and Chicago.

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(Old "NATIONAL," Established 1866.)
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WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDLER'S Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box a Bom Saloon will be promptly attended to.
R&pl W. S M. L. & M. CO

LIVERY AND HACK STABLES.

"THE GRAND STABLE."

I beg to notify friends and patrons of this stable that I NOW have Hacks and Coupes FIRST-CLASS, driven by such well known and favorite drivers as Schuyler Camp, John Flynn, and others, all highly prized men of the old, reliable O. T. Co. Orders will receive careful attention and be highly appreciated.

R. M. WILBUR, Prop'r.

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R. S. KNAPP, President. R. R. ACKER, Supt.
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This is a consolidation of the Oregon Transfer Co.'s Carriages, Acker & Lethy's Carriages and the People's Transfer Co.

Will furnish carriages at reasonable rates for all ongoing and in-coming steamers, steamboats and railroad trains; also for calling, riding, balls, parties and theaters, etc.

CHECKS and Weighs Baggage at Hotels, residences and offices of the company.

TRANSFERS Trunks, Merchandise and Parcels to all parts of the city.

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SEAL-SKIN SACKS & DOLMANS

Guaranteed First Quality & Good-Fit.

FUR-LINED GARMENTS

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A Full Assortment of Fashionable

Ladies' and Children's FURS,

Robes, House Rugs and Trimmings.

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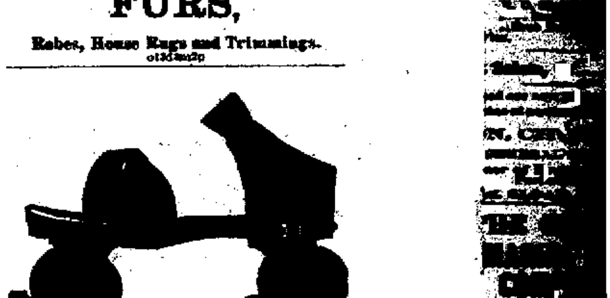

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The large sale of the PIG-SKIN GLOVES has left us out of many shades and sizes. The balance marked down to 75c. All other Fancy Work Material accordingly. Our stock of

FRENCH CORSETS

Is again complete. The new department of

Cherry, Applique, Antique Curtains and Bedspreads

Speaks for itself. The quantity we have sold lately our small store, where we have no room to show them proves that the prices are all right.

Our specialty being

Passamenteries, Gimps, Fringes, Buttons,

our customers will find our styles always a one ahead

A th Latest Shades in Satins.

Good quality PLUSH at $2 25 a yard.

A. SALMON, successor to S. Blue.
145 First Street, Portland.

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ARCHITECT,

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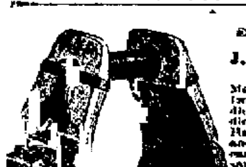

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Spruce, Cedar and Moldings always on hand. ald1o

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Importer and Dealer in

Cumberland, Lehigh, Cannel & Domestic

COAL, CHARCOAL AND FOUNDRY COKE.

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Yard—E St., bet. Fourth and Fifth.
Portland, Or.
Telephone No. 20.

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MACHINIST,

And dealer in New and Second-Hand Boilers, Steam Engines and Mill Machinery.

Madison Street, bet. Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.
my8-tf

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Weakness.

ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for [illegible] during a [illegible]

His name appears in the [illegible] of the District commission

"[illegible] back," is the exclamation of more than one [illegible] working man and woman: [illegible] You need Kidney-Wort.

the orchestra was laid too near the gas and began to scorch. The third is that a sudden glaring up of the foot lights produced smoke.

Albani in Brussels.

New York, Jan 12.—Madam Albani has received an offer [illegible] with the Handel and Haydn society [illegible]

business of professional fighters like Mr. Sullivan to fight, but the fact that ideal brothers in San Francisco easily get away with Mace's New Zealand giant in a boxing match, may incline him to try conclusions with the new comer.

preparations in the market for the cure of COUGHS, COLDS and THROAT and LUNG COMPLAINTS. I know of no [illegible]

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 14, 1883.

LATEST DISPATCHES.

THE SHIPPING BILL.

On its way through the Houses of Congress

(SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—When the house adjourned last night, after the adoption by good majorities, the free ship and free material propositions, which had been offered as an amendment to the substitute for the 13th section of the shipping bill, there was considerable difference of opinion as to what would be done to-day. Men who were active in the defense of the opinion in behalf of the ship builders bounty clause embodied in the proposed substitute, while not at all pleased with the action of the house in agreeing to the free ships and free material clause, were willing to take the substitute as amended if they could get nothing better, and the free ship men however, who favored the bounty clause as a separate proposition, avowed their determination to defeat the lump proposition sooner than have the bill pass the free ship clause. The free ship men who proposed the bounty scheme made a similar threat, as to the substitute if the bounty clause were not eliminated. In view of these threats it was thought by some that the substitutes would fail of adoption, and the free ships proposition and bounty scheme would both fall to the ground and this was the result to-day. Early in the day a vote was taken on the substitute offered by Mr Page, as amended yesterday, and which as amended included three propositions, of free ships, free materials and drawbacks on bounties to ship-builders. This was agreed to by a vote of 134 to 96. The negative votes were cast by those who were unalterably opposed to free ships and this vote showed their strength, but when a proposition was made later in the day to strike out the section as agreed to in the first vote the anti-free ship men rallied their full strength in its favor and were reinforced by members who favored the free ships proposition but opposed bounty scheme, and who hope, by striking out this section, to get a vote on the free ship clause as a distinct proposition, and the result was the striking out of the section by a vote of 159 to 54. Then the full strength of the free ships element was shown in a subsequent proposition to recommit the bill with instructions to amend so as to provide for free ships and free material without bounties to ship builders which proposition was defeated by 77 to 131. Only four eastern men voted for the proposition to recommit with instructions: Cox, of New York, Beach and Beaumont, of New York and Hardenburg of New Jersey. The other seventy three votes came from the west and south.

The bill, as finally agreed to is emasculated although it makes some important changes in the shipping laws, removing some of the burdens from the shipping, the principal of these are the repeal of the American shipping commissioner's act, lightening of tonnage and hospital tax on seamen and the repeal of the three months' wages law.

The proposition to exempt vessels in the foreign carrying trade from state and municipal taxation was withdrawn by Mr Page, in view of the opposition to it and the proposed postal subsidy amendment was defeated by a vote of 33 to 78.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

Matters Pertaining to the Land of the People whose Trials and Tribulations are Numerous.

(SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.)

CHICAGO, Jan 13.—The *Citizen* prints the following London cable: The nationalists do not indulge in too extravagant hopes in respect to the issue of the Mallow election. Its constituency numbers but 260 voters, 70 of whom are tories who will vote in the whig interest. At the last election the national candidate—R Woods Kelly—polled only 51 votes against Johnson whig. There are three candidates. O Brien will win but Moriarity an ambitious young barrister, the son of a local attorney of some prominence, the second whig candidate will undoubtedly be squired.

Parnell has received £385 from the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York city and county for the relief of the suffering peasantry in the west and northwest. He has already sent £100 to Father Gallagher, of Glancollombkille parish, county Donegal, and £50 to Father Flynne of Drumshambo, Leitrim. Other sums will be sent immediately to other distressed districts. It is confidently expected that Lord Lieutenant Spencer will in a few days withdraw his circular refusing to establish works and prohibiting the poor law guardians from establishing outdoor relief. Spencer's course in these matters has been strongly condemned even in England.

Secretary Trevellyan's trip to Donegal is probably undertaken for the purpose of giving the Irish government an excuse for backing down.

John Dillon, Matthew Harris and Father Eugene Sheehy finished auditing Egan's account in Paris some weeks ago. Father Sheehy and Harris are now engaged on auditing the league accounts in Dublin.

Sexton a member for Sligo has been presented with a purse of five hundred guineas by his Sligo constituents.

Lord Spencer continues making a vigorous war against the national league. He evidently is determined to prevent the propagation of the doctrines enunciated in the league programme. Speeches are taken by official reporters as in the days of the land league. The prominent men of Cork county, John O Brien of Cork City, Gilhooly, of Bantry, and Hoorett of Ballydehob, the two latter suspects have been sent to jail during the past week for advising the people not to take farms from which parties have been evicted or to pay back rents.

Nearly a dozen meetings in connection with the national league have been suppressed during the past fortnight, including the meeting advertised at Clifford Sligo and at which Sexton and Healy were expected to speak.

"PURRING."

A Contest in Which Two "Men" Kick Each Other on The Shins

PHILADELPHIA, Jan 13.—David McWilliams a coal miner living in Plymouth, Luzerne county and Robert D. Tavish a saloon keeper of Manoquirk made a match some time ago to "purr" for $250 a side. "Purring" is scientific shin kicking and the contestant who is most agile and best able to stand punishment, wins the battle. They fought shortly after midnight Thursday night in Camden and McWilliams won in 23 rounds. The men were bare legged from the knee to the ankle and each wore No 7 brogans. Both were very much exhausted after an hour's kicking and Tavish wanted to quit but his friend insisted he should go on. McWilliams' shins were badly cut and bruised but were nothing when compared with Tavish's. In the next four rounds McWilliams went as he liked. Every time he kicked he inflicted an ugly cut or bruise. In the twenty second round Tavish's [illegible] could not stop the flow of blood. They wanted to apply bandages but were not allowed. McWilliams kicked Tavish five times in the 23d round and Tavish dropped like a log and refused to go on. His legs from knee to ankle are covered with cuts and are as [illegible] as [illegible] steak. His legs were [illegible] and he was driven to the ferry. Before [illegible] reached Philadelphia their legs were swelled out of proportion. Tavish [illegible] known sporting house. McWilliams left to-night for Wilkesbarre.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET

LIVERPOOL, Jan 13.—A leading weekly grain circular says: Wheat is generally held at the close, at an advance. At the various spot markets here were healthy consumptive demand; cargoes were strong both off the coast and for future arrivals. There was considerable [illegible] ness for distant parcel. At to-day's market there was an average attendance for wheat and fair business at full prices; red wheat was occasionally a penny dearer. For flour there was good consumption demand. American commanding advanced rates. In corn there was a moderate trade for fine dry new [illegible] more.

Cold Day for Richmond

RICHMOND, Va., Jan 13.—The weather ranges from [illegible] below. At White Sulphur Springs [illegible]

WASHINGTON CITY.

Modification of the Hawaiian Treaty.

WASHINGTON, Jan 13.—The foreign affairs committee met to-day to consider the question of recommending the abrogation of the Hawaiian treaty. Some time ago the committee invited the secretary of state and the secretary of the treasury to give their views in writing on the subject and a letter from Secretary Frelinghuysen was received by Chairman Williams the day before yesterday. Secretary Folger's letter is now being revised at the treasury department, and the committee have therefore postponed action until next Tuesday at which time Mr. Folger's opinion will be laid before them. The subject of abrogation of the treaty was discussed in the cabinet last week, and it is inferred that, as regards the main proposition, the secretary of state and the secretary of the treasury are agreed. The committee this morning decided to treat Secretary Frelinghuysen's letter as an executive paper and not make its contents public. He is opposed to the abrogation of the treaty for political reasons. In his letter he calls attention to the advantages that it gives us. He lays stress upon that clause of the treaty that binds the Hawaiian government so long as the treaty is in force not to lease or otherwise dispose of, or create any lien upon any of its ports, harbors or other territory or to grant any special privilege or rights to the use of said ports, harbors or territory to any other power or government or to make any treaty whereby any other power may require the same privileges as the United States.

The secretary of state however suggests a modification of the treaty. Among the articles which it stipulates shall be admitted free of duty into the United States is Muscovado brown and all other unrefined sugars, meaning thereby grades of sugars heretofore commonly imported from the Hawaiian islands, and now known in the markets of San Francisco and Portland as Sandwich island sugar. It is said that sugars artificially colored but having a high per cent of saccharine strength, are brought in under this clause of the treaty. The secretary of state recommends that tests be applied to sugar brought from the Sandwich islands and that a duty be levied on all grades according to its strength so as to only admit free those classes known when the treaty was made in the San Francisco market as Sandwich island sugar.

An "Additional Representative."

WASHINGTON, Jan 13.—The fraudulent manner in which Thos. J. Majors attempted to obtain a seat in the present congress as an "additional representative" from Nebraska has been investigated by four of the judiciary committee and a report will probably be made next Thursday. Last session Majors and his attorney, Haws, claimed Nebraska entitled to additional representation because the state authorities had caused a special census to be taken in 1872 which showed the United States census of 1870 was erroneous in that 60,000 persons living in the state had not been counted. The judiciary at first accepted the proofs and reported in favor of giving Nebraska two representatives instead of one. A suspicion of fraud being aroused the investigation was reopened. The sub committee has learned that the certificate of the secretary of the state of Nebraska, that a special census was held in 1874 and in certificate the figure two was substituted. It was shown that Majors was aware of the falsity of the document. Another suspicious circumstance is that subsequent to the issue of the certificate by the secretary of state the officer furnished a second certificate to Majors in which he left blank dates. It is not proven who made the alteration, and as the committee is not supposed to investigate this branch of the subject it will not be carried into the report. It is probable that as an ultimate the whole matter will be laid before the district attorney for investigation and prosecution.

GENERAL NEWS.

Religious Officers.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan 13.—Rev Augustus F. Beard accepts the pastorship of the American chapel at Paris and the secretaryship of the American Foreign Christian Union.

Cannot Compromise.

WASHINGTON, Pa., Jan 13.—All efforts have been stopped in trying to compromise the case of Samuel Ruth, cashier and Dr. R. J. Thompson as accomplices charged with the embezzlement of $120,000 belonging to the savings bank.

A Boston Blaze.

BOSTON, Jan 13.—The buildings on Beverly street occupied by David Smith's manufactory of boilers and steam fittings and J. [illegible] file-cutting and moulding pattern shop was damaged by fire to the extent of $50,000.

Only One of the Many.

LYNN, Jan 13.—Dr Wm McDonald has brought suit claiming $10,000 damages against Rev. Patrick Stain of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church who charged that the physician was unreliable and advised the people not to employ him.

The Broken Bank.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Jan 13.—Depositors of the broken City bank have formed an association to wind up the affairs quickly. Boyce, the president has gone to jail for not furnishing $10,000 bail. There is no disposition on the part of the directors to prosecute Cashier Shaw.

Another Songstress Turned Loose in our Domains.

NEW YORK, Jan 13.—The steamship Pavonia with Albani on board arrived early to-night and the quarantine steamboat Blackbird placed at the disposal of Col. Mapleson by ex Congressman John H. Starin carried a distinguished party down the bay to meet the famous songstress. Albani and party by right of special permit from the quarantine authorities stepped on board the Blackbird as soon as the Pavonia dropped anchor and steamed up to the city. Albani is in excellent health.

Economy Inaugurated.

BOSTON, Jan 13.—The *Post* (Dem.) will to-morrow under the head of Economy Inaugurated publish the following:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER STATE HOUSE,
BOSTON, Jan 2, 1883.

DEAR SIR—His excellency the governor directs me to request you to discontinue sending the *Post* to the executive department as he has no further use for it. Yours truly

C. F. HAMLIN,
Executive Clerk.

The *Post* will say editorially: We publish in another column a communication from the executive chamber which shows the new governor has begun his work of retrenchment in earnest by discontinuing the copy of the Boston *Post* sent to the executive department, thus saving the state $9 a year. Far be it from us to murmur. Never should it be said of us that for such a paltry consideration we stood in the way of great economic reform.

Almost a Panic.

NEW YORK, Jan 13.—There was a slight panic in the Union Square theater last night, owing to a musician's instrument case taking fire from a gas jet under the stage near the door by which the musicians enter the orchestra in the second act of a Parisian romance. The pungent smoke from the burning case was forced up the audience. Several persons moved uneasily in their seats and whispered. The first persons to leave their seats were the Misses Lawrence of the New York [illegible]. The theater was packed and the [illegible] of the Misses Lawrence [illegible] Mr. A. M. Palmer who was in the stage [illegible] or you [illegible] nothing the matter [illegible] smoke in from a fire [illegible] lighting [illegible] Mr Richard Mansfield on the stage [illegible] Jean Chevrial also reassured the audience [illegible] the [illegible] The [illegible] to the musician's instrument case.

Suicide of a Villain.

[illegible] Jan 13.—Yesterday [illegible] of [illegible] himself. While lingering [illegible] Miss P[illegible] said that she had [illegible] him to commit the [illegible] They had an affecting interview [illegible] [illegible] Later [illegible] [illegible] Finally [illegible] friend [illegible] the interview was [illegible] Cummings [illegible] [illegible] brother of the deceased [illegible] Miss Edith Walworth the victim [illegible] Stafford was arrested [illegible] witness who sent Stafford [illegible] twenty years [illegible] is believed that his [illegible]

A CRASH PREDICTED.

James R. Keene Thinks the Country is on the Eve of a Financial Crisis.

CHICAGO, Jan 13.—Gath, the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, writing from New York gives the following as the result of an interview with James R. Keene. Referring to the near financial future Keene said: We have everything marked up too high. The capacity of the country to produce and manufacture is altogether beyond the capacity to sell. Unless I am greatly mistaken the hard laws of necessity will shake the water out of some of these bubbles and when they begin to shrink some of them will burst. I was a bull until the spring of 1881 when I formed the views I now hold but had not anything like the amount of information I now possess to confirm them. Look over this city and you will find hardly any merchants or manufacturers or commission men making anything. Go around these New York hotels and

INQUIRE AS TO THEIR PERCENTAGES.

Compared to two years ago. They will all tell you they are not making money as they were and the consumer and the visitor are retrenching. Go into the stores just now after the holidays and see how many merchants will tell you they had a prosperous Christmas. The mercantile establishments of this city and throughout the country are crammed with goods. The factories cannot dispose of what they make, nor the merchants of what they hold. Go into Wall street among the eleven hundred brokers there and ask how many of them are making any money. Stocks are kept up to their visionary values by manipulation; iron mills are shutting down; all scheming is without its rewards.

NO MORE MONEY CAN BE BORROWED

In this market for new enterprises and with difficulty can money be obtained for the most rational of those long under way and not yet completed. Indications are too plain not to be interpreted that we are standing on an insecure foundation. I believe we are standing on a hollow abyss. I base this on the expansion of every enterprise with a few exceptions that I can put my hands on. There are about $8,000,000,000 worth of securities listed on the stock exchange and of these only about $7,000,000,000 pay dividends high or low. When you select individual corporations you can see where that $8,000,000,000 has come from. Take the Milwaukee and St Paul railroad for example. Between two and three years ago it had about 1700 miles of road, $40,000,000 of bonds, $12,000,000 of preferred stock and $50,000,000 of common stock. Now

THE INCREASE IN ALL THESE ELEMENTS

Is appalling. Other roads in the northwest are the same. A small crop would make almost a panic and the country would not recover in two years. We have been wonderfully blest lately. Europe had short crops and we large ones. Keene said he believed the stories of Vanderbilt having been selling heavily New York Central and added: Vanderbilt is able, sagacious and is getting out as fast as is safe and shows his wisdom in holding large amounts in low interest governments. He paid a high compliment to the Pennsylvania and the Illinois Central management. New England has done less extravagant work than any other part of the country. New Jersey quoted at $70 isn't worth $5 a share. We ought to have the cheapest coal in the world, considering the amounts of it we have. The

COMPETING LINES OF TRANSPORTATION

To bring it away from the mines and its accessibility. As long as coal is high it is vain to talk about underselling England in manufactures. I regard the high tariff and the coal pool as the two greatest foes of business security of the United States. We are living under an extremely false system where nothing is left to competition and everything is adjusted by artificial scales: the tariff on one side the coal pool on the other. With cheap coal these thousands of mills could be run at a very great reduction of cost and that would come out of the price of the product and give us some chance to undersell somebody, whereas in fact we undersell nobody. The effect of a high tariff in the United States is to enable manufactories to start up everywhere and at the moment

THE MARKET IS HELD

With goods and the next season the prices of the manufactures which amount to necessaries are so great that labor has to ask more wages. Coal and labor are intimately connected. The modern laborer has a great many little luxuries to purchase which are the product of manufactures. The reason he is constantly pressing for more wages is because he cannot meet the demands of the modern household under the artificial standard of prices. Between the watering of stocks and the expansion of bonds of railroads and the exactions of the tariff we have become the most expensive country to live in on the globe. Out of 50,000,000 of people in the the United States 40,000,000 are engaged in agriculture and these 40,000,000 have to be taxed to support the artificial system of the other 10,000,000. That is about the whole of it. I was saying yesterday that it seemed to me the principal use of California was that railroads might be built to it from the east. California is rich in natural resources and from what I hear the state is doing well while San Francisco is not very prosperous. I do not believe there was any need of more than one railroad system to California.

THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC

Systems themselves might have been sustained but the Southern California system I consider entirely unnecessary. The Northern Pacific system has a chance to save itself. If we should have a continuance of the remarkable emigration of the past four years there might be springing up a population along the line of that road but at present you can go a hundred miles upon it without finding a single town. Of the southwest system of railroads toward Texas I don't think much. Built far in advance of necessities and at three times the amount of their legitimate cost the decline of fancy railroad stocks cannot be far off. I recollect when I was in California hundreds of mining stocks were kept nearly at the same rate of quotation because two great properties, the Consolidated Virginia and California mines, which had struck a bonanza were bringing out many millions of dollars. These two mines probably yielded $130,000,000. Buoyed by the hope that the infant mines beside might strike some similar bonanzas, the people paid assessments for two years or more holding mining stocks at $75 to $100 per share. When the bubble broke those same stocks sold for $5, $1 [illegible] 10 cents [illegible] They [illegible] great [illegible] with them. There is a time when the people wake up and discover what is around them. I am sure this manipulation of railroad stocks is nothing but the repetition of what took place in California. Railroads into M[illegible] are just as fallacious as any schemes I [illegible] Building railroads where there are no people hundreds even thousands of miles [illegible] lines [illegible] a delusion. [illegible] built [illegible] want but [illegible] debt and future misery.

A Wandering Grand Duchess.

Many people are surprised, says the London *Truth*, that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir should be [illegible] in the face of the earth. The [illegible] the grand duchess when young and [illegible] has long been [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] female [illegible] A [illegible] addressed [illegible] Russian [illegible] [illegible] generals [illegible] the emperor was terribly angry [illegible] the Grand Duke Vladimir [illegible] sent [illegible] out of the country.

Mushroom Cultivation.

Stable manure is the best material in which to rear the most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the Crystal Palace, near Birmingham, he saw last winter the finest crop of mushrooms he had ever beheld; the beds were made upon the floor with manure from the stables, and for six months they produced an abundance of fine fleshy well flavored mushrooms. A properly cultivated bed of this kind in full bearing will yield from four to five pounds of these fungi weekly for every square yard. The largest establishments of this kind however are in the neighborhood of Paris, where the extensive galleries of the disused city quarries are utilized for this purpose. In these the beds run for miles, the mushrooms produced being usually of small size—a feature which rather enhances their value. Occasionally however those catacombs have produced enormous specimens, as the one weighing six pounds two ounces, the cap of which measured thirteen inches in diameter and which was considered sufficiently remarkable to be presented to the reigning sovereign Louis Philippe. The quantities of mushrooms produced annually in these galleries is not known but there are no fewer than 250 growers and a single society recently founded for developing mushroom cultivation in the city vaults and quarries, is said to obtain nearly one ton daily from its beds.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

COFFEE-MAKING AS A FINE ART.

Chicory may be a good and wholesome root but it is out of place in a cup of coffee. There is no affinity of one to the other and no reason on earth why they should be joined except for the purposes of the seller. Those who tell you that they rather like chicory in their coffee are not to be reasoned with any more than they who like their claret sour like the economical Scotchman in the story, or their oysters high like George II. Coffee has no fellow, and to mix it with anything else is to deprave the noble berry. The amateur to be safe must buy his coffee whole, taking care even then that he has the true article, for the ingenuity of wicked man has gone so far as to fabricate imitation coffee berries. Those who affect to be real connoisseurs buy their coffee several years before they use it, age being held to mellow and ripen the berry. The next care is the roasting, which of course should be done at home. Dean Swift always roasted his coffee with his own illustrious hands in an engine for the purpose, so Pope told Dr Arbuthnot. What that engine was we should like to know, for strange as it may seem and a proof of the gross ignorance which surrounds this part of the subject there is not now extant any simple coffee roasting apparatus such as the bachelor of modest means and small appliances can use with his own hands. There are several patent machines of elaborate construction, of which the best is a cylinder which goes round by clock work, but their fault is that they roast more than is necessary for one man's use, and coffee to be good should be fresh roasted the day it is made. The volatile elements in which so much of the value as well as the flavor of coffee resides speedily evaporates after they have once been developed by the action of fire. The next step is the grinding, or rather pounding, for coffee for the due evolution of its ethereal essences should be bruised into a more or less fine powder—not cut as it is in all the grinding machines of commerce. The easterns, who are the best of coffee makers lay great stress on this point. They bruise their coffee with a pestle and mortar so as to preserve the oily particles in greatest perfection and reduce it to a fine powder which is cooked in water like soup and wholly consumed. This last however is a detail which the amateur need not follow unless his taste has been so far orientalized as to prefer the thick muddy decoction of the east to the artificial product of the west. The coffee being ground, and no more ground than is needed for immediate use, now comes the all important process of making. The simplest way of making coffee is the best, always bearing in mind that the object is to secure the union of the coffee with the water at the boiling point, neither before nor after—a process which is a momentary and delicate something between infusion and decoction. There are two ways by which it can be accomplished. The first is to pour the water on the coffee, which is the more common practice, the other is to throw the coffee into the water which is far better and more simple. All that is needed is a saucepan narrower at the top than at the bottom with a long wooden handle. Into this measure the exact quantity of water required, as put the proportion of which to coffee is a matter of taste. Setting the saucepan over a brisk fire and with your measure of coffee ready to hand watch for the large bubbles to appear. Then take the saucepan off and throw in the coffee at [illegible] with a shake or two put it back on the fire for a couple of seconds. Take it off, set it [illegible] for two or three minutes before pouring off into the cup [illegible] By this process, the nicety of which depends upon catching the exact moment of boiling and in not overdoing the second time of boiling you will have coffee in its fullest development of flavor and aroma. If the process is properly carried out there will be no need of a strainer, for after two or three minutes the grounds will settle to the bottom of the saucepan—and there will be a pleasant froth at the top such as is never seen in coffee made on any other plan. Coffee should be drunk as soon as it is made, which suggests the reason why it is never good in clubs and hotels—where even if all other provisions exist for good coffee it is made too long before it is used and in too large quantities.

There is scarcely any country where as a rule coffee is worse than in England even when every care is taken to have the pure article. The chief cause of failure is through a fixed idea in the mind of the British plain cook that water once boiled is equivalent for all practical purposes to boiling water.—*St James Gazette.*

ENGLISH DIVORCE LAW

How a Famous English Jurist Dealt with a Guiltless Bigamist.

A man being convicted of bigamy before Mr Justice Maule the following dialogue took place: Clerk of Assize: What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law? Prisoner: Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker and ran away five years ago and I have never seen her since and I married this woman last winter. Mr. Justice Maule: I will tell you what you ought to have done and if you say you did not know I will tell you that the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about £100. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*. That would have cost you £200 or £300 more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensa et thoro* you would have had to appear by counsel before the house of lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both houses of parliament, and altogether you would have to spend £1000 or £1200. You will probably tell me you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world, but prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

English Dinner Suits.

It is quite the thing now in English country houses where the guests are on intimate terms or when there are [illegible] for the [illegible] to [illegible] making [illegible] these suits [illegible] [illegible] fact [illegible] [illegible] the stage [illegible] time of the cavaliers. At a country house in Yorkshire the other day one man came down in a richly stamped plush quilted with satin throughout, another in a suit [illegible] with [illegible] and cuffs, another [illegible] plush with black points and [illegible] in Prussian blue with orange [illegible] [illegible] It is said this style will shortly supplant the present [illegible] blue and white and swallowtail will be relegated to the waiters.

Pretty Women and Bad Grammar.

There was quite a sensation at the premiere at the Varieties last week when Mlle. [illegible] the prize beauty from Buda Pesth [illegible] When the young lady appeared [illegible] [illegible] The majority however gave her [illegible] her favor. As to the beauty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT CONTROVERSY.

The Edison Electric Light Co. on Dangers from Storage Batteries.

To the Editor of the *N. Y. Tribune*.—SIR: Mr Hayes representing the Brush Swan company, printed a card in yesterday's papers, pronouncing as incorrect certain statements of mine published Saturday morning touching the death current and storage batteries of the Swan Brush company. Public interest in the subject compels me to correct Mr Hayes and set the matter straight.

The Brush arc light current is well known to be deadly. It has killed people and will kill whomsoever touches the wires. The wires are strung on poles and are now used for arc lights. Mr Brush has a storage battery recently shown here in a neat private exhibition at Mr Hayes's office which it is said will be brought out for sale and public use in a few months. The Brush Swan company proposes to put these storage batteries into private houses and to supply them with current from these Brush arc light wires. The storage batteries thus charged will in turn it is said discharge themselves in a feeble and safe current over other interior wires connected with incandescent lamps for domestic lighting.

My Saturday statement was that the Brush Swan Company proposes to introduce these high pressure currents into houses to feed storage batteries. I believe that statement to be true and now repeat it. Mr Hayes might have seen by a more careful reading of my statement that it was not the feeble 40-volt current leading *from* but the fatal 2000-volt leading *to* the storage battery in the house of which I plainly spoke.

The Edison current is throughout his entire system of low pressure, being about 1 20th the intensity of the Brush current, and is absolutely safe, as thousands of persons know from having freely handled the wires. The Edison system in lighting of incandescent for interior domestic illumination and the details in this respect and especially as regards danger from fire and to the person have been perfected with that end in view. The Brush system however is devised principally for outdoor lighting, where the dangerous conductors can usually be kept away from human contact. But it is now proposed to apply this dangerous current to the new business of ordinary domestic illumination.

The Edison Company, as proprietors of an absolutely safe system of domestic illumination look with deep solicitude on the possible advent of another system of lighting, dependent upon the introduction of death current wires into the inside of a dwelling or in contiguity therewith. The public will be slow to discriminate between the different systems of electric lighting. Should the Brush Swan wires which have already killed people in the streets be touched in or upon a private house death is certain. It is said and doubtless truthfully that the deadly quality of the current is changed by the storage battery, so that whereas the Brush wires feeding the battery are deadly the other wires leading out from the battery are safe. This mitigates the evil but does not cure it. The bad fact remains that the wires leading from the street to the storage battery, wherever located in a house are death giving and these wires whether passing up or down the outside of the house wall or up or down the inside must before reaching the storage battery be more or less liable to chances of contact. This danger will be more readily seen if I explain what the storage battery is and where it will be placed.

What then is the Brush storage battery and where will the householder locate it? That battery as shown here last week is described as a coffin shaped box eight feet long, sixteen inches wide and sixteen inches high. This box is filled with lead plates of great weight and must be placed where it can be got at for the purpose of occasional treatment. Every house would need to have its own separate battery and many consumers will require a number of these boxes, varying with the amount of light required. In some cases they may be put in the cellar, in others in a closet with a strong floor, but place them where you will the wires leading to them carry the death current. Although every effort be made to keep the covering of these wires unbroken and their location intact, still innumerable occasions will happen such as house repairs etc by which they will be exposed to contact. Whoever touches those wires—it may be a curious child, a stupid servant, a fireman, a workman engaged in plumbing, carpentering or carrying coal—whoever touches them so as to receive the current will be killed. The public as I have stated will not discriminate. If deaths happen from such contact with electric wires a storm of undiscriminating public indignation will attack all methods of domestic lighting by electricity. It is for this reason that the Edison company views with deep alarm the possible advent of the Brush Swan storage batteries fed in the manner described by Mr Brush in recent newspaper articles.

S. B. EATON,
President Edison Electric Light Company.
New York, Dec 25, 1882.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Remarkable Instances of the Successful Use of Artificial Legs.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"We see some queer cases once in a while," a manufacturer said. "The other day a young Swede came in here and had an artificial limb put on below the knee, his leg having been amputated there. Without hesitation he walked away but returned in the afternoon saying that the leg hurt him. I asked if he had walked much and he said that he hadn't. He had only gone to Twenty second street and carried a trunk to the Van Buren street depot and then tramped over to Lincoln park. I told him a well man's leg would have needed a rest after that tramp. The youngest child to whom I ever fitted a limb was a school boy only five years old, whose leg was cut off close to the hip. He is the liveliest boy in the school to-day, uses no cane or crutch and makes all his playmates chary of getting within range of the wooden foot when he becomes angry. Another man had both legs cut off by a railroad train two years ago and when he came the other day to have his artificial legs repaired I found that he had been skating. He said he found no difficulty in doing so. I have frequently known my customers to have become quite proficient as dancers. Only the other day a man came in here and said he wanted to have an artificial leg repaired. He began dancing, and asked me to guess which leg was the artificial one. I watched him and said it was the right one. He said I was right but pulled up his trousers and showed me that both his legs were artificial. The oldest man I ever treated was 72 years of age. I fitted him with the left leg which was cut off above the knee. There is a mistake made by the public who think that the bearing is on the end of the stump. It is not. It is the sides of the stump above the end."

"Do you have much trade with women?"

"Very little. It is seldom that a woman loses her leg. We have however considerable trade with them in remedying shortened limbs. Not a few women are born with a shortened limb and we fix that by an artificial [illegible] [illegible] ago to whom we fitted an arm and leg. She [illegible]"

"How about fingers and toes?"

"We do [illegible] A post [illegible] has an artificial foot [illegible] and a railroad conductor has a [illegible] I made [illegible] I made a flesh [illegible] for a rubber finger for a piano player with a short finger. He [illegible] on only when he plays."

Raisin Making in California.

[illegible] about 2,530,000 boxes of raisins annually [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] Twenty pounds [illegible] [illegible] Fresno [illegible] [illegible] 150,000 boxes [illegible] [illegible] 1,200,000 boxes [illegible] [illegible] California [illegible]

NEWSPAPERS CONSOLIDATED.

The Gazette and Commercial of Cincinnati United.—The Reasons for the Union.

CINCINNATI, Jan 13.—Mr. Halstead, who has not hitherto consented to say anything about the union of the *Commercial* and *Gazette*, will print the following in the *Commercial* to-morrow:

Another step in the consolidation of the *Cincinnati Commercial* and *Cincinnati Gazette* newspapers will take place to-morrow morning. The *Commercial-Gazette* will be issued from Potter's building, Fourth and Race streets by M. Halstead & Co. and the Cincinnati Gazette Co. We do not hazard anything in saying that the new paper will be superior in many respects to either the *Cincinnati Commercial* or the *Cincinnati Gazette* and we could not promise more than that. It is our judgment that we can combine the men and material of the two papers to the advantage of all concerned. It is our purpose and expectation to satisfy both constituencies and enlarge the circulation and influence beyond that which the two papers possessed. There has been something of humor and more of serious hostility in the suggestions that have been made that the *Commercial* and *Gazette* were irreconcilable. As a rule both have been republican, and each has found occasion to revolt against party discipline. Combined they will certainly lack neither the spirit of independence nor the principles of republicanism. When the *Commercial* and *Gazette* have differed as to men and measures, it has generally happened that in ways that varied, they have sought the same ends. To go back as far as the war of the rebellion they differed as to the merits of commanders and the expediency of certain lines of policy but unitedly urged the overthrow of the antagonists of the law and the restoration of the union. Coming down as late as the temperance question, the serious truth is that the *Gazette* was not for prohibition and the *Commercial* was not for free whisky. On the Sunday question we have differed, not as to the fact that the day should be respected, but as to the forms in which respect could and should be shown, with malice toward none and charity for all. That which is remarkable in the long history of the two papers—the *Commercial*, the junior, is forty years old and the *Gazette* the oldest newspaper inhabitant of the west—is, that they have, in the essentials of public policy touching large affairs, so constantly agreed that our friends may put aside all that is said of our inability to get along in a consolidated form as frivolous. We of the *Commercial* and *Gazette* understand ourselves and know each other, and there need not be the slightest misgivings as to our getting on together. It is nonsense to say that necessity compels this union. We believe neither of the consolidated papers ever had a larger income than during the year just closed. It is true that expenses have been forced rapidly on the increase than business, and so the net gain has not been as large as in flush years, when the expenditures were comparatively light and the currency dollars were worth less than gold. We have had sound business reasons for the combination being made. Each has been for many years spending $10,000 a month in doing substantially the same that the other was doing. In avoidance of this immense duplication, we can give greater variety to the one paper and yet save a sum of money in a year that will cut up into splendid dividends, and it has seemed to us that here, in the chief city of the October state, in the central city of the Ohio valley and of the nation, it was desirable there should be one republican newspaper of commanding strength and influence. That we believe has been secured, and we recommend to our fellow citizens of the republican persuasion who have been divided and differing and weakened through vain competition and harassed by unprofitable controversy to put aside those minor matters that are so apt to be magnified by personal ambition, pride of opinion and irrelevant conceits and like the *Commercial* and the *Gazette* unite for the common good.

FASHION'S LATEST AGONY.

Women Who in Handshaking Turn Themselves into a Sort of Electric Battery.

"Do you know the latest agony among the first families?" asked a friend of mine with whom I was recently chatting. Of course I professed both ignorance and anxiety for enlightenment in this respect, and my friend went on to say: "This craze is called the Langtry expression and handshake, because it was introduced to America by the Jersey Lily a few weeks ago. It is never practiced among intimate friends for it is positively dangerous to a warm friendship. It is adapted to ladies alone and its workings are decidedly shocking. By way of illustration you are introduced to Miss Smith. The young lady acknowledges the introduction with a bored and careworn air and her eyes take on a been-out-over night look. Just as you are wishing yourself in another country Miss Smith braces up and steps forward as if desirous of making amends for her cruelty. She extends her left hand, grasps your right, and then contracting the muscles of her arm, pulls down with so much vivacity that the poor victim is in danger of being doubled up like a jack knife. Miss Smith says nothing, but before releasing you permits a tremor to go through her frame which leaves you in doubt as to whether she would like to know you better or is only joking. Many ladies, I understand, take lessons in this new social acquirement every afternoon."—*New York Star.*

An Untamed Pump on the Rampage.

A man erected some kind of a new fangled pumping apparatus for a ranch at Paradise valley. The pumping machine was to be driven by wind. The other day, when a ten-knot breeze was blowing the inventor "turned her loose." In about half an hour the machine flooded the cattle corral with water and floated away the butt end of a hay stack. The ranchman yelled to his machinist: "Stop her! Stop her!" But it happened that provision for stopping was what the inventor had not thought of. Had it not been that the well was soon pumped dry the whole ranch would probably have been washed away. Even after the well was dry the machine threw mud and gravel so wickedly that to approach it was unsafe.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

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COMPOUND OXYGEN. [illegible] most powerful Tonic, Alterative and Vitalizer known. [illegible] is an embodiment of life itself, cures Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis and all affections of the nervous system; also completely restores lost vitality. Best [illegible] [illegible] DR. JAMES KECK, No. 133 First street [illegible]

Idaho.

The men at work laying the Oregon Short Line track are obliged to come back to the construction train from five to ten miles, for their meals. Often before the train stops they [illegible] jumping [illegible] On Wednesday of last week, one man [illegible] to jump but slipped, falling on the track, the train running over him and cutting him in two.

FOSTER'S [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never failing success by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price Twenty-five cents a bottle.

NEW YORK CARPENTER.

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